Feb. 22, 1964

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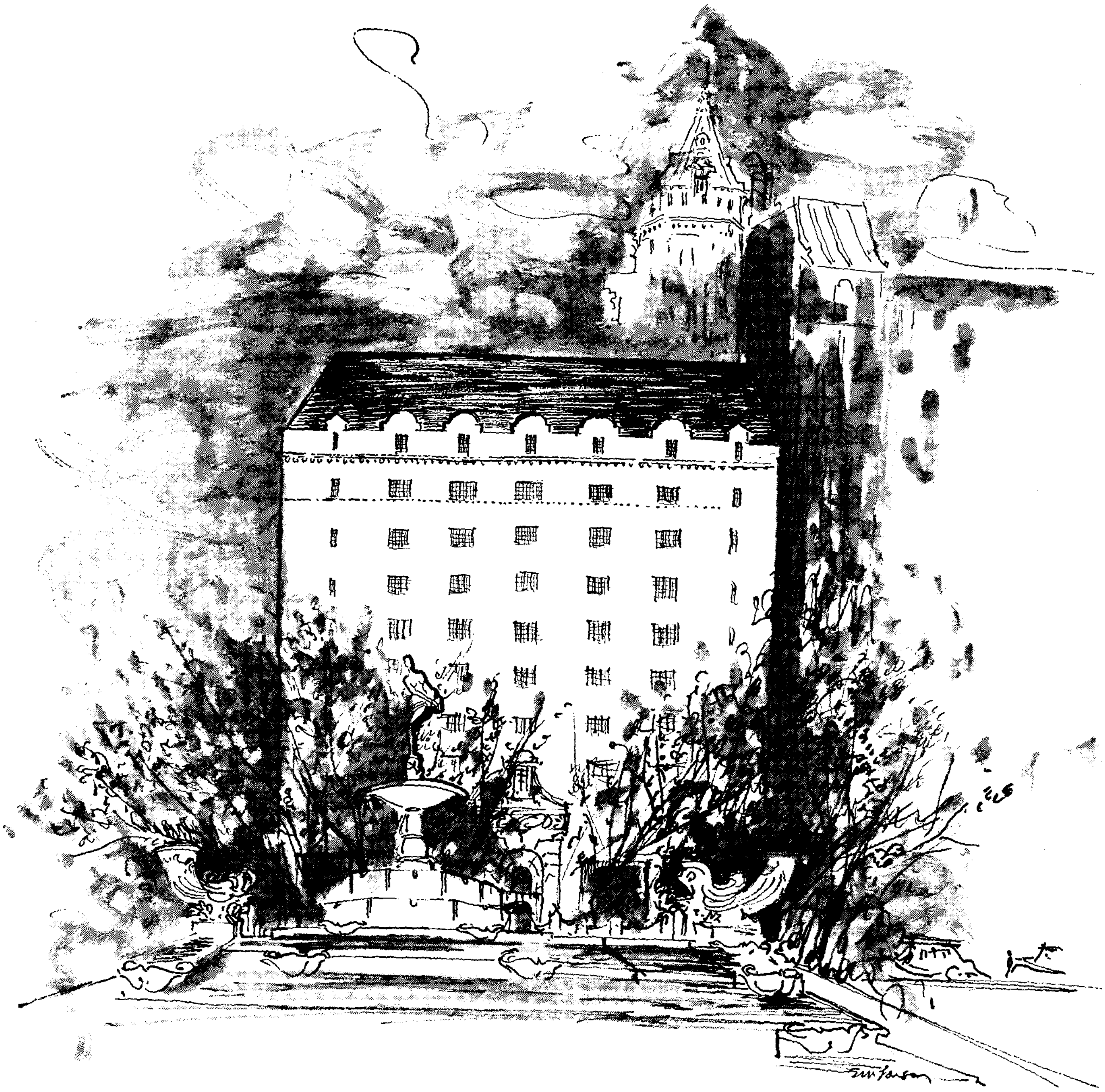

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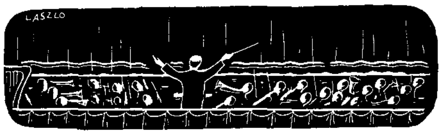

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Barefoot in the Park—There isn't much substance to this account of the troubles a young couple have in starting married life in a Manhattan walkup, but Neil Simon has given the play a pleasant glow. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are very diverting in it. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Case of Libel—In this play based on the Reynolds-Pegler libel suit, Van Heflin is superb as the plaintiff's lawyer, and the others in the cast back him up stoutly. Despite the fact that most of us know the details of the real case, Henry Denker, the playwright, keeps an element of suspense alive throughout. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Chinese Prime Minister—Enid Bagnold's comedy concerns itself with a seventy-year-old actress, widely celebrated, who decides that she can do without familial responsibilities at three score and ten. While the play isn't particularly dramatic, there are some superior performances by Margaret Leighton, Alan Webb, and John Williams. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dylan—The outrageous and eloquent Welsh poet masterfully personified by Sir Alec Guinness in a highly satisfactory play by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fair Game for Lovers—A bit of foolishness about a father who doesn't believe in early marriages, and therefore invites his daughter and her boy friend to live in sin in his East Side apartment. Very thin stuff, with Leo Genn, Forrest Tucker, Maggie Hayes, and Alan Alda. Mr. Alda, as the boy friend, seems to be the only one who is happy in his role. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Habimah—A seven-week engagement of three plays by the National Theatre of Israel. Earphones provide a simultaneous English translation. S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk" will play through Sunday, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ B. Z. Tomer's "Children of the Shadows" will be the second play in the series. Previews Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8:30, and Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 2. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 7, and will run through Sunday, March 8. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Fridays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Luther—John Osborne's perceptive drama reveals the great German reformer warts and all. John Heffernan now plays the title role. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—A comedy about the ways that some seedy TV types pick up a living in Hollywood. Robert Preston is functioning at the top of his game in this one, which was written by Ronald Alexander and is ebulliently directed by Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Passion of Josef D.—Paddy Chayefsky's uneven attempt to describe the way things were when Lenin was head man in Russia and Stalin allegedly was his most devoted disciple. Peter Falk, Luther Adler, and Elizabeth Hubbard are prominent in the cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Private Ear and **The Public Eye**—Two care-free exercises by the English playwright Peter Shaffer. The first is rather a nuisance, and the second fairly witty. The acting, by a small cast, is uniformly commendable. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Friday, Feb. 21, at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 29.)

Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE 1964:** A new edition of the show, fortified with fresh material and performed by Paxton Whitehead, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ENTER LAUGHING:** A play concerned with the adventures of a Jewish boy who wants to escape a machine shop and become an actor. Alan Arkin is the youth in question, and Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles are also in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, March 14.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Edward Albee's representation of some denizens of a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Mr. Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Abraham Cochrane—Bill Travers, Ann Harding, and Nancy Wickwire in a play by John Sherry. Directed by Harold Stone and produced by Walter Fried and Helen Jacobson. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Any Wednesday—A four-character comedy by Muriel Resnik, starring Don Porter and Sandy Dennis. Staged by Henry Kaplan and presented by George W. George, Frank Granat, Howard Erskine, Edward Specter Productions, and Peter S. Katz, not to mention Hart Schaffner & Marx. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Girl Who Came to Supper—Old-fashioned schmalz, about a Middle European grand duke and a doxy from Milwaukee, which has the benefit of a couple of stimulating performances by Tessie O'Shea and Florence Henderson. The book is no great shakes, but once in a while the lyrics and music, by Noël Coward, show a little get-up-and-go. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 23.)

Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing romping happily through an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," which has lively lyrics and music by Jerry Herman, and a helpful book by Michael Stewart. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Santa Claus, Macy's vs. Gimbels, and innocent merriment all around. Not the best show Meredith Willson ever put together, but a reasonably jolly affair. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—An in-and-out musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker," in which Inga Swenson is utterly captivating as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Rugantino—The plot of this Italian musical is awfully tangled, but some pleasant songs and dances come along every now and then. For those who can't handle Italian, translations of the dialogue are projected on a small screen above the stage. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Dick Shawn (who has succeeded Zero Mostel) and a number of others, clowning about ancient Rome. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman is the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée is his employer. (46th Street Theatre,

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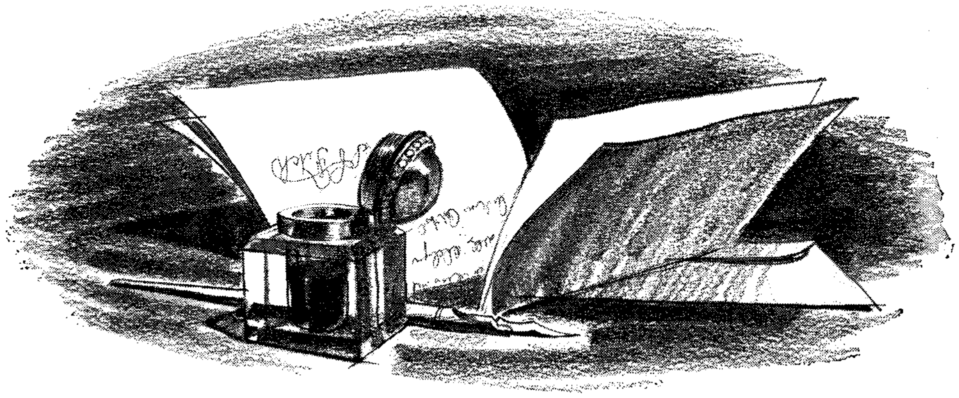

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!**: The Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, and all the rest. Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

FOXY—A musical version of Ben Jonson's comedy "Volpone," with a book by Ian McLelland Hunter and Ring Lardner, Jr., lyrics by Johnny Mercer, and music by Robert Emmett Dolan. Bert Lahr and Larry Blyden head the cast. The director is Robert Lewis, the producer David Merrick. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE DEPUTY—Emlyn Williams and Jeremy Brett in a German play by Rolf Hochhuth, adapted by Jerome Rothenberg. Directed by Herman Shumlin and produced by him and Alfred Crown. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?—A musical based on the novel by Budd Schulberg, who, with Stuart Schulberg, wrote the book. The music and lyrics are by Ervin Drake, and the cast includes Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, and Robert Alda. Produced by Joseph Cates and directed by Abe Burrows. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 26. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 27. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is *distinctly advisable.*)

LINCOLN CENTER—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "Marco Millions," with Hal Holbrook and David Wayne is the second in a series of three plays by the Repertory Theatre. Opens Thursday, Feb. 20, at 7. Other performances Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 25-27, at 8:30. . . . . ¶ Arthur Miller's drama "After the Fall." Performances Friday, Feb. 28, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 29, at 2 and 8. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

CITY CENTER—*The Théâtre de France* (formerly the Madeleine Renaud–Jean-Louis Barrault Company) will present a three-week repertory of five plays in French that will run through Sunday, March 15. A limited number of simultaneous-translation earphones may be rented at each performance. The schedule through Feb. 20: Beaumarchais's "Le Mariage de Figaro," Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 7:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 26-27, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Racine's "Andromaque," Friday, Feb. 28, at 7:30, and Saturday, Feb. 29, at 2:30 and 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

THE AMOROUS FLEA—Lew Parker in a musical version of Molière's "The School for Wives." The book is by Jerry Devine and the music and lyrics are by Bruce Montgomery. (East 78th Street Playhouse, 52 E. 78th St. AG 9-9778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—A sparkling revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather painful but no more so than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CABIN IN THE SKY—Rosetta LeNoire in a revival of the Lynn Root-Vernon Duke-John Latouche 1940 musical. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE CARETAKER—A revival of the Harold Pinter play, with Leonardo Cimino, Donald Moffat, and Norman Bowler serving as the entire cast. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays, except Feb. 25, through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE IMMORALIST—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which is based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

IN WHITE AMERICA—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

JERICO-JIM CROW—A fervent performance, by a choir and a handful of soloists, of traditional Negro songs, with a narrative by Langston Hughes. The singing and some of the acting are fine. The singing and acting of Gilbert Price and Hilda Harris are extraordinary. Weekends only. (The Sanctuary, 143 W. 13th St. OR 5-3213. Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30.)

JO—This wispy musical concoction adapted from "Little Women" does no justice to its lively original, but the score and dancing are occasionally rather pleasant. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8:30, and Fridays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Fridays at 4, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

THE PINTER PLAYS—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PLAY and **THE LOVER**—Samuel Beckett's "Play" involves three corpses, encased in urns, who talk separately and in chorus, to no apparent purpose. "The Lover" is Harold Pinter's very funny new comedy, which may be part parody of Noël Coward and Edward Albee but is stamped in every line with Mr. Pinter's own delightful originality. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an offhand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs, by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TELEMACHUS CLAY—A long-faced, vulgar work, billed as a "collage for voices," that tells of the misadventures of a young man who tries to sell a script to the movies. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE TROJAN WOMEN—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographers, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

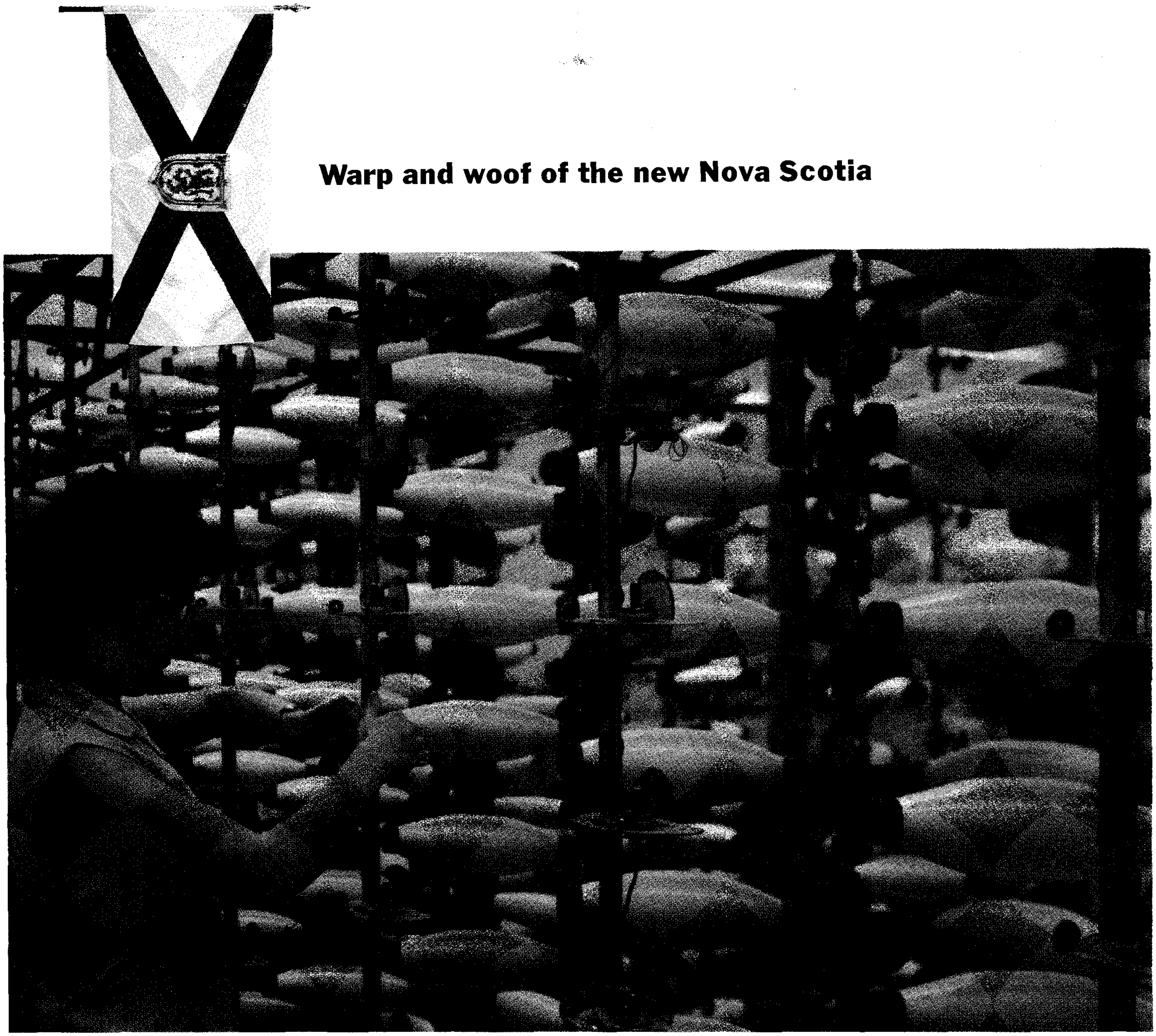
TRUMPETS OF THE LORD—The combination of a set of poems, by James Weldon Johnson, with a set of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs makes this all-Negro musical a jubilant occasion. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

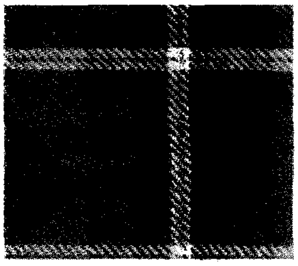
OLÉ! OLÉ!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MAZOWSZE—A company of a hundred Polish

Warp and woof of the new Nova Scotia



Bobbins on assembly racks in a Bridgetown plant



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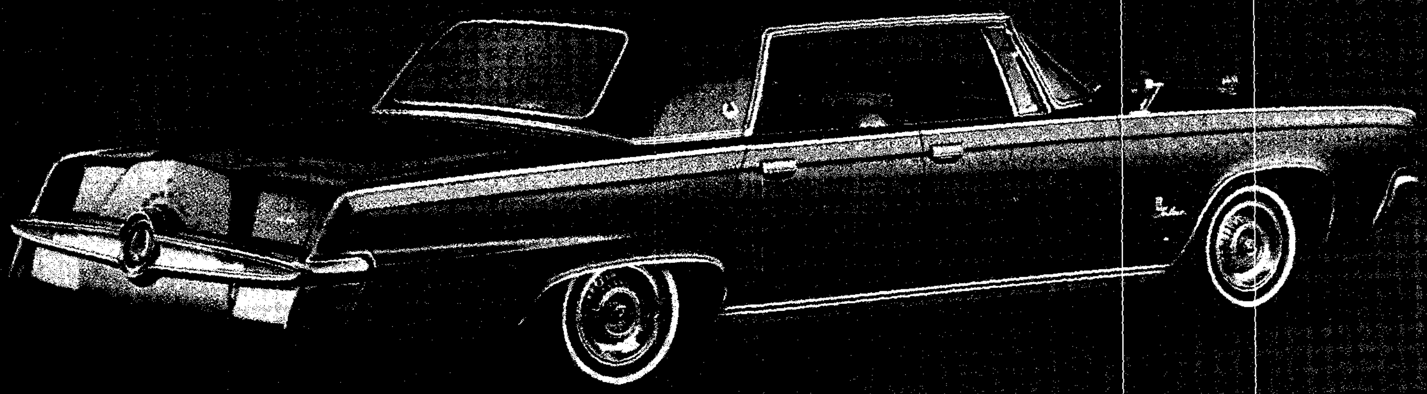

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

folk dancers and singers, with a symphony orchestra. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

EDITH STEPHEN—With her dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 29, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as *indicated*.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, 7th Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Ella Fitzgerald is rolling (though never rocking) as she lands her deft punches on her balladry and boppery. This foot-and-fist work happens at dinner and supper; Roy Eldridge's quartet gives her just the right backing. Dance music goes on the rest of the time. The scene is the Royal Box. Closed Sundays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The very floral—well, practically florid—dining room is inhabited by George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen, who do sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then exercising music from ten to one. Nothing doing on Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—One of the last traces of the old feudal system. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra never pause for breath. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes a bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. On Sundays, only the peninsula known as Perona's is active, and there's no dancing.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Infra dig has no place in the Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band does the dance music and Renato Rossini, a grand hand with a guitar, lends an air of nobility. Mr. R. lays off Mondays, but the band plays on.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The fun at dinner and supper in the Persian Room is Dorothy Loudon, who gives some badly needed remedial readings of the lyrics of our most popular *non compos mentis* arias. On Wednesday, Feb. 26, she'll be succeeded by Caterina Valente, who in her last appearance hereabouts (seven years ago) was a soprano of considerable merit. Twice nightly is the routine for the ladies; on and on is the routine for Mark Monte's fireflies and Emil Coleman's tireless Trojans, who do the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs stay home Mondays. . . . ¶ After eight, the Palm Court is flown to Europe, to become a curbside café, and a truly romantic one (the moonlight is lavender), in which—as one downs pastry, ices, and a cold bottle—Gunnar Hansen's violin suits itself to the mood. This goes on until one every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Peter Duchin's band is swarming in the Maisonette. Quintero's Continentals are on hand, too, for anyone who needs coaching in Latin. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a dinner-and-supper-with-music alcove, offers Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the fiddle. These familar characters-about-town ramble along from eight to two every night but Sunday.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—In the Columns, Arturo Arturos's tiny dance band disports itself with vigor on a schedule like this: Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Sundays from six to eleven. Closed Mondays.

SHEPHEARDS, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—This memorial to the late caravansary in Cairo is done in miniature and considerable glory; that is, it's in essence a little Shepheards of Kingdom Come. The effervescent dance music, which simultaneously combines the efforts of phonograph and trio, begins at eight and never stops, and one's favorite Maugham character is certain to appear before curfew. Peter Larkin's stage set is among the season's best pleasantries.

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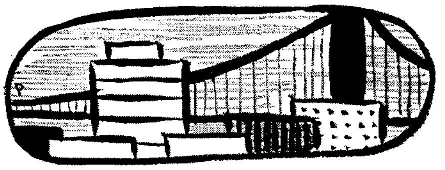
SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Once again, the tripping in the Embassy Club is light and fantastic, for dancing has been restored there, now to the sound of Milt Shaw's band, which operates from eight to one during the week, from nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—It's Opera Night a good part of the time in the Empire Room, where Enzo Stuarti, who shows up at dinner and supper, is making sure that his ample tenor leaves no tone unturned, and doing it with boyish glee. On Monday, Feb. 24, he'll give way to Jack Carter, who has his jokes flown in fresh every day from that big beachfront warehouse in Miami. The whole evening is the range of the two dance bands—a Meyer Davis orchestra and Horace Diaz's regiment. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A free-associational setup (everyone knows everyone) for all ages. The *padrone* is Goldie Hawkins himself, who alternates at the piano with Wayne Sanders during the evening, and joins him at double piano along about midnight. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Boy (Rodolpho) meets girl (Mimi), and now and then Scarpia meets doom, during dinner and supper. Aldo Bruschi, impresario of this minuscule opera company, is also soloist, pianist, and—from Thursday through Sunday—dance master, in charge of a dreaming junior-size band. Thursday through Saturday, the Japanese soprano Atzuko Kano chimes in with the life story of a famous Oriental butterfly. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Grand gestures are quite in keeping with this scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Forrest Perrin has just taken over the piano in this stylized Forest of Arden, where he operates most of the time from cocktails until one in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARCHIE'S,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): Beneath a glorious turn-of-the-century chandelier, Hugh Shannon (home again from Paris, London, and the Lake of Como) is doing piano and ballads (the jauntiest of which are almost coeval with the chandelier) in the sturdy, cheering voice we've all missed for three years now. Michael Burr is his bassist; the Downeys, of Downey's Eighth Avenue pub, are the entrepreneurs. Ten to bedtime is Mr. Shannon's gamut; Sundays are his vacations. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A game fit for a king who would rather play ace, queen, and joker than play house. Norbert Faconi would rather play Stradivarius, and does, in serenade fashion. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A small Latin Olympics takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with the world of flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the dining tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This thoroughfare, a sort of Via Veneto West, is gently but firmly dominated by the perambulating corps of fiddlers led by Herman Honigsberg, a sound (in every sense) man. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): Mare Nostrum in a mood so benign that you can easily pick out the fish you want for dinner. On one shore sits the piano of Ralph Strain, who is prepared—at nearly any moment between six and one—to be poetic or philosophical or puckish. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is the locale of the calm but calorific flamenco guitar wielded by Gustavo Lopez, from eight to one. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The undergraduate segment of the amusement world sends delegates here every evening to look at or sing along with a jazz threesome, or just to tablehop. Sundays, a jazz twosome does duty. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Monday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to seven-thirty and from nine to two. No music Saturdays. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life moves at such a becomingly petty pace that the diners (the banquets are Roman and North of Italy) hardly notice when it's time to go home. An instrumental group has a quiet but good time in one corner, and on Fridays and Saturdays a brace of singers join in; there's a sliver of dance floor, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Handsome is as handsome does, and all that sort of thing. George Feyer's featherduster piano is the accompaniment from eight-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The natives are restless tonight and every night, what with their constant barrage of zimbalon, piano, violin, and voice, all of which are devoted to the last time they saw Budapest. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): One knows that there is still a St. Petersburg whenever Marina Fedorovskaya sings, with great calm, the moody Russian and French songs of another day. She, piano, and violin carry on from seven-thirty until early morning. The chef, too, still dreams of St. Pete. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): You can't tell the waiters from the opera singers even with a program, for the two professions are plainly interchangeable here. Their seemly uproar begins at dinner and runs (and how) through supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOGI'S,** 126 E. 56th St. (PL 3-5019): There's piano, sprightly without being bumptious, in the bar of this stately town house from five to seven-thirty every evening but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A wayside inn on the great trade route between Broadway and Park Avenue; i.e., East and West do meet. After ten-thirty, there's dancing at the south end of the pavilion. Close Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Short is the shrift this season for



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Conrad Monjoy, who strolls along his piano only from six to nine-thirty, and spends Saturdays and Sundays in seclusion.... **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop plays her courteous piano recitations (five to eight-thirty, except Sundays) under the Clock of the Palm Court, that old Ivy League hollow oak.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, a necessary breathing space in the middle of New York, affords the calm, collected keyboard work of Steven Weltner, international traveller, from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays.... **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, whose piano makes the transition from Rodgers and Hart to Debussy with ease, is on duty (cocktails until eleven) in a state apartment of Napoleonic splendor. Closed Sundays.... **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Piano, sober and without gymnastics, is the dinner menu; the pianist lends lyrics to his recital after the theatre. Closed Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar, which is the stuff that decorators' dreams are made on, has now acquired Mimmo del Sud, a flip young Latin with a succinctly strummed guitar and succinctly rolled "r"s. His strolling concert goes on from half past nine until one-thirty every night but Sunday.

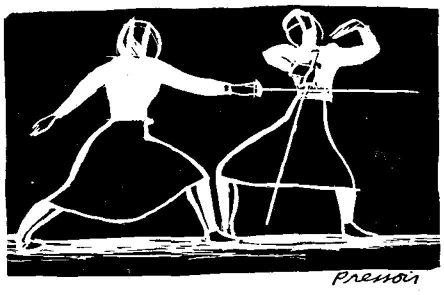
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Diamond Fair," the Latin Quarter's winter carnival, contains, among its several pageants, a British strawberry festival whose youth and beauty (all of them girls) would make the most innocent Shropshire lad leave home forever. From *our* side of the Atlantic comes Marie Wilson, now parted from her friend Irma but bravely and brashly going it alone with song and story. Dancing for the customers, too.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Jack E. Leonard, who has found that a wrathful answer turneth away hecklers, is the peremptory master of ceremonies. With him go Carmen McRae, lost in the clouds of her spitfire soprano, and the big, hit-tune band of Si Zentner. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Baker's Dozen," the new Julius Monk revue, pulls the smoothest of velvet gloves over the mailed fist with which it emphasizes the world's shortcomings, but the impact is there. In response to the merry music invented by William Roy and the merry choreography invented by Frank Wagner, the players—among them Gerry Matthews, Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, and Delphi Harrington—rise to great heights. The orchestra is the pianos of Mr. Roy, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. The hours are eight-forty-five and eleven thirty. Closed Sundays.... **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): This is the home of Woody Allen, whose reminiscences of an urchin's life in Brooklyn and on campus are lightly streaked with madness and maybe even greatness. Also present is Joan Proctor, an oriole sure to make the grade, because her way of singing combines the best and/or worst characteristics of many other orioles. The entertainment begins right after dinner and goes on through supper.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "Open Season at Second City," the most recent revue to occur here, is wispy and nebulous now and then, but it's worth a visit, and, besides, any opus that contains Barbara Harris can't be at all bad. Tom O'Horgan is sole composer and sole musician. The revue happens Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Soft and fragrant winds on the Spanish Main, all because Los Chavales de España are crooning, mooning, and burbling their way through life, accompanied by a set of splendid flamenco dancers named Isabella and Miguel. Dining as well as dancing is in order. Sundays, there's a rampant tea dance, and only one show, at ten-thirty. The Chavales' own dance music and Emilio Reyes' band are the perfect stimulants for the whole thing.... ¶ Just off the bar, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of heartfelt song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Twice Over Nightly," the Compass Theatre revue now in residence, gets off the mark slowly, but at the half-mile pole it's moving at full speed toward a rousing finish. Mary Louise Wilson, Paul Dooley, and MacIntyre Dixon are the principals of the skillful cast; Hope Arthur and Richard Libertini are their loyal support. They all set to at nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Marian Mercer, the *farceur cum laude* of a new revue, "...And in This Corner," has a moment of sheer splendor in a ditty about a nunnery with a hit record, and Carol Morley, a red-headed Canadian caper, has an opportunity or two herself, but some of the evening (in both the writing and the staging) comes under the head of Unfinished Business. Twice a night during the week, three times on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): "The New Establishment," the third of a series of revues with a distinct flavor of London, is a seething mass of skits (Peter Cook is the author of most of them) that have the glitter and menace of Excalibur. The unfailingly excellent players are Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethencourt, and Roddy Maude-Roxby; the singer is the darkling and handsome Carole Simpson, who works on the straight-to-the-point lyrics of Stephen Vinaver; the band is Marian McPartland's gently on-with-the-new trio. Like nearly all the players, the menu is British as can be. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, Sundays at four and eight. The McPartlands do reprises in the bar after the late show. Closed Mondays.... **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): The nourishment is Latin; the footwork—lightning striking in a dozen places at once—is provided by Marcelo, who is all sound and fury, and a small corps de ballet. Dancing.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Two girls who helped make the Bon Soir what it was in its days of glory are back in town—Thelma Carpenter, benign one moment and bombastic the next as she gives her songs her great big heartfelt attention, and Isobel Robins, that sunny little troupial, with her hand-picked collection of soubrette chansons. Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames make the rumpus-room music; Warren Vaughn, home from Paris, is the intermission keyboard man. The rest of the evidence is immaterial. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): A neat-as-a-pin new coffeehouse, and to some extent steakhouse, that serves as a rostrum for Irwin Corey, author of some of our best extemporaneous editorials on the state of show business, the nation, and (last but never least) himself. He begins his labors at about half past eight, and labors not on Mondays.... **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Vienna on the half (or maybe only quarter) shell, but there is in addition Yvonne Constant, the sort of naughty Parisienne who exists solely in the eyes of Maurice Chevalier—a part she happens to play very well. Closed Mondays.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This weekend-only operation will offer a run-of-the-mill bill on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22: Art Blakey's *point-of-exhaustion* Jazz Messengers; Yaffa Yarkoni, a howling Israeli dervish; and Jorge Morel, an Argentine pop-tune guitarist.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Marian Montgomery, a recent import from Chicago, is the young voice in this academy; there's also a novice wit, John Byner, and a trio. Sunday matinées occur from four-thirty to seven. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A worthy coffeehouse specializing in folklore. The incumbents are Juan Serrano's flamenco guitar, which burns with desire, plus Lydia Wood and Brooks Jones, the sort of folk singers Diogenes might be looking for. They bow out on Tuesday, Feb. 25, and next evening brings along Ronnie Gilbert, for many years part of the Weavers. Tuesdays are given over to visiting undergraduates.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Pulling of punches is usually against the rules here. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then Marty Napoleon's clattering quintet and Red Allen's die-for-dear-old-Dixie quartet do the blowing. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Fridays through Sundays is currently the regimen, on Feb. 21-23, the block-busting will be done by the veteran voice of Big Joe Turner.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Wes Montgomery's trio will be replaced, on Friday, Feb. 28, by Art Farmer's quartet, which still has Jim Hall on guitar. Closed Mondays.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Such nature studies as rambles with muskrats are carefully supervised by Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Mickey Sheen, Dave Frishberg, and Yank Lawson. Dancing. Closed Sundays. ... **RED GARTER,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): A youth hostelry dedicated to restoring the banjo, the tuba, and the washboard, plus the music that goes with them, to the American way of life. Peanuts, beer, and whiskey are the other concomitants. Herbert Jacoby, who used to espouse the French way of life at the Blue Angel, is the *régisseur.* The music begins at eight and ends at two or three. Its creators go by the name of the G-String Strugglers.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, whose skill at variations is such that he doesn't really need themes, and his band are plumping for freedom of speech. Sunday afternoons, there are four-to-eight sessions, too, by droppers-in; Mondays, the Mingus group gives way to the Upper Bohemia Six and David Amram's quartet.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the room noise that goes with it. On the stand is Joe Bushkin, who has sworn in three notable deputies—Jo Jones, Milt Hinton, and Stuff Smith—for his return to the local scene. Sundays, someone else always fills in.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, who is the history of jazz piano neatly wrapped up into ten small, convenient fingers, is running a trio inside the oval bar. No music Mondays. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hot potato, transplanted here, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined every *Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday* by Marshall Brown, and every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday by Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music on Sundays.... **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Another New Wave youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher,

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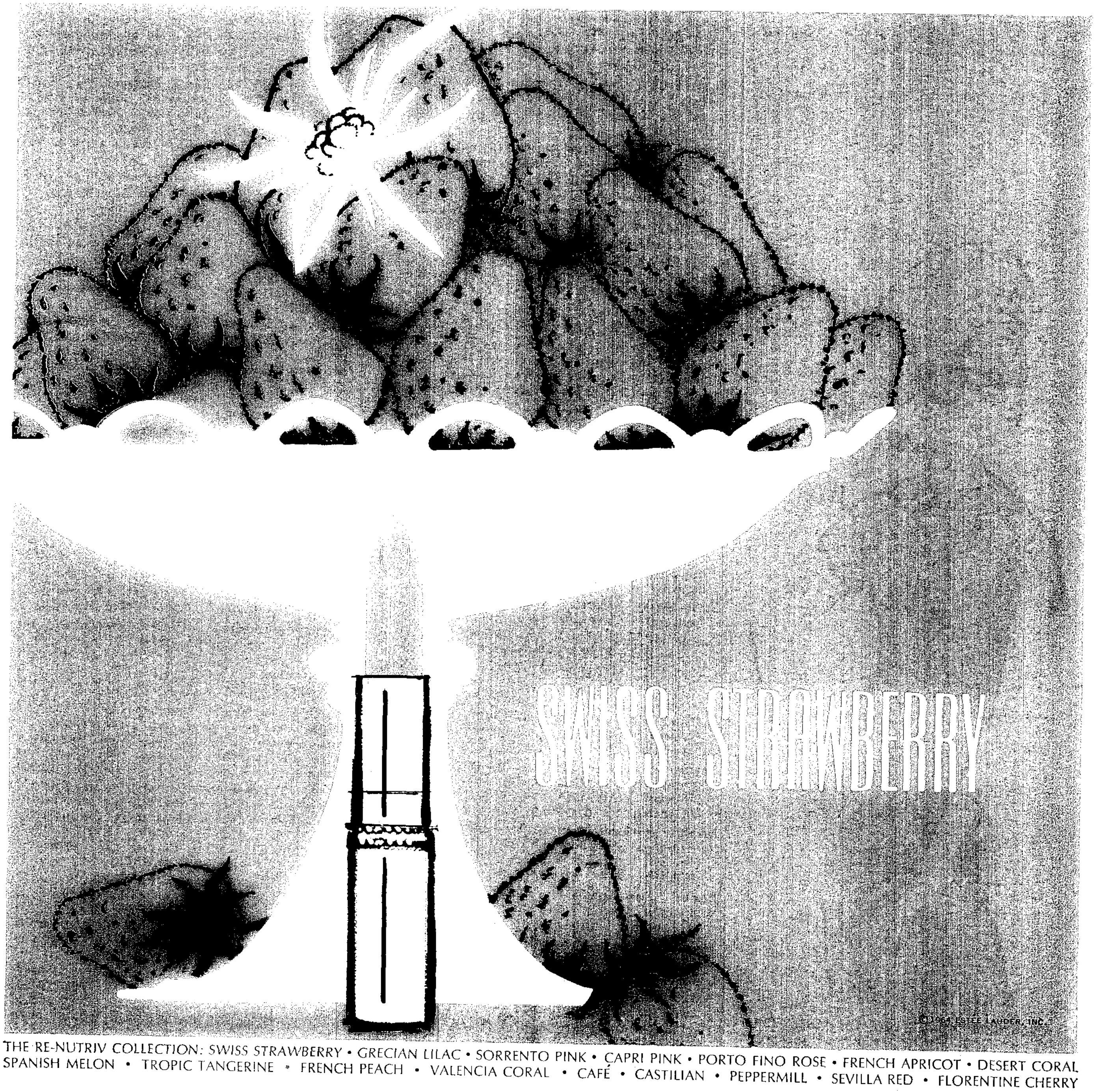
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and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea, with time out Mondays and Tuesdays, when another set of banjoists, called the Red Onion Minstrels, takes over . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): J. C. Higginbotham has come to life with a band that includes George Wettling and Hank D'Amico. These rare birds fly from nine to three every night but Sunday. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Afro—Gouaches by the contemporary Italian abstractionist; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

Leonard Baskin—Bronze and wood sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

Margit Beck—Semi-abstract landscapes; through March 7. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

Doris Caesar—Bronze nudes; through March 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Carroll Cloar—Realist landscapes and figures, in tempera; through March 7. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Robert D'Arista—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figure studies; through March 7. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Drawings by one of the leaders of the New York School; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1864-1941)—An exhibition of oils, watercolors, drawings, and memorabilia, commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through March 7. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Golfinopoulos—Abstract paintings, through March 7. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Goodnough—Abstractions; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Adolph Gottlieb—His prize-winning exhibition of abstract paintings from the recent São Paulo Bienal; through March 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cleve Gray—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Childe Hassam—Landscapes and still-lifes by this leading American Impressionist; through March 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann—Paintings by the dean of Abstract Expressionists; through March 7. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robin Ironside—Semi-Surrealist oils and gouaches; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Lester Johnson—Figurative paintings and drawings of heads depicting Bowery types; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roger Jorgensen—Hard-edge abstractions; through March 5. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Herbert Katzman—Portraits; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Knaths—Recent paintings by a veteran American abstractionist; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Guitou Knoop—Abstract sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Gaston Lachaise—Fifteen portrait heads make up an exhibition that is running concurrently with the showing of his works at the Whitney Museum; through March 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Patricia Ladew—Paintings done on old, found wood, and figure drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sylvia Lowen—Pen-and-ink landscape drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Ezio Martinelli—Drawings, plus two sculptures; through March 7. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

André Masson—Paintings and drawings, 1923-62; through March 7. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Melcarth—Social-romantic paintings; through March 7. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

George L. K. Morris—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

George Mueller—Geometric paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Ray Prohaska—Paintings done at Amagansett, Long Island; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Chase, 31 E. 64th St.)

Eduardo Ramirez and Edgar Negret—Two contemporary Colombian artists, the first exhibiting painted reliefs, the second sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Siegfried Reinhardt—Symbolic drawings and paintings; through March 14. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Milton Resnick—Early paintings (1937-59); through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Feiner, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Recent paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Georges Rouault and the School of Paris—Oil paintings by Rouault, set against a background of paintings and sculptures by his colleagues in the School of Paris, including Soutine, Maillol, and Miró; through March 7. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

James G. Snodgrass and Amanda R. Block—Sculptures by the former and paintings by the latter; through Friday, Feb. 21. (Revel, 11 W. 56th St.)

Toulouse-Lautrec—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, lithographs, and posters, marking the centennial anniversary of his birth; through March 14. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Abstractions; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Ralph Wehrenberg—Abstract paintings and graphics; through March 7. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Tom Wesselmann—Collages; through March 7. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chinese Art—Paintings and calligraphy by masters of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Amlash Sculptures—Ancient Iranian terracotta and bronze ceremonial vessels, in the shapes of figures and animals, dating from before 800 B.C.; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a showing of nineteenth- and twentieth-century oils and watercolors; through Friday, Feb. 21. . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Mainly watercolors and drawings, by Hal Lotterman, Jacques Hnizdovsky, August Mosca, and others; through March 7. . . . **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through March 28.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: "Pioneers 1910-30," an exhibit of abstract paint-

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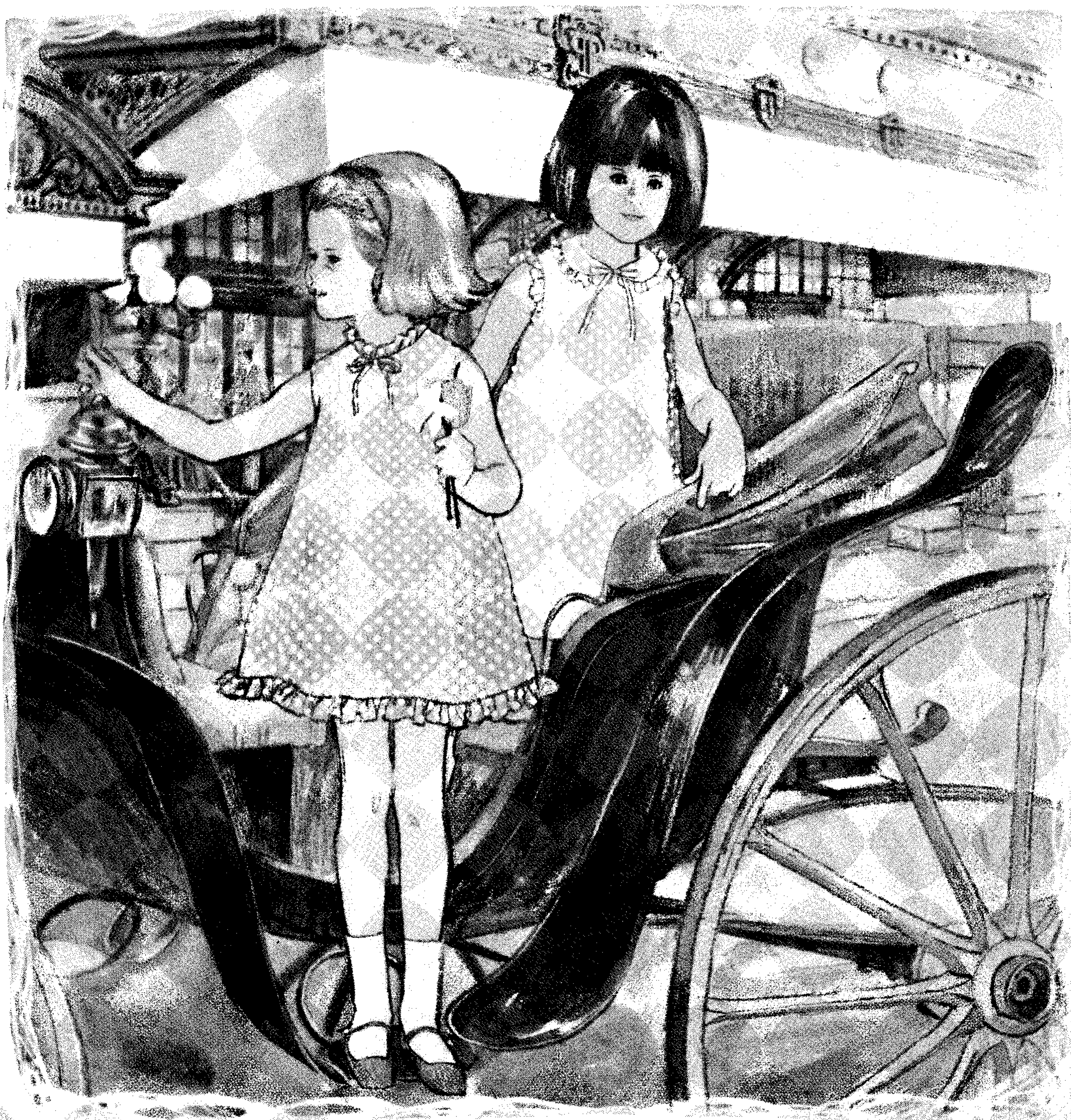

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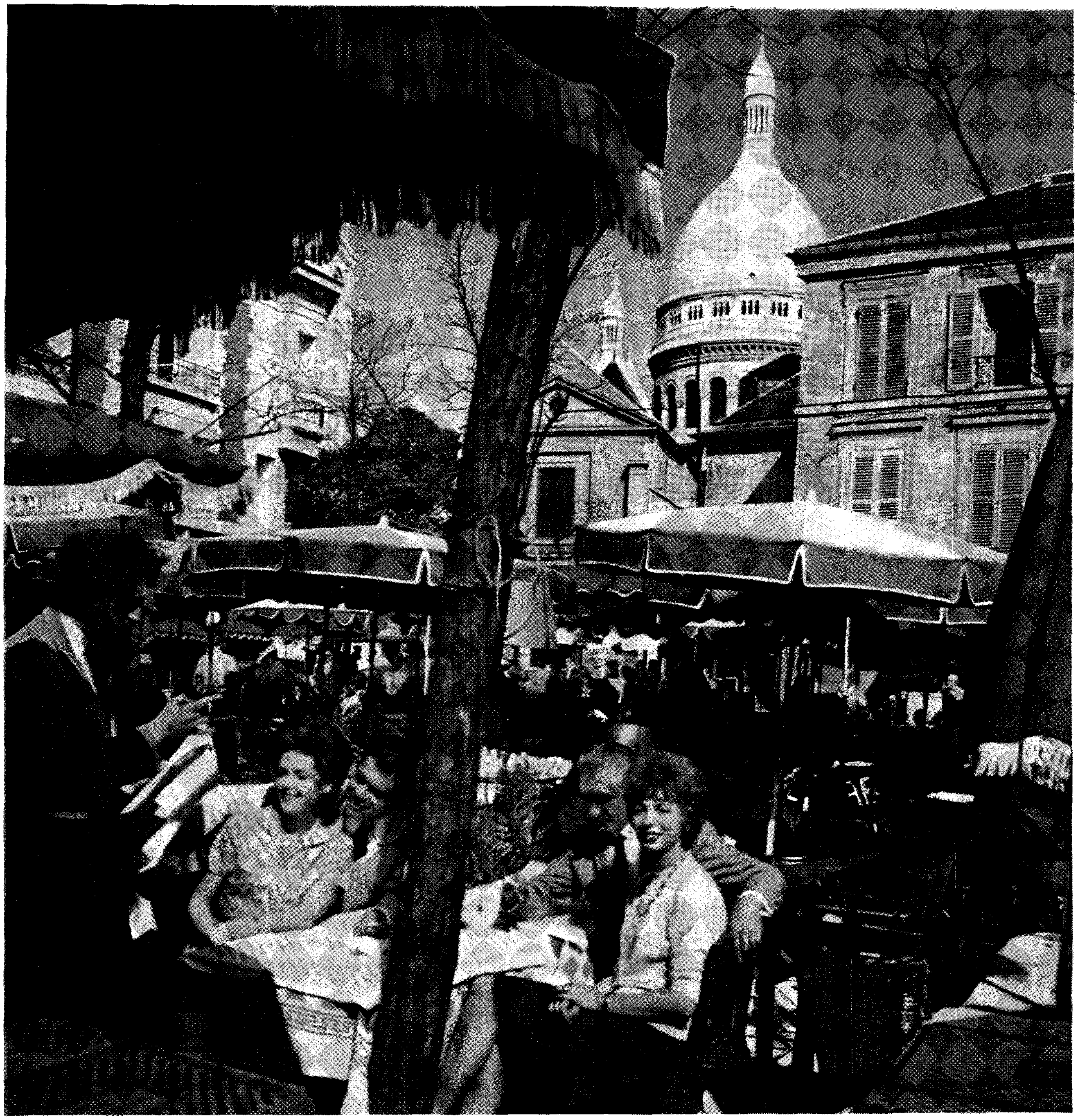

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings and sculptures by such artists as Lipchitz, Albers, and Picabia; through Saturday, Feb. 29. . . . **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings by Philip Guston, Salvador Dali, Kurt Schwitters, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: An exhibition entitled "The Classic Spirit in 20th Century Art," comprising paintings and sculptures by fifty-three Purist artists, from Brancusi, Mondrian, and Malevitch to today; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Closed Washington's Birthday.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Vieira da Silva, Jean Arp, Pierre Soulages, and other twentieth-century painters; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

LATIN-AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Oils, drawings, and watercolors by ten young painters from Argentina, Chile, Guatemala, and several other countries; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Galeria Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Recent Additions to the Print Collection," including items from every century since the fifteenth by, among others, Goltzius, Rembrandt, and Goya. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 21 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May, while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Mughal India," containing examples of the arts of the Mughal dynasty (1526-1858)—book and album paintings; vessels of jade, glass, and crystal; arms and armor; fabrics of gold tissue; and rugs. Through March 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Fourth Guggenheim International Award Exhibition, consisting of a painting apiece by eighty-two artists, including Alberto Giacometti, whose "Large Nude" won first prize. Twenty-four countries are represented. Through March 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A ten-year retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Jasper Johns, a leading member of the New York school; through April 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Liturgical manuscripts and books (of the eighth to the eighteenth centuries) for the Mass and the Divine Office; through March 21. (Weekdays, except Washington's Birthday, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of recent French hand bookbinding; through Sunday, Feb. 23. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A show entitled "Seafarers of New Guinea: Art of the Massim Area" (carved canoe prows and paddles, dance shields, and the like), together with a showing of paintings of primitive sculptures by Miguel Covarrubias; through May 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-ninth annual exhibition, composed of nearly four hundred oils, sculptures, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through March 15. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Maine and Its Artists: 1710-1963," a survey of paintings and sculptures ranging from eighteenth-century portraits and nineteenth-century romantic landscapes to the present, by such artists as Robert Feke, Winslow Homer, Marsden Hartley, and Andrew Wyeth; through March 22. . . . ¶ A retrospective of figures (in bronze, marble, lead, and alabaster) and drawings by the French-born American sculptor Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935); through April 5. A good complement to this exhibition is the Lachaise showing at the Robert Schoelkopf Gallery, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Feb. 20: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Gianna d'Angelo, Elisabeth Söderström, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, Morley Meredith, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 21: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 22: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Mignon Dunn, Robert Merrill, Richard Tucker, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 22: "The Last Savage," with Laurel Hurley, Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, George London, Nicolai Gedda, Morley Meredith, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 24: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Regina Resnik, Franco Corelli, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 25: "Otello," with Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Arturo Sergi, Robert Merrill, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 26: "The Last Savage," with Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, George London, John Alexander, Morley Meredith, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 27: "Lohengrin," with Régine Crespin, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 28: "Otello," with Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Robert Merrill, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 29: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, William Dooley, Jess Thomas, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 29: "La Bohème," with Gabriella Tucci, Elisabeth Söderström, Franco Corelli, Frank Guarrera, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Fernando Corena. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Josef Krips conducting—A Schubert-Mahler program on Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 21, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3 (all with Maureen Forrester, contralto, and Richard Lewis, tenor); and a Mozart-La Montaine program on Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 28, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 29, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 1, at 3 (all with Adele Addison, soprano; Louise Parker, contralto; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Schola Cantorum of New York).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Georg Solti conducting a Beethoven-Stravinsky program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8:30, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; and Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30; no soloists.)

AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY—Richard Bonynge directing a second performance of Rossini's "Semiramide" in concert form, with Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne, sopranos; Walter Carringer, tenor; and Richard Cross, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

PHILADELPHIA CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Anshel Brusilow directing an all-Bach program, with Janice Harsanyi, soprano; Louise Parker, contralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; McHenry Boatwright, baritone; and the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3.)

ZURICH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Edmond de Stoutz

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conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski directing, with Nell Rankin, mezzo-soprano, and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 24, at 8:40.)

Dvořák Requiem—Frederic Waldman directing the Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Jan Peerce, tenor; and Giorgio Tozzi, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

Norwegian Singing Society—Norman Myrvik directing a benefit concert, with soloists. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 5:15.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Vaughan Williams' Mass in G Minor, with soloists and a brass choir. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 4.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing an *a cappella* program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Carroll Glenn and Kenneth Amada—Violin and piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Bethany Beardslee—Soprano, with Robert Helps, piano, and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in a sonata recital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:40.)

Leon Fleisher—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

Saul Ovcharov—Violin, with the Camera Concerti Orchestra conducted by Joseph Eger, and Leonard Arner, oboe. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The New York Chamber Soloists, with Adele Addison, soprano, and Melvin Kaplan, oboe. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 4:30.) . . . ¶ The Marlboro Trio. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.) For information about tickets to both concerts, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.

Vera Appleton and Michael Field—Duo piano, in J. S. Bach's "The Art of the Fugue." (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 5:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-64—The third in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Sari Biro, piano; the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Arthur Weisberg; and composers Donald Erb, Morton Feldman, Willard Roosevelt, Robert Stewart, and Richard Wernick. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 5:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Jennie Tourel—Mezzo-soprano, in a recital postponed from Feb. 4. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Elisabeth Söderström—Soprano, with an instrumental ensemble. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

Vera Tisheff—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—The third in a series of four programs of Mozart piano sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 29, at 8:30.)

Note—Jacob Lateiner will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 1, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 24, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—A six-week series of weekend performances. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, Coleman Hawkins' quartet and Ben Webster are scheduled to appear. (Little Theatre, 238 W. 44th St. BR 9-6100. Fridays at 8:30 and at midnight and Saturdays at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2:30: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 29, at 6:30: Boston vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. San Francisco.

Boxing—Eddie Cotton vs. Johnny Persol, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 21. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) . . . ¶ Sonny Liston vs. Cassius Clay, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Miami. Tuesday, Feb. 25.) . . . ¶ Rubin (Hurricane) Carter vs. James Ellis, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 28. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Fencing—International Fencing Tournament—Friday, Feb. 21, at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.: Men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 23, at 9 and 5: Men's individual sabre. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 23, at 7:30: Men's three-weapon team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100. On Friday, Feb. 21, women admitted only after noon.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 21. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 29.

Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-29, at 8 A.M.: School figures. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-29, at 5:30: Free skating. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 1, at 8:30 A.M.: Dance competitions. (Iceland Rink, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 22: National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 27: Knights of Columbus. (Meets begin at 8.)

Trapshooting—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 22-23, at 11.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30, from Thursday, Feb. 20, through Wednesday, May 13. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Die Fledermaus," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

Jazz Concert—Gerry Mulligan's band. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 6:15.)

Stage Shows—By the CHILDREN'S THEATRE WING: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 22-23, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . EXPLORE, INC.: "Androcles and the Lion."

(Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **IMAGE THEATRE:** "Red Shoes." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood." Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. For tickets, call GR 5-9647.) . . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "Gabriel Ghost." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturday, Feb. 29, at 2:30.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MERRY WANDERERS CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Frog Prince." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.) . . . **POCKET PLAYERS:** "Emil and the Detectives." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 29, at 2:30.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Galileo and the Stars," demonstrates Galileo's major astronomical discoveries; through March 2. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays, except Washington's Birthday, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Washington's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

READINGS—Bramwell Fletcher presenting a program called "Love, Laughter and Baseball," which is made up of excerpts from the works of James Thurber, Dylan Thomas, E. E. Cummings, George Bernard Shaw, Shakespeare, and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

NATIONAL ANTIQUES SHOW—A Gay Nineties penny arcade and collections of rare dolls, pewter, buttons, and so on, are some of the countless items to be displayed by three hundred or so dealers. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Feb. 26, through Wednesday, March 4, from 1 to 11, and Thursday, March 5, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Feb. 20, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Buffet, Boudin, Picasso, and Epstein; from the estate of Ann Phillips and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 1:45: Georgian furniture, silver and silver plate, vases and other decorative objects, paintings, and Oriental rugs; the property of J. E. Otterson and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 1:45: Art reference books, modern French illustrated books, Americana, literary material, and maps; from several collectors, among them T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

America America—A picturesque account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

. . . And Suddenly It's Murder!—An Italian suspense comedy, starring Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi, and well worth a rainy afternoon. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Billy Liar—An English comedy, in which the brilliant young actor Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Cleopatra—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—An account, at once anguished and hilarious, of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Lothario when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Feb. 25. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Dr. No—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. Wonderful nonsense, with Sean Connery as Bond, and Ursula Andress as his sullen blond plaything. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 25.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—A superb comedy about the not at all comic subject of atomic war. Produced and directed by Stanley Kubrick, and starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Easy Life—An Italian melodrama, featuring Vittorio Gassman and directed at a fantastic pace by Dino Risi. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

8½—A very successful, if curious, work of art—an *apologia pro vita sua* by the brilliant Italian director Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Feb. 26, tentative.)

The Fire Within—An exquisite French film, written and directed by Louis Malle, about a charming young wastrel and his doom. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—The first Cinerama comedy, bursting with actors and scary camera stunts but far too long and too unfunny. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Knife in the Water—A clever young director named Roman Polanski takes an ironic look at life and love in contemporary Poland, which seems not unlike Long Island. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Feb. 26.)

Lawrence of Arabia—As beautiful a picture as you could hope to see, with much stirring desert combat and an honorable attempt to fathom a little man who was as odd as Dick's hatband. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, and many others, all superlatively directed by David Lean. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 25.)

Lord of the Flies—Peter Brook has adapted William Golding's exercise in atavism with dashing skill and a fine ear for English public-school chat. A magnificent performance from Hugh Edwards as the pragmatic Piggy—a diminutive C. P. Snow. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Feb. 26.)

Point of Order!—A powerful documentary of the Army-McCarthy hearings, as fresh and dreadful as the day they started. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Seven Days in May—A ruthlessly exciting melodrama about a right-wing plot to take over the government. John Frankenheimer has directed with great verve a cast that includes Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Silence—Still another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's long cross-examination of God, who has proved a reluctant witness. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a wistful Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

Tom Jones—That rare thing, a great movie made from a great book. Directed by Tony Richardson, from a screenplay by John Osborne, and with a cast that includes Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Joan Greenwood, and a dozen others, all splendid. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

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REVIVALS

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Chaplin Comedies—"Shoulder Arms," "A Dog's Life," and "The Pilgrim," all mementos from the silent past. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; Feb. 20.)

City Lights (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 20.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Charlie Chaplin telling off the dictators. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting Feb. 21.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 20.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 25.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Feb. 26.)

Monkey in Winter (1963)—Jean Gabin and Jean-Paul Belmondo in a French picture about drink, loneliness, Channel weather, and dreams. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Feb. 25.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. Formerly called "The Young and the Damned." (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 21.)

Requiem for a Heavyweight (1962)—Anthony Quinn, Julie Harris, Jackie Gleason, and Mickey Rooney in a tale of an athlete who has outlived the only trade he knows. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Feb. 25, at about 8, plus the telecast of the Sonny Liston-Cassius Clay fight.)

Sparrows Can't Sing (1963)—A comedy of London lowlife, directed by Joan Littlewood, with James Booth and Barbara Windsor. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 21.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting Feb. 21.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 21-24.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellowmen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 21.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law (1963)—Hanky-panky in the London underworld. Peter Sellers and Lionel Jeffries. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Feb. 25.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Man's Favorite Sport?," Rock Hudson, Paula Prentiss.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Best of Cinerama," a film composed of excerpts from the first five Cinerama movies. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays and Washington's Birthday at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays and Washington's Birthday at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Feb. 26: "The Doll" (in Swedish).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Dead Ringer," Bette Davis, Karl Malden.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Dr. Crippen," Donald Pleasence. (After 6 on Tuesday, Feb. 25, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Sonny Liston-Cassius Clay fight.)

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Different Sons" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
BILLY LIAR.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through Feb. 25: **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian); and "The Hidden Fortress" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From Feb. 26: To be announced.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Man's Favorite Sport?," Rock Hudson, Paula Prentiss. (On Tuesday, Feb. 25, the telecast of the Sonny Liston-Cassius Clay fight will be shown at the theatre, which may—or may not—be closed for the rest of the day.)

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 25: "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.
From Feb. 26: "The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick; and "The Running Man," Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Feb. 26 (tentative): "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Feb. 23: A program of nine short films including "Dylan Thomas," "Happy Anniversary," and "The Critic."
From Feb. 24: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Day and the Hour" (in French), Simone Signoret, Stuart Whitman.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Dead Ringer," Bette Davis, Karl Malden. (After 6 on Tuesday, Feb. 25, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Sonny Liston-Cassius Clay fight.)

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
. . . AND SUDDENLY IT'S MURDER! (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Feb. 20: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent).
From Feb. 21: **THE GREAT DICTATOR,** revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED (in Italian and Swedish).

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
TOM JONES.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
POINT OF ORDER!

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 26 (tentative): **8½** (in Italian).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 25: **LORD OF THE FLIES;** and **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW,** revival.
From Feb. 26: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Man's Favorite Sport?," Rock Hudson, Paula Prentiss. (After 6 on Tuesday, Feb. 25, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Sonny Liston-Cassius Clay fight.)

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 25: "Fun in Acapulco," Elvis Presley, Ursula Andress; and "Hot Money Girl," Eddie Constantine, Dawn Addams.
From Feb. 26: "The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick; and "Thunder Island," Gene Nelson, Fay Spain.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Feb. 20: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and "The Storm Within" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film, with Jean Marais.
Feb. 21-24: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE,** revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival.
From Feb. 25: **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish; formerly called "The Young and the Damned"), revival; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 25: "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.
From Feb. 26: **LORD OF THE FLIES;** and **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY,** revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 25: **DR. NO;** and **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE,** revival.
From Feb. 26: "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn; and "The Mouse on the Moon," revival, Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
BEAT THE DEVIL, revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through the afternoon of Feb. 25: "Fun in Acapulco," Elvis Presley, Ursula Andress; and "Hot Money Girl," Eddie Constantine, Dawn Addams.
Feb. 25, at about 8: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT,** revival; plus a telecast of the Sonny Liston-Cassius Clay fight.
From Feb. 26: "The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick; and "Thunder Island," Gene Nelson, Fay Spain.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Feb. 25: **MONKEY IN WINTER** (in French), revival; and "The Day and the Hour," Simone Signoret, Stuart Whitman.
From Feb. 26: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Feb. 25: "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn; and "Dig That Juliet" (formerly called "Romanoff and Juliet"), revival, Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.
From Feb. 26: "Dark Purpose," Shirley Jones, Rossano Brazzi; and "He Rides Tall," Tony Young, Dan Duryea.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Feb. 26: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE EASY LIFE (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Feb. 20: "Swan Lake," revival, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet; and Prokofieff's "Cinderella," revival, in a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet.
From Feb. 21: **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian), revival; and "Kanal" (in Polish), revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE FIRE WITHIN (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Der Rosenkavalier," a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
AMERICA AMERICA.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Feb. 25: "Fun in Acapulco," Elvis Presley, Ursula Andress; and "Hot Money Girl," Eddie Constantine, Dawn Addams.
From Feb. 26: "The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick; and "Thunder Island," Gene Nelson, Fay Spain.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
CITY LIGHTS, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 25: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**
From Feb. 26: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 20: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT,** revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
From Feb. 21: **WINTER LIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; and **SPARROWS CAN'T SING,** revival.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 25: **MONKEY IN WINTER** (in French), revival; and "The Day and the Hour" (in French), Simone Signoret, Stuart Whitman.
From Feb. 26: To be announced.

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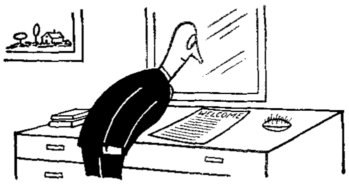
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG grandfather we know, a reputedly eccentric man, flew to Washington the other day for a stag dinner, checking in at a hotel that, as fate would have it, advertises itself as "the friendliest name in hotels." His bellhop had scarcely left him when, looking about his room, he saw that the hotel meant its catch line. Atop his bed, propped between the pillows, was a rectangular card that inquired, "May We Shine Your Shoes?" Atop his bureau, a wide, low piece, were other tokens of amity. One of them was a homey pincushion, generously stuck with pins, safety pins, and needles. Another was a longish questionnaire, the word "WELCOME" across its top; it sought his "frank opinion" of, among other matters, whether "the room clerk and desk staff were friendly, sincere, and courteous." (The answers were to be left at the front desk.) Two books lay on the bureau, gifts of the management. Opening one of them, a paperback called "Turning Your Ability Into Cash" (the other was called "The Dam Busters"), he read, "The ability of the average man may be compared to an iceberg: about nine-tenths of it is under water." When he started to get ready for dinner, he found more gifts awaiting him in the bathroom—toothbrush, tube of toothpaste, tube of brushless shaving cream, razor, razor blades, and plastic "Courtesy Cap" for the shower. He was also presented with pep pills ("safe as coffee"), antibiotic lozenges, analgesic tablets, a bottle of shampoo, and a pair of paper slippers. Unaccountably, he tells us, he was seized with an acute sense of ingratitude. (It may have been the Courtesy Cap, he thinks; he never takes showers.) Acting quickly, he gathered up every vestige of friendliness in sight—pep pills, paperbacks, pincushion. His arms loaded, he dumped the stuff in a wastebasket, and then stood staring down at the disorderly heap. He claims that his sense of ingratitude instantly gave way to one of accomplishment. "It isn't every day that I make throwaways out of giveaways," he says. "Why, I felt as if that room was my castle, as if that hotel *was* the friendliest ever."



Symposium

WE like the names of the wines of the Médoc—Brane-Cantenac, Pichon-Longueville, Cos-d'Estournel, Calon-Ségur, Lascombes, Beychevelle, Lafite Rothschild, Mouton Rothschild, to drop a few—so when Mr. Gregory Thomas, Grand Maître of the Commanderie de Bordeaux, which is a group of men devoted to Bordeaux wines, among them the wines of the Médoc, invited us to his society's twentieth quarterly dinner, at The Four Seasons, the other night, we accepted with lively anticipation. During an *amuse-gueule* session that included champagne, stone crabs, *saucisses de lièvre,* and *huîtres fines Bélon* flown over from Paris that morning, we conversed easily with our host, who in extra-oenological life is president of the Chanel perfume company in this country, and with a number of his fellow-Commandeurs: Douglas Black, chairman of Doubleday; Barry Gray, the radio impresario; Richard de Rochemont, the television impresario and cookbook author; Alexis Lichine, the Bordelais viniculturist and vintner; Julius Wile, the wine importer; and Alfred Knopf, the publisher. Mr. Knopf observed that winebibbing societies were rather foolish, and that he was on hand because The Four Seasons was his favorite restaurant. After a while, the Messrs. Thomas, Black, and Lichine went off into a corner of the room, where, assisted by some other members, they put ermine-trimmed robes of wine-red velvet over their dinner coats. Then, with a good deal of ceremony, they proceeded to induct several new members, among them M. Michel Legendre, the French Consul-General. "We draw our inspiration from Montaigne and Montesquieu," Mr. Thomas said upon rejoining us. "Our robes are copies of those worn by members of the provincial parliament of Bordeaux under the *ancien régime.*"

Presently, thirty-eight strong, the Commandeurs sat down at a table decorated with Baccarat *débris de cristal* and a forty-foot-long print of a *fête de vendange,* or grape harvesting. We picked up our menu, whose title page read "Le Vingtième Parlement de la Commanderie de Bordeaux. Parlement d'Hiver," and learned from the Commandeur at our left, Mr. William Lewis, the head of Kenyon & Eckhardt, that the society's meetings are called parliaments because they are in fact discussions, at which members criticize the dishes and the wines. We addressed ourself, critically, to a Consommé à la Nesselrode and, next, to Turbot Braisé au Vin de Graves, accompanied by a Château Laville-Haut-Brion 1959, a white Graves.

"The turbot is so fresh it seems to have come right out of the Channel," Mr. Thomas said. "Who flew it over?"

"T.W.A.," said Commandeur Joseph Baum, who is president of Restaurant Associates, owner of The Four Seasons.

"It's really *turbotin,* or young turbot," Mr. Thomas said. "Turbot weighs up to forty pounds. It's related to our halibut. There is no halibut in Europe and there is no turbot on the coast of America.”

“A very common fish but, I think, the best,” said M. Jacques Hervé, one of M. Legendre’s consuls, who was seated at our right. “It swims along the bottom.”

The Grand Maître, who is six feet seven, rose and said, “I have a cable sent by Sam Aaron from Bordeaux: ‘Though not with you bodily, we are with you viniculturally.’ ” Then he turned to a young man at one end of the table, who proved to be Michael Aaron and to be representing his uncle, Sam Aaron, the president of Sherry Wine & Spirits, and said, “Michael, would you like to describe the wine we are drinking?”

“Typical of a 1959 Graves, a great year full of sunshine,” Mr. Aaron said. “Full and rich.”

“Julius?” Mr. Thomas said, turning to Mr. Wile.

“I’m puzzled about this wine,” Mr. Wile said. “I’ve enjoyed it, and my final conclusion is that it’s a lovely complement to the fish and the fish is a lovely complement to the wine, but I’m a little disappointed with Bordeaux white wines in general. This is one of the best.”

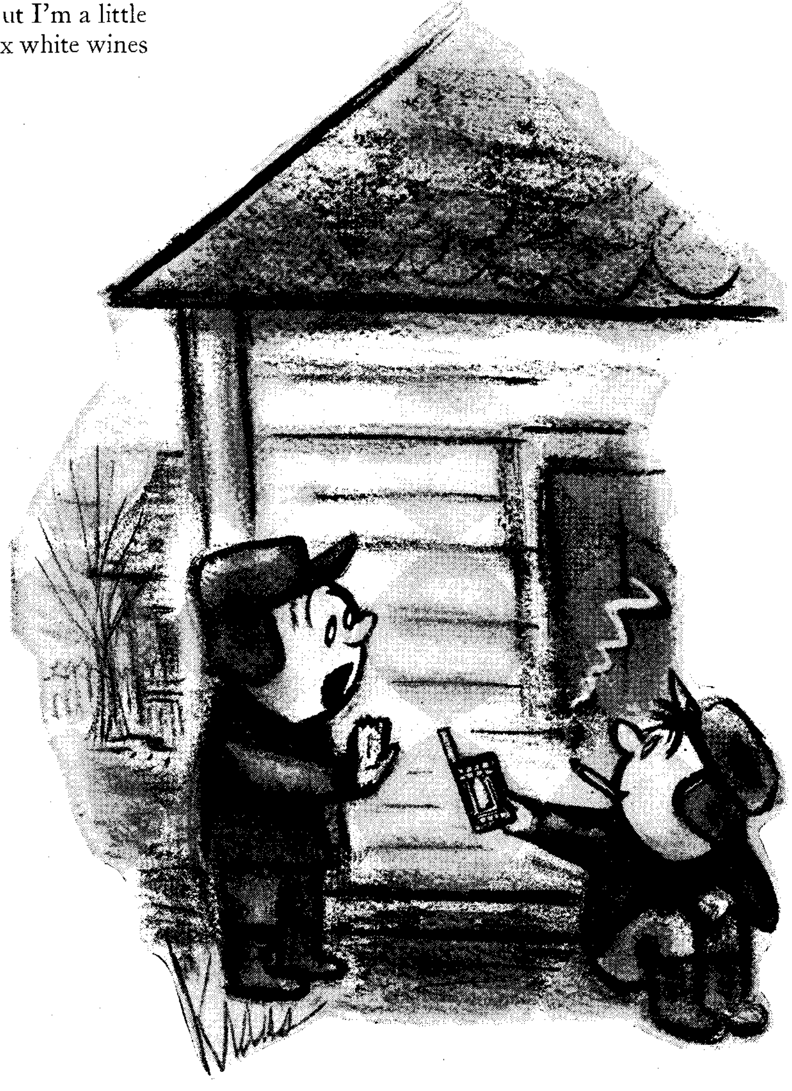
“Alexis?” Mr. Thomas said.

“Personally, I find it lacks acidity, and I don’t think it measures up to the fish,” Mr. Lichine said.

All hands, and gullets, went on to a Château Ausone 1937 and a Château Lafite Rothschild 1947, accompanying roast beef and truffles, and Mr. Thomas invited comment on this brace.

“This ’37 is one of those very hard vintages that many of us thought would never come around, but it is beginning to come around,” Mr. Lichine said. “However, the finesse you find in the Lafite, the *breed*, though it is waning, makes it my choice.”

“I disagree completely,” Mr. Wile said. “The Lafite is bland, but the Ausone is interesting. It *is* hard, but it has mystery.”



“No, thanks. I’ve given them up.”

“Alexis Lichine is a gentleman through and through, but I think he has given far too much credit to the Ausone,” Mr. Lewis said. “The Lafite is infinitely superior.”

“Alfred?” Mr. Thomas inquired.

“With these older French wines, such as the Ausone, the bouquet is much lovelier than the taste,” Mr. Knopf said. “A very sad thing, but it always happens.”

“Commandeur de Rochemont has the floor,” Mr. Thomas said.

“We are drinking one of the wines of the bad days of Ausone, but I think it is standing up quite well,” Mr. de Rochemont said. “It promises to be even better five years from now.”

“I hope we all live long enough to enjoy it,” Mr. Gray said.

“I now suggest we give our thought to the cheese and the next two wines,” Mr. Thomas said a little later, referring to a Château Latour 1945 and a Château Lascombes 1952.

“The comparison is unfair,” Mr. Aaron said. “Latour is first-growth and Lascombes is second-growth. The Lascombes has a wonderful bouquet and is a great wine in its class, but the Latour is *very* great.”

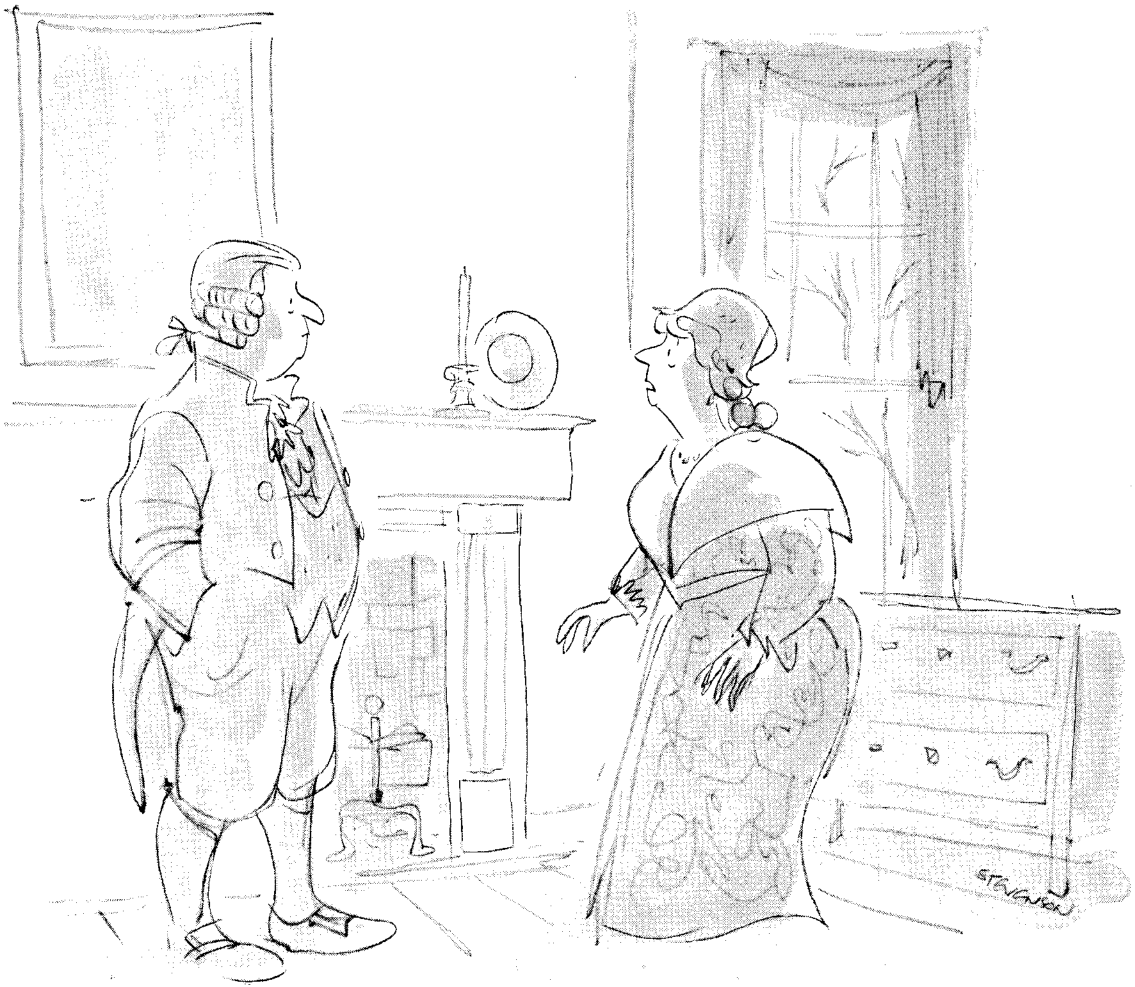
A prolonged discussion followed, and at the conclusion of the meal Mr. Thomas called for the chef, Raymond Sauget. All rose and applauded him.

* * *

SOLAR INTELLIGENCE: Every day except one for the past month, the sun has risen a minute earlier and has set a minute later for the *Times* than it has for the *Herald Tribune*, according to those newspapers’ meteorological columns.

Logs

OCCASIONALLY, we still run across a nice, old-fashioned success story. This time, our Alger hero is a diligent twenty-six-year-old named Paul Katzoff, who presides over something called the Village Firewood Coöperative. A social worker at the Union Settlement House, in East Harlem, Mr. Katzoff lives in a marvellously cluttered two-room apartment on West Tenth Street, and when we visited him there on a recent frosty evening, some of his own excellent wares were merrily blazing away in a red brick fireplace. Indeed, it was the fact of his having rented an apartment with a fireplace that had prompted him to found the Coöperative. “The first time I set out to buy some wood, the prices seemed fantastically high—a dollar-fifty for five or six small logs,” he told us. “I figured I could do better than that. My father owns a fruit-and-vegetable store in Queens, and one day I borrowed his little pick-up truck and drove up the Saw Mill River Parkway looking for wood. I was doing social work in Pleasantville at the time, and knew that there were some state woods along the Parkway, where nobody was apt to bother me if I cut logs from trees that had already been felled. I found some felled trees and cut about two hundred and fifty logs. I brought them into the city that night and parked the truck near the corner of Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue. Along with my social work, I do a certain amount of folk singing, and I had my guitar with me in the truck. I sang some songs off the back of the truck, and as soon as I'd gathered a crowd of maybe forty or fifty people, I put away the guitar, picked up my axe, and split a few logs. When people in New York see somebody splitting a log with a single stroke—an easy enough thing to do if you follow the grain of the wood—they're impressed, and when they're impressed, they buy. I sold out all my wood that first night, charging a dollar-fifty for ten large logs. I did the very same thing the following week. I was so successful that I threatened to fail at what I'd set out to do, which was to supply myself with firewood."



"Good heavens! Tomorrow is George Washington's birthday, and we don't have a thing for him!"

• •

It soon became apparent to Mr. Katzoff that he wouldn't be able to cut enough logs singlehanded to meet the demand, so he located a dealer upstate, who agreed to supply him with several hundred logs a week, at a cost of a few pennies per log. Katzoff then put an ad in the *Village Voice*, calling himself Village Firewood, and, with the help of a girl friend who was willing to answer his telephone on Fridays and Saturdays, while he was out collecting the logs and peddling them, he built up a lively business. Last summer, he decided to risk a radical expansion. This involved finding a dealer with a bigger supply of logs; hiring a truck driver and a large truck, with a capacity of twenty-five hundred logs; rounding up a dozen youthful workers, to help load the truck and deliver the wood; and hiring an answering service to take orders. (The helpful girl friend had unhelpfully drifted away.) Once all that had been done, Katzoff placed a new ad in the *Village Voice*, identifying himself as the Village Firewood Coöperative. "A lot of people thought that by 'Coöperative' I meant that we'd go up to the woods and chop trees together," he said. "I explained to them that all I meant was that if they'd coöperate with me by raising my volume, I'd coöperate with them by lowering my prices. I originally hoped for a hundred coöperators, to whom I'd agree to supply a hundred logs for fifteen dollars, including delivery. Almost at once, I had to raise the price to twenty dollars, because of my increased overhead. I agreed to deliver a minimum of a hundred logs at a time—enough to last the average customer a month or so. I think word-of-mouth advertising is the best kind, so I told my coöperators that for every customer they recommended, I'd charge them a dollar less than the regular twenty-dollar-per-hundred price for the rest of the season, even if the new customer ordered from me only once. This has worked out fine for everyone. A couple of my customers are paying only nine dollars for a hundred logs, and the average customer is paying fourteen. Even charging twenty dollars, I'm the least expensive firewood dealer in the city, and fourteen is a real bargain. In November, I sold ten thousand logs from my one truck, so in December I hired a second truck and driver. In January, my volume was twenty thousand logs. The profits are, let's say, handsome. My business has evolved not only in quantity—from two hundred and fifty logs a week to five thousand in just over two years—but in quality. From doing the actual chopping and selling on the street, I've progressed to doing no manual labor at all. I don't know how big this firewood business is going to get, but social work is my real interest, and no matter what happens, I intend to stick to that."

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EXCERPT from a letter from the Locust Club, a policemen's organization in Rochester, New York: "Due to increased expenses in the past years, we are forced to raise your voluntary dues."

Hiram's Report

A BULKY manuscript in a bold cursive hand appeared on our desk the other morning. A label on it read "BEATLES," and attached to it was a typewritten note from our operative

Mr. Stanley. Stanley wrote, "Craven apologies. Fell disease, of cause unknown, has laid up yours truly. Have pressed into service teen-age nephew, Hiram. Forgive, if possible, his scientific approach; he is a coleopterist at heart. Regards, S."

Hiram wrote:

"HIRAM'S REPORT

"SUBJECT: The Beatles.

"PURPOSE OF REPORT: To Tell Uncle All I Know About the Beatles in New York, which is quite a lot.

"READINGS: 'Musicologically . . .' by Theodore Strongin, in the *Times*, February 10, 1964:

> "The Beatles have a tendency to build phrases around unresolved leading tones. This precipitates the ear into a false modal frame that temporarily turns the fifth of the scale into the tonic, momentarily suggesting the mixolydian mode. But everything ends as plain diatonic all the same.

" 'Why They Go Wild Over the Beatles,' by Dr. Joyce Brothers, in the *Journal-American*, February 11, 1964:

> "The Beatles display a few mannerisms which almost seem a shade on the feminine side, such as the tossing of their long manes of hair. . . . These are exactly the mannerisms which very young female fans (in the 10-to-14 age group) appear to go wildest over.

"*Variety*, February 12, 1964:

> "The Beatles' asking price for a single evening is $7,000 against 60% of the gross. In addition, the promoters must supply a band and a surrounding show for the entire half [*sic*] of the evening. In addition, the promoter has to lay out an advertising budget, pay for the hall, also pay stagehands, electricians, printing tickets, and sundry other items. The promoters feel that under these circumstances, it will be extremely difficult to make a buck.
>
> "The Beatles have been selling phonograph disks worldwide at the monthly rate of $1,200,000. In less than a year, the boys, all in young 20's, have grossed about $12,000,000 before computing taxes, trade expenses, promotion and other costs.

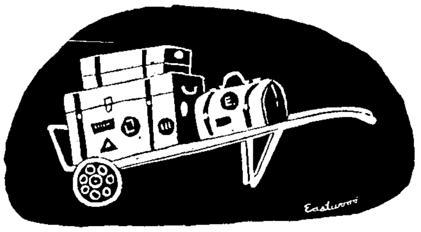
"PROCEDURE: It being my aim to see as much of the Beatles as possible, I met them at Kennedy Airport on Friday, followed them around on Sunday, and attended the second of their two concerts at Carnegie Hall on Wednesday. This was quite a good deal of seeing of the Beatles in only six days.

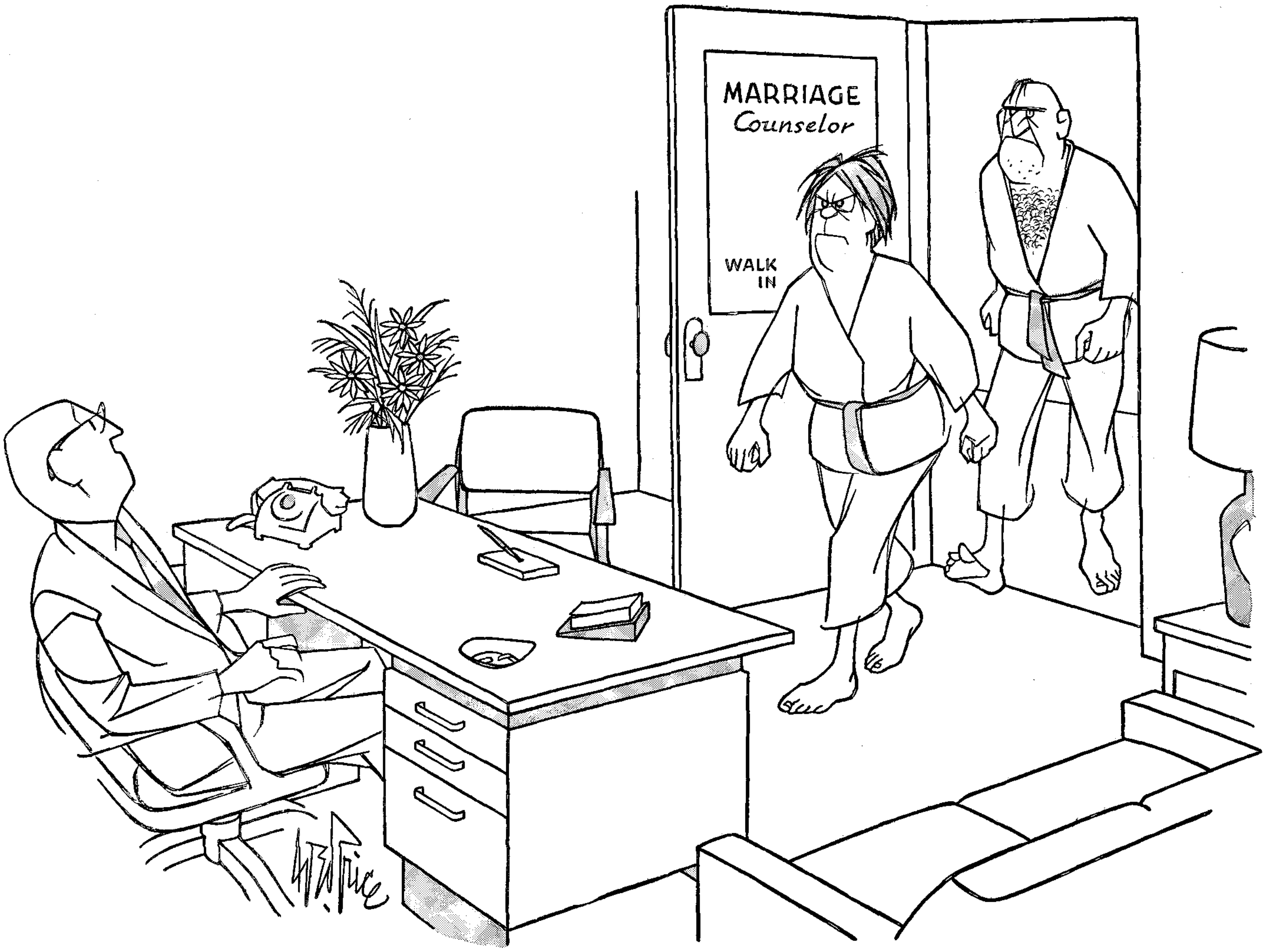
"OBSERVATIONS: The Beatles got to the airport before I did, and had a drink, but I slipped into the pressroom before they could, and with much less fuss. There were lots of kids waiting outside the pressroom for a chance to scream at the Beatles (screaming at the Beatles is what they seem to want to do most), and they screamed at me a little when I went in—just to get warmed up, I guess. The pressroom was pretty full, and I squeezed into a spot over to the left, beside a lot of men who were there from English newspapers. Most of them, it turned out, had been in this country so long they had never seen the Beatles, but nevertheless they were all pretending to be bored by the Beatles. They said things like 'What's all this, then, Tony? What's it all abaht?' 'Oh, hullo, Frank, what are you writing?' 'I'm trying not to write anything, but I'm told I have to turn out some sort of squalid prose.'

"Just then, the kids outside really started screaming, so I was sure the Beatles would be in shortly, and they were. There were four of them, of course, and I couldn't yet tell them apart, but they were all dressed rather nicely, I thought. I counted three black suits, one gray suit, one white shirt, one gray shirt, two Tattersall shirts, three black ties, and one dark-blue tie. Also four pairs of black shoes. There was a lot of noise, and their press agent, Brian Somerville, got up and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is ridiculous! Hold up your hands, and I'll recognize you one at a time. If you won't be quiet, we'll just stand here until you are.' He sounded like a teacher I know very well. Finally, there was a certain amount of quiet, and reporters asked questions and the Beatles gave some funny answers. They seemed to be enjoying themselves. When one reporter asked them, 'What are you going to do about all the car-bumper stickers in Detroit that say, "Stamp Out the Beatles"?' one Beatle said, 'We're printing some stickers that say, "Stamp Out Detroit." ' Then a reporter asked, 'Are you part of a social rebellion against the older generation?' and a Beatle said, 'It's a dirty lie!' It was the right answer, too.

"On Sunday, the Beatles were on the 'Ed Sullivan Show' in the evening, and I went over to Ed Sullivan's studio, at Broadway and Fifty-third Street, in the afternoon to watch them rehearse. Outside were a number of kids in yellow sweatshirts that had 'WMCA Good Guys' printed on them (the Good Guys are a bunch of disc jockeys on that station who have been pushing the Beatles), and one boy had on a white sweatshirt on which he had written 'WQXR Bad Guys.' In the studio, the floor of the stage was painted blue, and there were some large white arrows pointing at a spot on it. I guessed that that was where the Beatles would sing, and I was right. Some orchestra members were tuning up onstage, others were standing around looking at the spot where the arrows were pointing, and also looking at the auditorium seats, which were filled with kids, dressed for a party and behaving themselves. The orchestra members who were standing around were trying to look the way the English reporters at the airport had been trying to look, only older and tireder. 'All peach fuzz,' said one of them, nodding at the kids. Then another one walked up and said, 'Look at all the peach fuzz.' They all seemed to be thinking the same thoughts. Then drums for the Beatle named Ringo were rolled onstage, and the kids, who had been quiet, suddenly began screaming. Orchestra members produced a few falsetto imitations of the kids. 'And these are the people who are going to be running the country twenty years from now!' said the man who had made the first peach-fuzz remark. He looked to me as though he planned to be around and running things twenty years from now himself. Then Mr. Sullivan came out on the stage and made a nice speech, asking the kids to give their respectful attention to all the very fine performers besides the Beatles who were appearing on the show, because if they didn't, he would call in a barber. The kids laughed in the kind of way that meant they thought maybe Mr. Sullivan just might call in a barber, and they calmed down. After clowning around a bit, Mr. Sullivan said, 'Our city—indeed, the country—has never seen anything like these four young men from Liverpool. Ladies and gentlemen, the Beatles!'

"When the Beatles sang 'She Loves You' and 'I Want to Hold Your Hand,' their two top tunes, it was very hard to hear them, because of the screaming. Two funny things I noticed about the screaming: (1) the kids must have known the songs cold, because they screamed louder every time the Beatles started a new verse of a song, and it wasn't always easy to tell just when that happened, and (2) the kids weren't actually looking at the Beatles themselves but at TV pictures of the Beatles that appeared on the nine or ten monitors scattered around the studio. I noticed this because the kids also began screaming louder every time a different Beatle appeared on the TV screen. The ones they screamed loudest for were Ringo, the drummer, and Paul, who





was doing most of the singing because George, who *usually* does most of the singing, had laryngitis or something.

"Afterward, I went around backstage to the dressing rooms, where the Beatles were changing their shirts. 'I'm soaking,' said the Beatle named John. 'Got a ciggy?' John and Ringo and George left in their limousine for the Plaza, where the Beatles were staying, but Paul got left behind, so I climbed into a taxi with him and one of the public-relations men. At first, there was a taxi full of Beatle fans behind us, but it got swept away by traffic. Paul said that the Beatles had never had an audience at a rehearsal before and that it made them feel good to be playing before people instead of just into space. Then Paul said New York traffic was bad but London traffic was just as bad and Paris traffic was worse, because Frenchmen were maniac drivers. Then the public-relations man said he had lost fifty pounds, and Paul said he couldn't tell how much that was unless it was translated into stone. At the Plaza, we all got out of the taxi as quickly as possible and raced toward the elevators. Upstairs, there were a lot of policemen and hotel detectives who were whispering about how they were going to sneak the Beatles out of the hotel that evening, so they could get back to Mr. Sullivan's studio. There was nobody around except other policemen and hotel detectives, but they whispered anyway. One of them said that the Beatles were good boys, who followed policemen's orders—not like General Eisenhower, who would listen to a detective's plan for sneaking him out of a building and then would deliberately go out another way.

"The Beatles' two concerts at Carnegie Hall were their final appearances in New York, and the events were arranged sort of like a prizefight. I had a seat on the stage, and I could see the audience, which was not quite as well behaved as the Ed Sullivan audience had been—more like the audience at a Young People's Concert of the New York Philharmonic. First, a disc jockey known as Murray the K said, 'For the one or two of you who want to leave your seats or throw things, we have people to take care of you.' Then a rather scared group of folk singers called the Briarwoods came out and fought a few preliminary rounds. Finally, the Beatles came out in gray suits with chesterfield collars and sang twelve songs, which couldn't be heard over the screaming, and Ringo almost knocked himself out jumping around, and then they bounced off the stage, looking pretty exhausted but pretty happy.

"CONCLUSIONS: The Beatles' tour of New York was a success because the Beatles are nice guys and the girls think they look cute. Also, they are worth listening to, even if they aren't as good as the Everly Brothers, which they really aren't."

Delicacy

A BEACON HILL matron we know, who hates to part with anything that has been in her family for more than a year, recently found the following note attached to a clean but tattered bedsheet just returned from the laundry:

DEAR CUSTOMER:
Upon examination, we find that this article has received its maximum wear.
The Management
HIGHLAND LAUNDRY, INC.

REUNION IN GEHENNA

THE envelope beside my plate the other morning, addressed in a florid feminine backhand, was tinted the particular robin's-egg blue reserved for babies' bassinets. As I slit open the flap, I stole a furtive glance at my wife across the breakfast table. Her classic features, frequently confused with Katharine Cornell's, betrayed such martyrdom that, given chain mail and a wooden sword, she could have played St. Joan in any little-theatre production in America.

"Well, go ahead and read it," she challenged. "Who is it from this time—some overblown carhop with a platinum rinse?"

"I haven't the faintest clue to what you're foompheting about," I said with hauteur.

"Fancy," she said. "Then suppose I blueprint it for you. I find this correspondence you persist in conducting with other women in abominable taste. *Humiliating, in fact. Utterly and unspeakably degrading.*"

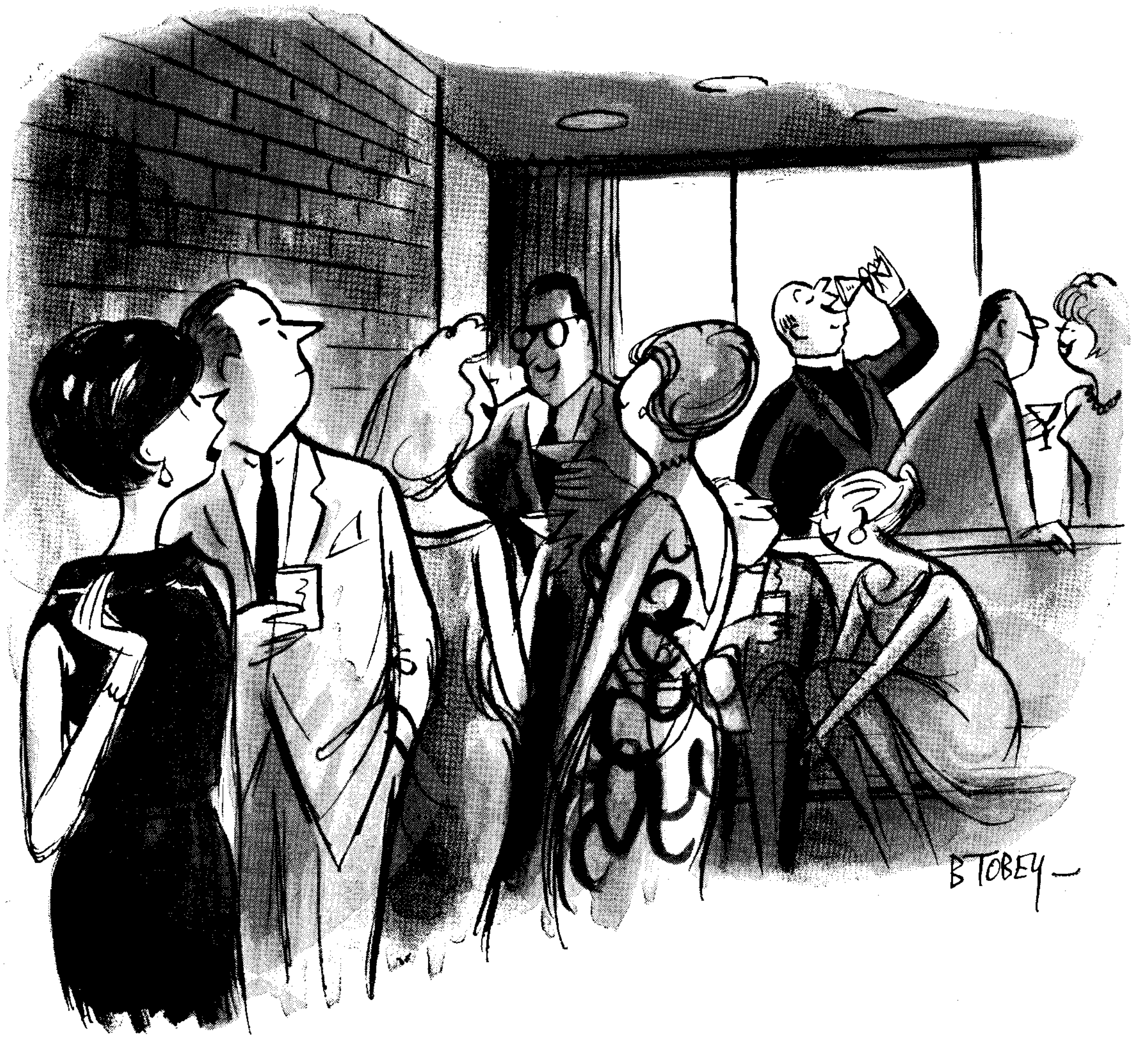
Rather than bandy words with a person patently corroded with jealousy, and lacking, moreover, the words to bandy, I retreated into dignified silence and made a quick scrutiny of the letter. "Well, stap my vitals!" I exclaimed. "It's an invitation from Lorna Dabchick, the secretary of my high-school class. They're holding a forty-second reunion. And you know something?" I added reflectively. "I've got half a mind to attend."

"That's just about all you'd need," she observed. I raised one eyebrow in the manner of William Powell—ironical yet quizzical—but made no comment. "Yes," she went on. "I've felt for some time that you were aching to spend an evening with a lot of rheumatic old fogies, cackling over the pranks you used to play on your algebra teacher. It's senile dementia, dear—second childhood."

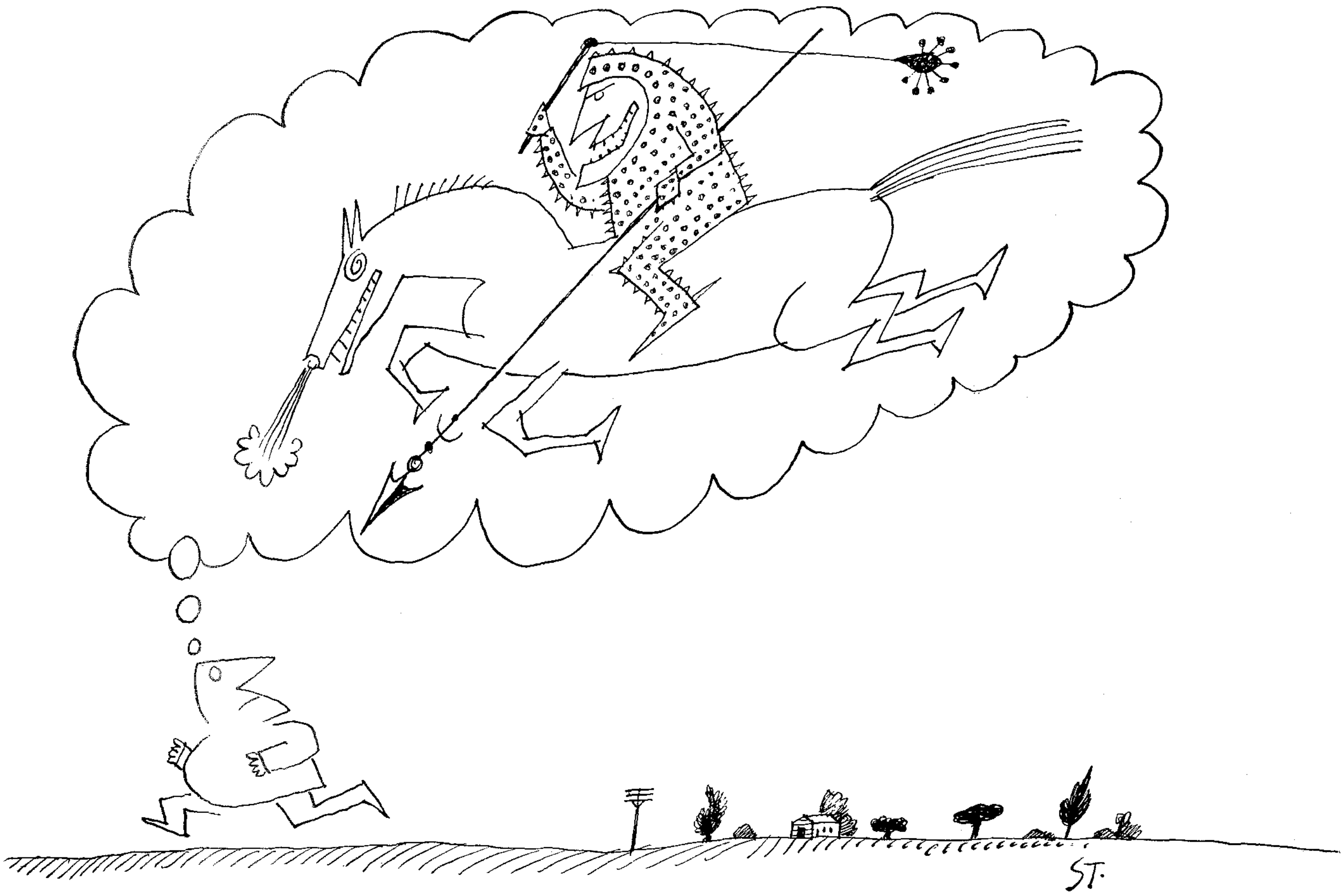
The implication that I was an imbecile *wounded me in my Achilles' heel* and I became quite emotional, if not altogether coherent. "Right! Right!" I bellowed, reddening with anger. "I'm a sentimental fathead, an irresponsible dotard, but let me tell *you* something, Mrs. Wisenheimer. There are still a few other values in life besides yours. There's love, and there's friendship, and—and there's loving friendship that money can't buy!" I rose and, overturning the coffee cup to underscore my words, swept from the alcove.

My passionate sincerity must have convinced the woman how futile was protest, for inside forty-eight hours I found myself aboard a crack train of the New Haven system, speeding through southern New England. Any doubts I may have entertained about my ability to recapture the past were dispelled at New London. The train butcher who embarked there was the very same one I had encountered four decades ago on my maiden journey to New York, and he still displayed the same formidable case of rhinitis. "Chickid, hab, ad peadut-butter sadwiches, folks!" he intoned, *weaving his way through the steam cars.* "Get your cold bilk here!" It was inconceivable that forty years had wrought no change in his status or mucous membrane, but there he was, as woebegone and infectious as ever.

The Lobster Pot, the roadhouse where the alumni of Dropsical High were congregating, housed eighty or ninety oldsters in paper hats, who, on my arrival, were noisily acquiring a skinful. Between the clashing of dentures and the drumfire crackle of arteries snapping like pipestems, the place was indistinguishable from an encampment of the G.A.R., but after a spell faces began to take on a dimly familiar look. What struck me as totally inexplicable, though, was how my contemporaries could have become so senescent while I had remained vibrant and arrowy. I noticed a good half dozen clutching to themselves phials of adrenalin, nitroglycerin, and similar restora-



"Aren't they supposed to pour it surreptitiously into a nearby flowerpot?"



tives, and I gave them a wide berth lest they topple onto me during a seizure and wrinkle my suit.

Within minutes, it developed that the chairman of the assemblage—the party, in fact, who had conceived and organized it—was a retired podiatrist named Dr. Harry Samovar. Harry had distinguished himself in youth, I recollected, for his forensic powers, singlehandedly vanquishing the debating team of the Lizzie Borden High School in Fall River on the proposition "Resolved, that the initiative, referendum, and recall constitute an arrant menace to the body politic." Whereas Demosthenes had improved his diction by holding a pebble in his mouth, Harry was more favored by fortune; when he spoke, the words rippled from his tongue as if strained across an entire creek bed of gravel. Tonight, plucking a microphone out of thin air, he bade us address ourselves to dinner and explained that the impetus for the reunion had come to him while he was convalescing from a stroke. Barely had he conceived the idea, however, when a second one laid him low; still, this provided him with the leisure to work out the details. After his third stroke—apoplexy hounded Samovar, apparently, much as head colds did my train butcher—he heard the swish of Father Time's scythe and hastily began rallying his classmates. Although nobody at my table appeared to be following his discourse, appetites suddenly started to flag and I felt an overwhelming urge for a cigarette. A buxom, grandmotherly lady on my left, whom I had idolized throughout the whole four-year term without disclosing my passion, scrabbled in her handbag to supply me with one and inadvertently exhumed a tin of BiSoDoL tablets. The realization that my goddess had, so to speak, feet of clay affected me keenly, and I lapsed into a reverie finally broken by the voice of Lorna Dabchick, the class secretary, beamed across the table.

"And what have you been doing all these years, Sol?" she inquired chattily.

I replied that since the death of Moriarty at the Reichenbach Fall I had travelled for two years in Tibet and amused myself by visiting Lhasa, spending some days with the head lama. I had then passed through Persia, looked in at Mecca, and paid a short but interesting visit to the khalifa at Khartoum, the results of which I had communicated to the Foreign Office. Returning to France, I had then spent some months in a research into the coal-tar derivatives, which I conducted in a laboratory at Montpellier.

Lorna listened with rapt interest. "You always had itching feet," she recalled. "Tell me, did you ever get married?"

"No," I confessed. "To me there will always be but one woman—Irene Adler."

"A lovely person," she agreed. "She was coming to the reunion, but she had an attack of gastritis—that is, she *said* it was gastritis—"

I would have loved to hear more about Irene's internal arrangements, but Dr. Samovar, occupied meanwhile in sorting a number of packages, rapped for order. "The prizes we're awarding fall into three categories," he announced. "First, for the couple here wed the longest. Is there anybody married a hundred years? . . . Ninety-five? . . . Ninety?" The search eventually produced a pair of lovebirds—regrettably, no longer on speaking terms—who had gone straight from Dropsical to the altar, and who drew a carving knife suitable for disembowelling each other. The prize for the graduate travelling the greatest distance to the banquet—a ceramic kangaroo with a pouchful of wooden matches—went to a cotton-waste dealer from Woonsocket (a singularly appropriate choice, inasmuch as he had twice been convicted of arson). As for the five-hundred-dollar award to the most distinguished retired podiatrist in the class, that posed the knottiest problem, until Samovar, over his furious protestations, was ultimately prevailed on to accept it.

These preliminaries disposed of, we were ready for the main event of the evening. A sugary-sweet matron in harlequin glasses, her nose sharpened from poking it into other people's business, rose and identified herself as our schoolmate Elise Grabhorn, currently an interviewer on a local radio station. She graciously offered to quiz volunteers on their most arresting experience after graduation, and selected as her first candidate a nearly spherical lady in dotted swiss who spoke in a penetrating, squeaky treble.

"I'm Olive Moultrie," the latter piped. "Olive Krebs when I was single. I don't know if you remember me before I put on so much flesh."

"We certainly do, my dear," said Miss Grabhorn with a vinegary smile. "I'll never forget what a kissing bug Olive was in those days, will you, gang? Now, what was your most unusual experience?"

"Well," began Olive, "Nathan, my hubby—Nathan Moultrie of Peets & Moultrie, Meats & Poultry—was always crazy about my veal birds. He used to say 'Olive . . .' He used to say, 'Olive . . .' He used to say, 'Olive' "—Miss Grabhorn clapped her hands sharply, and Olive wrested herself from the groove she had slipped into—" 'Olive, I never can get enough of your veal birds.' "

"And did he?" asked her inquisitor.

"Did he what?" Olive repeated adenoidally.

"Get enough of your veal birds," Miss Grabhorn snapped.

"Uh-uh," said Olive. "He passed on four years ago last August."

"Well, you certainly have the sympathy of each and every one of us," said Miss Grabhorn, waving her into oblivion. "Now, who else? I think I see Everett Eubanks over there with his hand up."

"My Uncle Clint was a railroad man," declared Eubanks, a dried-up little man with watery eyes, "and the day I got my diploma he gave me a good timepiece, because, being a railroad man, he had to rely on a good timepiece—you know what I mean? Well, I carried it for nearly twelve years, and one day after I was out fishing for squeteague off Barrington I couldn't find it. Hunted high and low, but nary a trace. So about a month later I was fishing for squeteague again off Gaspee Point and I hauled in a real beauty. And what do you think was in the belly?"

"The timepiece!" several voices chorused.

"No, just a lot of grits the size of your pinky," said Eubanks. "My wife found the watch on a window sill in the attic. Must of laid it there when I put away the screens."

"Thank you, Olive Moultrie and Everett Eubanks," said Dr. Samovar, rising briskly, "and a special thanks to Elise for her brilliant job as m.c. This has been a truly memorable occasion. And now, if you will repair to the Ragtime Room adjoining, Chalky Aftertaste and his Musical Poltroons will cater to your dancing pleasure."

To the strains of "I've Got a Bimbo Down on a Bamboo Isle," "Would You Rather Be a Colonel with an Eagle on Your Shoulder, or a Private with a Chicken on Your Knee?," "Arrah, Go On, I'm Gonna Go Back to Oregon," and a host of similar favorites, I spent the next half hour impervious to aught save the worship of Terpsichore. If I say so myself, I was the cynosure of all eyes. At the behest of my powerfully muscled arms, each of them easily larger in diameter than a pencil, my partners curvetted in figure eights, whirled and skimmed like swallows; in and out of the throng we dipped and swung, shaking our bacon. And then, yielding to the entreaties of my onlookers, I consented to demonstrate the Camel Walk, my interpretation of which had electrified the Senior Prom in 1921. But in choosing Olive Moultrie to share the limelight with me I made a fatal miscalculation. As I was bending her backward in a dizzying tango glide, her weight overbalanced me, I rolled under her, and she fell solidly on my thorax, full fifteen stone. The impact must have knocked me galley-west, for when I regained consciousness I was spread out on a divan like a starfish and Dr. Samovar was distractedly canvassing the bystanders for some hint as to my next of kin.

Luckily, a bit of diathermy, a week of bed rest, and a fortnight at New York Hospital soon put me right, and my account of the train derailment near Westerly was so vivid that my wife completely forgot about the forty-second reunion. And so will I, by the time the eighty-fourth rolls around. I expect to build up quite a head of new nostalgia by then.

—S. J. Perelman

W. S. LANDOR

(SEE INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY HAVELOCK ELLIS TO LANDOR'S "IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS")

There
is someone I can bear—
"a master of indignation . . .
meant for a soldier
converted to letters," who could

throw
a man through the window,
yet, "tender toward plants," say, "Good God,
the violets!" (below).
"Accomplished in every

style
and tint"—considering meanwhile
infinity and eternity,
he could only say, "I'll
talk about them when I understand them."

—Marianne Moore

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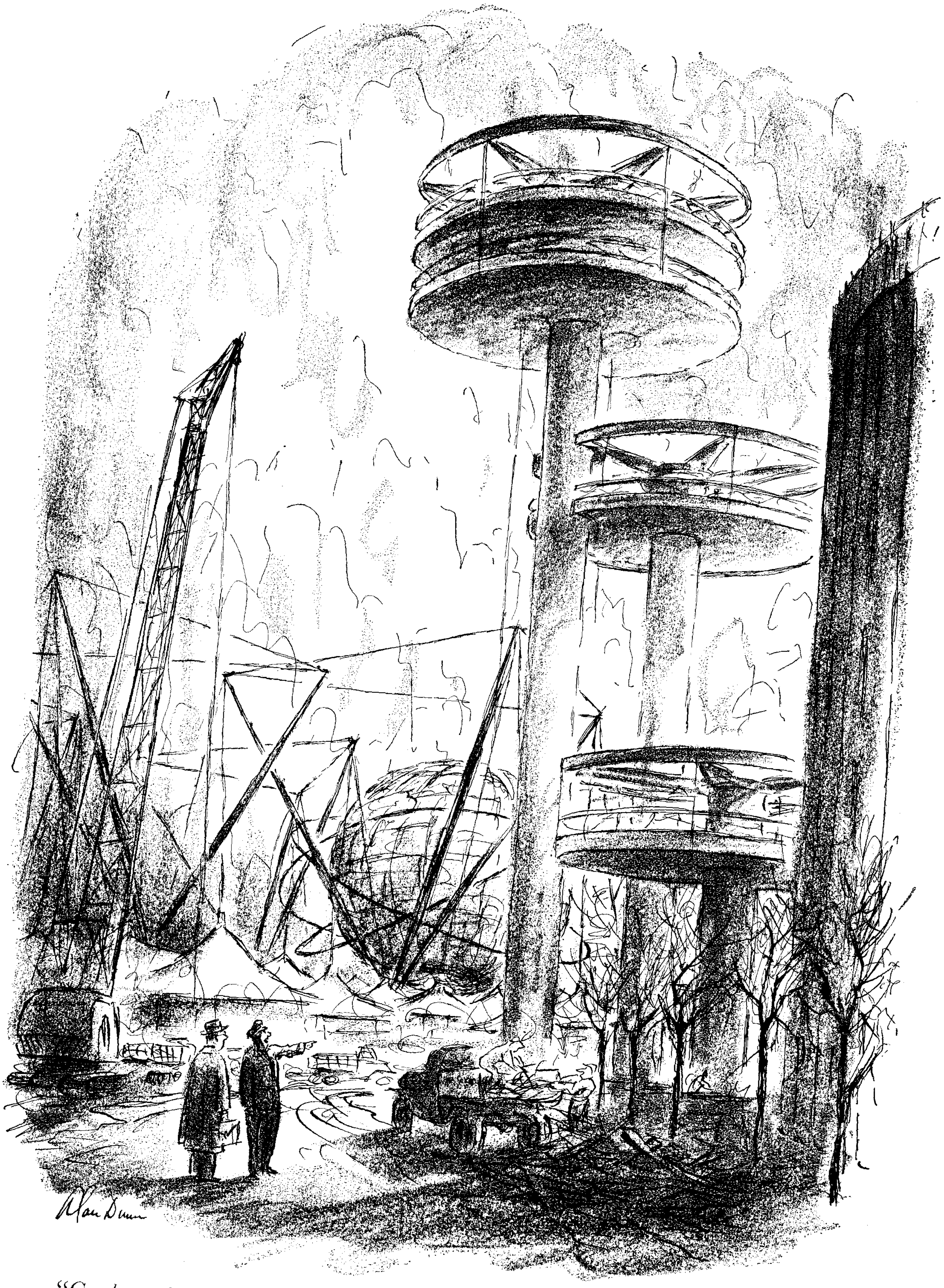


"Go down here until you come to a large, round concrete I-don't-know-what, then turn right and go on past a sort of egg-shaped contraption, until you come to what looks like a huge clam. And then . . ."

AT THE WINDOW

THE first thing to go was the gilded-horse weathervane on top of the barn. From an upstairs window Moore had been watching it as it spun crazily, clockwise and counterclockwise, resisting the wind and going with it. The ornament was a rather ugly thing, resembling—unintentionally, Moore was sure—one of those quarter horses that are raced in the Southwest, with a body that was too long and legs that were too short. Nevertheless, Moore was sorry to see it go. In the last fifteen minutes he had come to forgive it its ugliness and admire its spirit, as though it were a real animal and putting up a struggle against the gale. Then the rod snapped, and the whole weathervane was carried away.

"There goes our horse," said Moore.

"What horse?" said Helen Moore.

"The weathervane," he said.

"Is *that* what you've been watching?" she said. "I thought you were sitting here brooding about the trees."

"I am. But I got fascinated by the weathervane," he said. "I wonder how old it was."

"It was here when we came," she said.

"I know it was. And that'll give you an idea of how it's blowing out there."

"I don't need that to tell me," she said. "All I have to do is listen."

"All the storms we've had since we moved here, but this is the one that finally blew away the weathervane. I hope we'll be able to find it."

"*I* hope we'll still *be* here," she said. "There's no electricity. The stuff in the refrigerator's going bad, and everything in the deep freeze. The water pump. I've been filling pots and pans with water, while you've been up here watching a weathervane. I just hope the wind doesn't come along and blow away our bottled gas."

"The wind isn't coming from that direction," he said. "I'm afraid we can expect to lose some trees, though."

"Yes, and the radio said to expect possibly four inches of snow."

"Are you worried?"

"Well, not yet," she said. "I mean, we have plenty of food in the house, and we can cook it. And there's lots of firewood down in the cellar."

"If it snows, we'll have plenty of drinking water."

"Don't worry, it's going to snow. The phone is on the blink, and our only communication with the outside world is the radio."

"One-way communication, at that," said Moore. "There! The first snowflakes. God, they're big. Look, you can hardly see the Williamses'."

"I notice they've lit a fire."

"Oh, an hour ago," said Moore. "They must have lit theirs as soon as the electricity went off."

"Well, they have to have a warm room for old Mr. Williams. Now you can hardly see their house. I don't think I've ever seen so much snow come all at once."

"Every year I talk about getting a Delco and one of those little tractors."

"What's a Delco?"

"An electric power plant."

"Oh, that's a Delco?"

"There are different makes. The first one I ever knew of was a Delco and I call them all that. Isaac Hostetter. He was a farmer in our valley when I was a boy. He was the first one to have a tractor, too. The other farmers thought he was out of his mind. He was, a little, I guess. He went into deep debt to buy all sorts of modern equipment. The most modern thing most of them had was a De Laval. A cream separator, operated by hand. We had one. I used to crank it, sort of like winding the dasher when my mother made ice cream. Didn't I ever tell you about old Isaac Hostetter?"

"Maybe you did, I don't know. I guess there won't be any mail today."

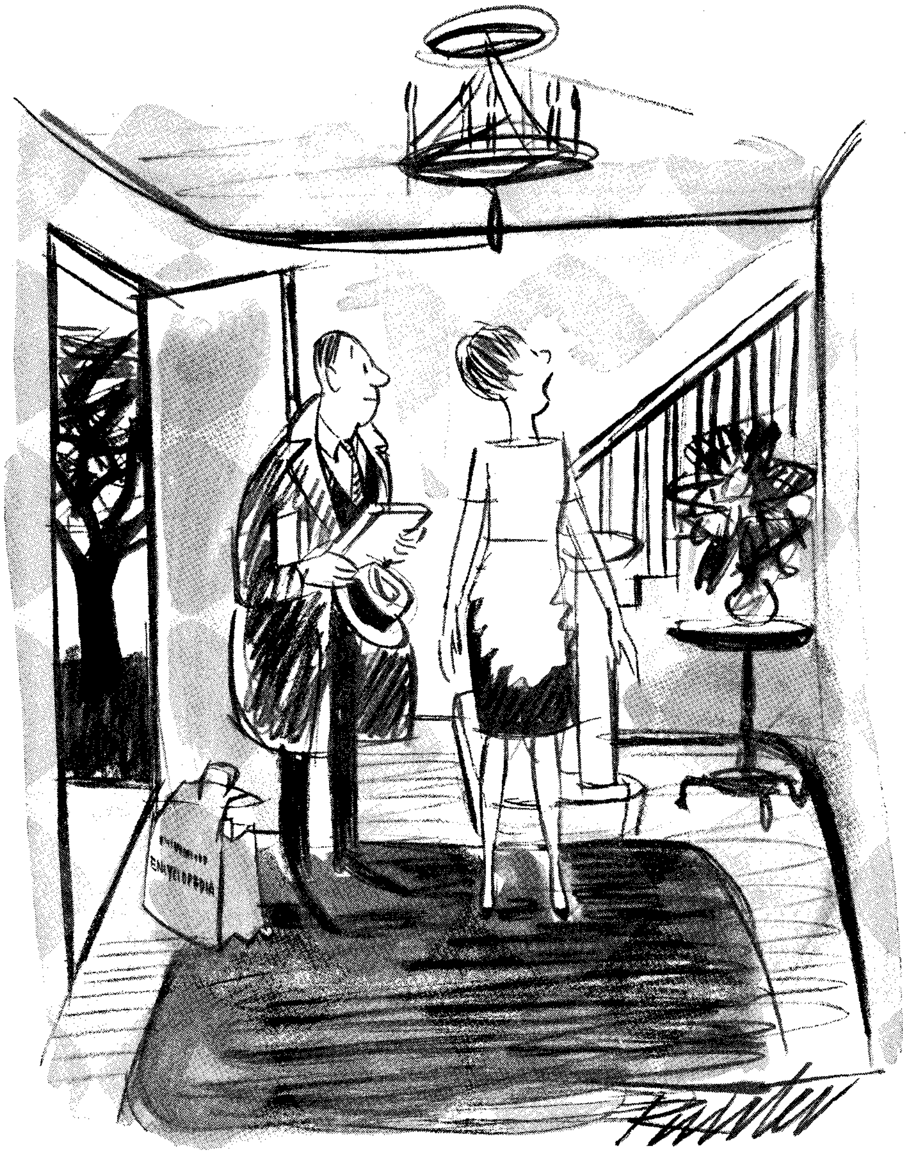
"Oh, I doubt it now," said Moore. "I doubt if they'd start out in this weather. Last year we didn't get any mail for two days, remember?"

"Twice. Once for two days and another for three. No, I guess that was the year before when we didn't have mail for three days."

"Well, there's no use of their starting out and then getting stuck somewhere. How would you like to have Mr. Andrews as our house guest for two or three days?"

"The postman Mr. Andrews? Not very much," she said. "Why?"

"Well, if he got stuck in the road



"Dear, do we need to know anything?"

anywhere near our house, what else could we do but invite him to stay?"

"Oh, in that case of course we'd have to have him. We couldn't turn him away," she said.

"Actually, of course, he's not a bad fellow. Just a bit of a bore to talk to. And he's a talker."

"Now you can just about make out our barn."

"Imagine if we had cows?" said Moore.

"And you had to feed them?"

"Not only feed them. *Milk* them. If you were a real farmer's wife you'd have to do the milking twice a day."

"No thank you," she said.

"That's the way it used to be, when I was a boy."

"Your mother didn't have to milk cows."

"No, but the farmer's wife did. Mrs. Stroub. Pretty soon we won't be able to see our fence," he said.

"I hope it'll be there to see when this is over," she said.

"Isn't it strange what the wind does? It'll blow down a tree that's stood fifty years, a deeply rooted tree. But a tin mailbox stays right there. And a big thing that you'd think would make a good target, the tool shed, it hardly seems to shake. But my little weathervane with the horse on it, away it goes."

"Oh, I guess it's a lot like life. When your time comes, you go too."

"Uh-huh," he muttered. "I never get tired watching the snowflakes. Do you ever try to pick out one snowflake and watch it all the way to the ground?"

"Yes, I have," she said.

"Really? We've been married thirty-three years, and that's something we never knew about each other."

"You can't expect to know everything about a person, no matter how long you live with them. I wouldn't want to know everything about a person. And anyway, how could I? Every day you live you add something new to yourself."

"And lose something, too, I suppose," he said. "Think of the things we forget about ourselves. Mentioning old Isaac Hostetter, I remember something that happened fifty years ago, at least, and I haven't thought about it in all that time, till just now."

"I don't think you ever mentioned him to me before," she said.

"Oh, I must have mentioned him, years ago, but not lately."

"It's an unusual name. I'd have remembered it," she said.

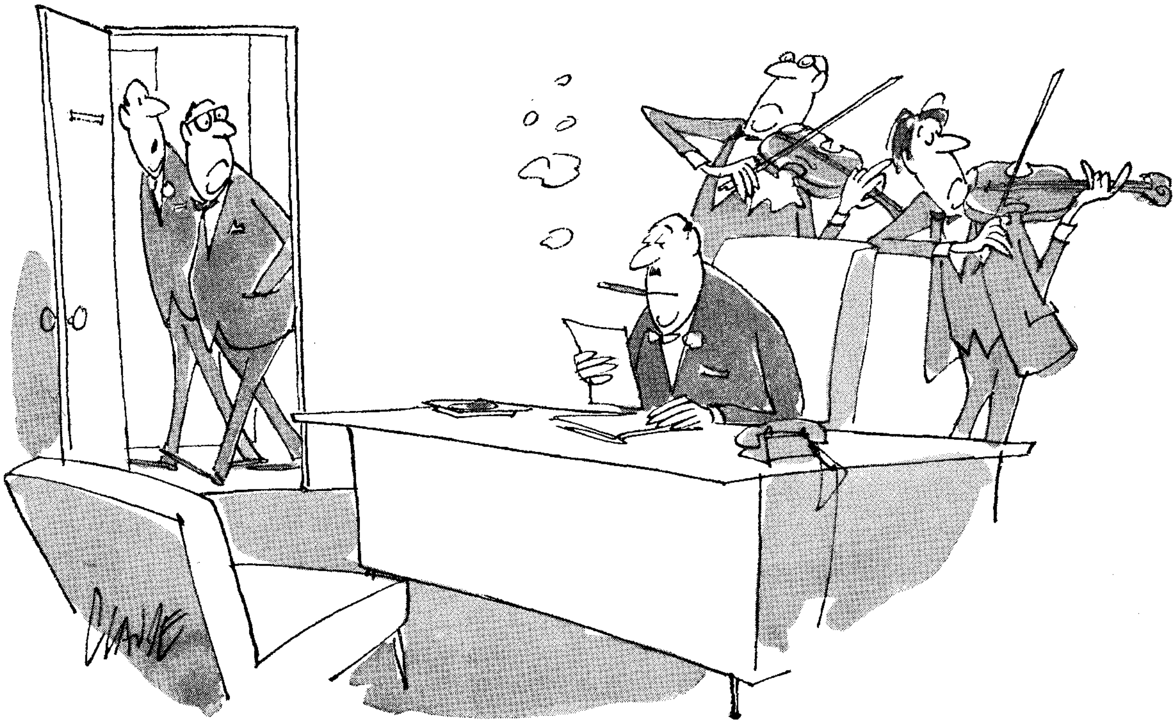
"Yes, but there were a lot of unusual names—unusual to you when we were first married. Hostetter. Hochgertel. Fenstermacher. Womelsdorf. Wynkoop. Zinsendorf. Just thinking of names in our valley."

"How did a Moore get in there?"

"I must have told you that story," he said. "A farmer by the name of Billy Poffenberger. He ran up a big bill at my grandfather's store and for two years he didn't pay anything on account. He finally told my grandfather that he could have the farm for a receipted bill and a thousand dollars cash. It was a good farm, only Poffenberger'd let it go to hell, so my grandfather made the deal. He left it to my father in his will."

"I knew your father inherited it," said Helen Moore.

"To show you what neglect will do, it took my grandfather most of five years to get the property back in shape. I guess he must have spent quite a little money on it, but it was worth it. When my father died my mother sold the farm for forty thousand dollars, that's with everything on it. The livestock, the implements, and so forth. She had the house all fixed up nicely. Our house, that is. Jake Stroub, our farmer, he'd never spend any of his own money on their house. They had another house on the other side of the barn, he and his family. They kept it clean, but they didn't even have a picture on the wall. All the walls were bare. They used to have a calendar in the kitchen, and that was all. A farmer has a hard time getting along without a calendar. I don't remember their ever having a clock, but they always had a calendar. The Swedish Haven Bank gave out calendars every year, and every farm in the valley had one. The one thing you'd see in every kitchen. We had one in our kitchen, too, but that was natural because my father was a director of the Swedish Haven Bank. A funny thing was, we were never there much in the wintertime. We didn't usually open up our house till around Easter. My mother said it was too gloomy during the real dead of winter, and of course we kids had to be in school in town. But as soon as we opened up the house around the first of April, one of the first things my father always did was to hang the bank calendar in the kitchen. I can remember him tearing off January, February, and March, and every year he always said the same thing. 'Well,



"I understand he drove a hard bargain fringewise before coming over with us."

that winter passed quickly,' he'd say."

"Yes, he had a good sense of humor," said Helen Moore.

"I guess he had to have, to put up with me," said Moore.

"And I guess your mother wasn't too easy to get along with," said Helen Moore.

"No, I guess she was pretty neurotic. That's what they'd say about her today. Neurotic. I suppose they would have called me a juvenile delinquent."

"Well, that's what you were, weren't you?" said Helen Moore.

"Oh, I don't deny it," he said.

"No, don't deny it to me," she said.

"I never have, have I? You can't say I ever pretended to be any better than I was, Helen. That's one thing I never did."

"No, I guess if you'd have tried to be a hypocrite I never would have married you," she said.

"I never had any use for a hypocrite," he said. "I had one or two friends of mine, and I don't have to tell you who they were. But they were getting away with murder, only because they never got caught. But no matter what I did, I always got caught at it sooner or later. You take now for instance, Johnny Grattan. The night I had my accident, Johnny'd been driving the car and he almost went off the road a couple of times, so I made him change places with me. The result? When the truck hit us, he was sound asleep, dead drunk, in the back seat, and *I* was the one that was pinned behind the steering. But it could have been Johnny that lost his arm instead of me."

"I don't see how that makes him a hypocrite," said Helen Moore.

"Well, it doesn't make him a hypocrite exactly. But in a way it does. I mean, he pretended he was sober enough to drive, but he wasn't. That's the way he was, you know. He was always putting up a big bluff. Always bluffing. Oh, sure. He could drive the car. A whole bunch of people on the porch of the Sigma Nu house, and I started to get in behind the steering, but no. Johnny had to show everybody how he could drink twice as much as everybody else and still drive. He lasted to the other side of Allentown, and then I had to take the wheel."

"Well, which is worse? For forty years he's blamed himself for what happened to you," she said.

"Now that's what I call being a hypocrite. He blames himself, but he has both arms. And I wonder how much sleep he lost over me."

"He never took another drink," said Helen Moore.

O TEMPORA, OH-OH!

The sober journal that I read
Reports the news discreetly;
When faced with carnal goings on
It treads the tightrope featly.

It chronicles in dispassionate terms
Divorce and defloration,
And circumspectly drops its voice
To mention deviation.

No juicy tidbits does it toss
To those for thrills esurient—
Naught lickerish or snickerish
To gratify the prurient.

But oh, the Sunday book review!
Conceal it from your progeny,
Or brace yourself against the cry
Of "Daddy, what's androgyny?"

I'm grateful to the critics who
Submit for our advisements
Their résumés of current books—
But, boy, the advertisements!

Read all about that cultured cad
De Sade and his diversions,
Or sexual practices (unrestrained)
Of ancient Medes and Persians.

For bashful couples in despair
Who fear themselves mismated,
The latest marriage manual,
Profusely illustrated.

And here's another picture book
To pique the jaded vision,
The pictures quite legitimate,
Pompeian, not Parisian.

So here we leave the book review,
That strangely blended torrent
Of all the news that's fit to print
And all the ads that orrent.

—OGDEN NASH

• •

"So he says," said Moore.

"Well, you *know* he didn't, Frank."

"Sure. Sure. Good for him," said Moore. "Let's move back to Swedish Haven so we can see more of John L. Grattan, the non-drinker."

She suppressed her reply. "Well, this isn't getting my work done," she said. "Do you want anything?"

"Do I want anything? What, for instance?"

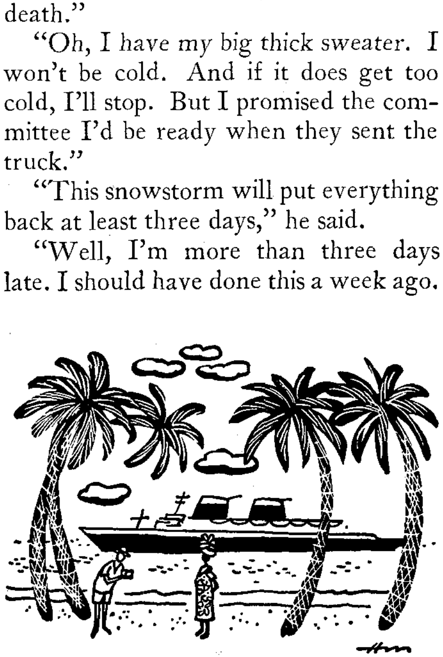
"Well, I thought I'd spend the rest of the morning in the attic, sorting out things for the rummage sale."

"The attic? Do you know what it'll be like up there? You'll freeze to death."

"Oh, I have my big thick sweater. I won't be cold. And if it does get too cold, I'll stop. But I promised the committee I'd be ready when they sent the truck."

"This snowstorm will put everything back at least three days," he said.

"Well, I'm more than three days late. I should have done this a week ago.



There's coffee in the glass pot. You may want to heat it. I put the milk and cream out on the window sill. It'll keep just as well there as in the refrigerator."

"We used to have a box to keep things in during the winter. It was just outside the kitchen window, and you could keep meat and vegetables there. It opened from inside the kitchen. We ought to have one of those."

"Yes, that'd be a good idea. I suppose we could get a carpenter to make one."

"You know damn well *I* couldn't," he said. "You need two hands for that."

"All right, we'll ask Mr. Rosetti. But first let's find out how much he's going to charge us. Not like the last time, when he charged us eighty-five dollars just to fix a few feet of fence."

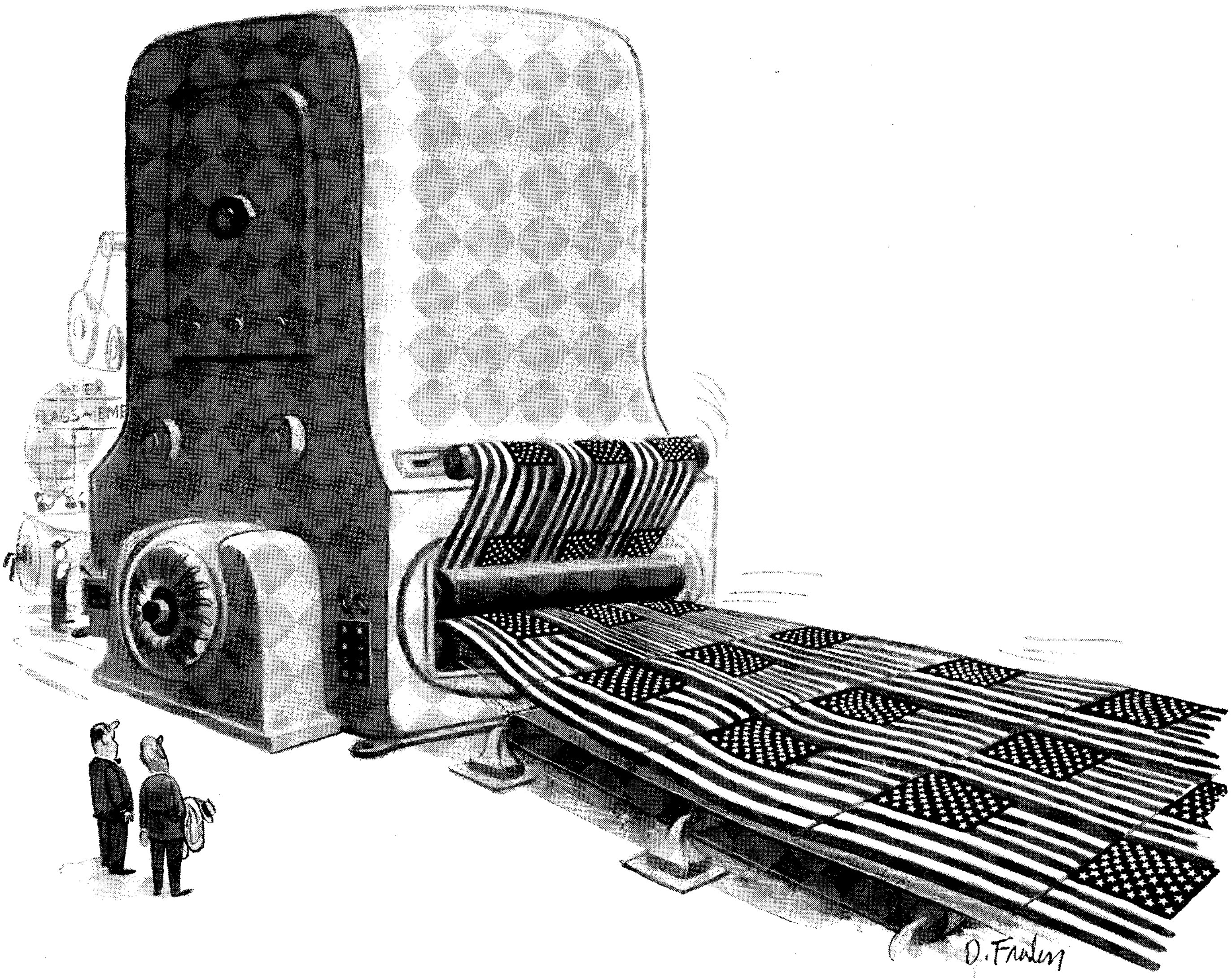
"Well, he knows I can't do it."

"Oh, Frank, will you stop?" she said.

SHE left the room, got her sweater, and retired to the attic. She did not remain there long. It was a hard cold in the attic, with the sound of the wind beating against the roofing, and the power failure keeping the room in just enough darkness to make her chore difficult. She gave up and descended through trapdoor to ladder to the second-story guest room, where her husband was still sitting at the window.

"I couldn't get anything done," she said. "No light, and my hands got cold. Would you want an early lunch?"

"I don't know what came over me,"



"Now, this is our new Betsy Ross Multi-Weave unit."

• •

he said. "How long is it since I bellyached about my arm? I don't do that often, do I?"

"No," she said.

"One thing leads to another," he said. "I got on the subject of Johnny Grattan and before I knew it I was back there forty years ago. Forty years, that's a good solid block of years."

"Well, let's hope it's out of your system," she said.

"It'll never be out of my system altogether. It gave me a good excuse for being a bum."

"Oh, you're not a bum, Frank. That's silly," she said. "They should have made you get an artificial arm, then you could have done certain things and you'd have gotten used to it, so that when those new ones came along, the World War II arms, you'd have been ready. I don't know, maybe you could still learn to use one of the new ones. They say they're marvellous."

"No, I couldn't learn to use one now. I'd only get discouraged, and I'm bad enough as it is."

"Only when you're feeling sorry for yourself. Then you can work yourself into such a state that you can be a disagreeable son of a bitch."

"Well, I don't enjoy it when I'm that way."

"I should hope not," she said. "How would you like some soup and a sliced-chicken sandwich for lunch? I have the last of that chicken. Or I could fix you some cold cuts with a hot soup? I have some ham and liverwurst."

"The cold cuts," he said.

"I'm going to give you a steak tonight. We had three left in the deep freeze. If they get the electricity back on soon—but I'm not counting on that."

"No," he said. "I guess they'll try to have it on for tonight, but I wouldn't count on it much before dark."

"Old Mr. Williams must be miserable."

"Do you know what the Eskimos do with their old people? They put them out in a storm and they just fall asleep and never wake up. It seems to me a very sensible way."

"Are you suggesting that that's what they ought to do with Mr. Williams?"

"Not seriously, no," he said. "But this would be their chance, wouldn't it? And the Lord knows, Mr. Williams isn't getting much enjoyment out of life. He's over ninety."

"His mind is all right, though," she said.

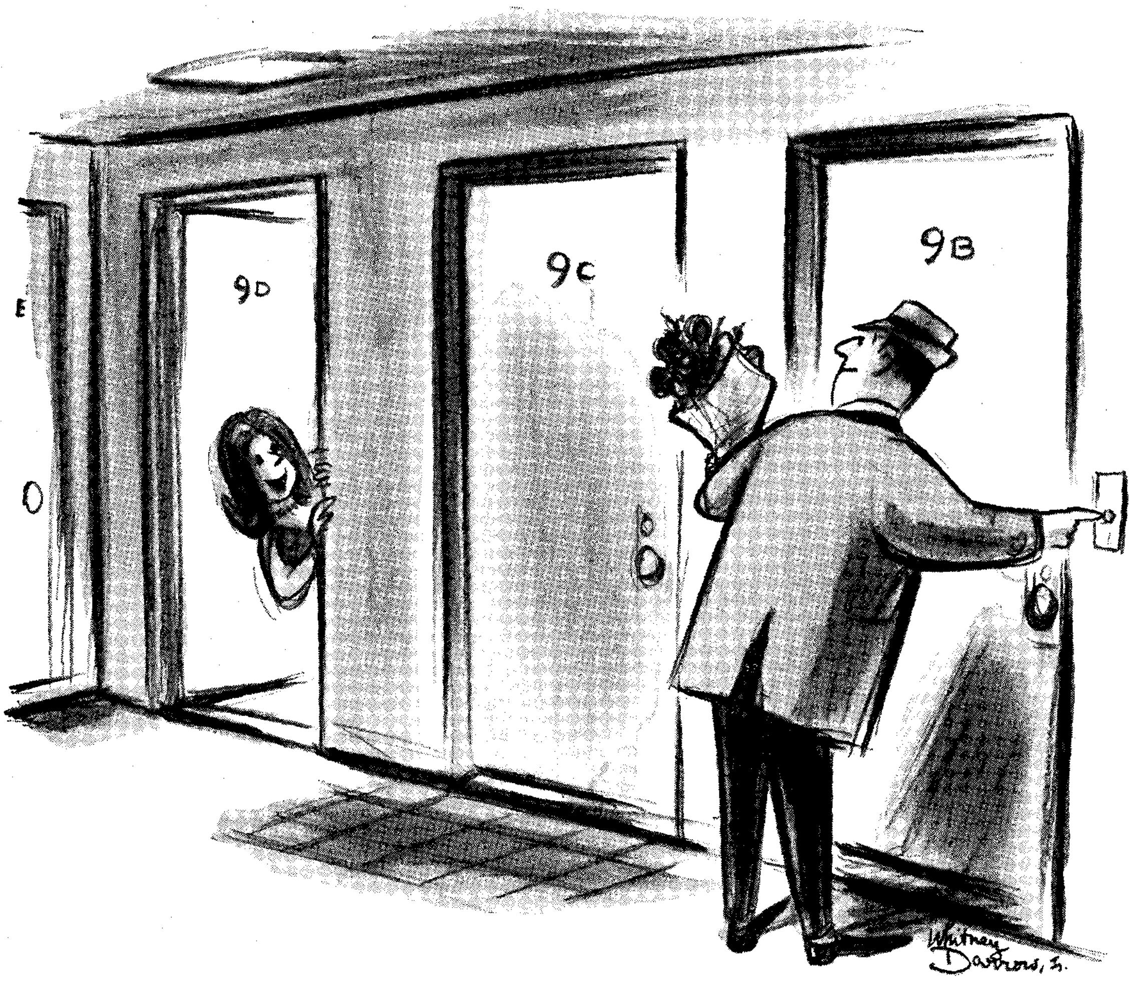
"For a man over ninety. But he hasn't got much control over himself. He's practically helpless, and he's nothing much to look at. One of the funny sights is to see that old man, born right after the Civil War, shaving himself with an electric razor."

"Well, he won't be able to use it today."

"Oh, he probably doesn't have to shave more than once or twice a week. I'm thirty years younger than he is, but I notice a shave lasts me longer than it used to."

"He must be a problem in weather like this," said Helen Moore.

"Yes. Well, he's clinging to that last spark of life," he said. "And I guess



"Did you ring?"

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they have enough firewood to keep him warm. I imagine they have him in their living room."

"Yes, I would think so. He doesn't sleep upstairs any more. They more or less turned their dining room into a bedroom for him."

"I didn't know that," said Moore.

"Oh, last year," she said. "They had that lavatory in the hall, so all they had to do was bring down a bed from upstairs. Once a week they take him upstairs and give him a bath. That's the part I wouldn't like, giving an old man his bath. But Rachel doesn't complain. She's very fond of the old man."

"Well, that was the understanding, you know. He put up the money for the farm, on condition they'd give him a home. I guess they never expected him to last *this* long, though. That was twenty years ago."

"Yes, he got his money's worth. But Rachel doesn't look at it that way."

"It's still coming down," he said. "I think the wind has let up a little. Slanting. I noticed one little spot behind the tool shed, no snow on the ground at all. Just that one little spot. But I'll bet you there'll be two feet of snow there tomorrow, if not before."

"Well, let's hope it fills up all the reservoirs. We don't want any more water shortages next summer."

"No. Just think if we farmed this place," he said. "I mean if we had to depend on it for a living. Tom Williams told me last fall, I forget how much he said he lost last year. He about broke even on the dairy end, but he lost on the sweet corn and his potatoes. And Tom's a pretty good farmer. He uses all modern methods and reads up on all the latest information. But if you don't get rain at the right time and in the right amount, you can be the smartest farmer in the country and for all the good it does you you might as well stay drunk."

"Tom doesn't drink," she said.

"I didn't mean *he* might as well stay drunk. Anybody. Although you're wrong about Tom not drinking. Once or twice a year Tom ties one on that lasts four or five days."

"Oh, he used to, but not any more," said Helen Moore.

"Have it your way, but I happen to know better. The difference is, now he goes away, and I know where he goes. He and his brother, from Wilkes-Barre, and one or two friends of theirs go up to a shack they have in the Poconos. To go deer-hunting, they say. But last year Tom took a case of bourbon with him and it was all gone when he came back. Figure it out for yourself. Twelve bottles of whiskey. Four men. Four days. That's pretty good drinking for a man that doesn't drink. I could have gone with them. He invited me. Just bring some money, he told me. They play poker. I almost went."

"What stopped you?" she said.

"Well, if you think back, that was when you just got back from the clinic that time. You were waiting to hear from the doctor."

"Oh," she said. "Well, I'm glad you didn't go. Thank you."

"What the hell? I knew you were worried."

"You didn't say anything," she said.

"Neither did you. But it was a natural thing to be worried. And I probably wouldn't have had any fun. I don't like to be around a bunch of men when they're drinking and they have a lot of guns around."

"Why do you have to spoil it? You do something nice, and then it's as if you were ashamed of it," she said.

"Well, I don't know," he said. "Maybe I would have gone, and maybe I wouldn't. I don't know."

"You *would* have," she said.

"Well, I usually win at five-card stud," he said. "But then somebody gets a little drunk and they start all those fancy variations. Seven-card high-low, wild cards. Takes all the pleasure out of it for me."

She kissed him. —JOHN O'HARA

•

CROSSING the legs when you're booted is only attractive if you're long-legged and lean. All others need ballet dancer grace to avoid looking a trifle bottom-heavy. It's best to place feet on the floor at the opposite side of the chair from your knees. Both feet and knees are together on their respective sides for the most fluid line.

Not only are these tricks easy, they'll make you more attractive. —*Maureen Counihan in the News.*

Unless they bring the old sciatica back.

MARGINS

EDWARD was explaining to Carl about margins. "The *width* of the margin shows culture, aestheticism, and a sense of values or the lack of them," he said. "A very wide left margin shows an impractical person of culture and refinement with a deep appreciation for the best in art and music. Whereas"—Edward quoted his handwriting-analysis book—"whereas a narrow left margin shows the opposite. No left margin at all shows a practical nature, a wholesome economy, and a general lack of good taste in the arts. A very wide *right* margin shows a person afraid to face reality, oversensitive to the future and generally a poor mixer."

"I don't believe in it," Carl said.

"Now," Edward continued, "with reference to your sign there, you have an *all-round wide margin*, which shows a person of extremely delicate sensibilities with love of color and form—one who holds aloof from the multitude and lives in his own dream world of beauty and good taste."

"Are you sure you got that right?"

"I'm communicating with you," Edward said, "across a vast gulf of ignorance and darkness."

"*I* brought the darkness, is that the idea?" Carl asked.

"You brought the darkness, black man," Edward said. "Funky, man."

"Edward," Carl said, "for God's sake."

"Why did you write all that jazz on your sign, Carl? Why? It's not true, is it? Is it?"

"It's kind of true," Carl said. He looked down at his brown sandwich board, which said:

I Was Put In Jail In Shelby County Alabama For Five Years For Stealing A Dollar And A Half Which I Did Not Do. While I Was In Jail My Brother Was Killed & My Mother Ran Away When I Was Little. In Jail I Began Preaching & I Preach To People Wherever I Can Bearing the Witness of Eschatological Love. I Have Filled Out Papers For Jobs But Nobody Will Give Me A Job Because I Have Been In Jail & The Whole Scene Is Very Dreary. I Need Your Offerings To Get Food. Patent Applied For & Deliver Us From Evil.

"It's true," Carl said, "with a kind of dismal inner truth, which shines forth as the objective correlative of what actually did happen, back home."

"Now, look at the way you made that 'm' and that 'n' there," Edward said. "The tops are pointed, rather than rounded. That indicates aggressiveness and energy. The fact that they're also pointed, rather than rounded, at the bottom indicates a sarcastic, stubborn, and irritable nature. See what I mean?"

"If you say so," Carl said.

"Your capitals are very small," Edward said, "indicating humility."

"My mother would be pleased," Carl said, "if she knew."

"On the other hand, the excessive size of the loops in your 'y' and your 'g' displays exaggeration and egotism."

"That's always been one of my problems," Carl answered.

"What's your whole name?" Edward asked, leaning against a building. They were on Fourteenth Street, near Broadway.

"Carl Maria von Weber," Carl said.

"Are you a drug addict?" Edward asked.

"Edward," Carl said, "you *are* a swinger."

"Are you a Muslim?"

Carl felt his long hair. "Have you read 'The Mystery of Being,' by Gabriel Marcel? I really liked that one. I thought that one was fine."

"No, c'mon, Carl, answer the question," Edward insisted. "There's got to be frankness and honesty between the races. Are you one?"

"I think an accommodation can be reached and the government is doing all it can at the moment," Carl said. "I think there's something to be said on all sides of the question. This is not such a good place to hustle, you know that? I haven't got but two offerings all morning."

"People like people who look neat," Edward said. "You look kind of crummy, if you don't mind my saying so."

"You think it's too long?" Carl asked, feeling his hair again.

"Do you think I'm a pretty color?" Edward asked. "Are you envious?"

"No," Carl said. "Not envious."

"See? Exaggeration and egotism. Just like I said."

"You're slightly boring, Edward. To tell the truth."

Edward thought about this for a moment. Then he said, "But I'm white."

"It's the color of choice," Carl said. "I'm tired of talking about color, though. Let's talk about values or something."

"Carl, I'm a fool," Edward said suddenly.

"Yes," Carl said.

"But I'm a *white* fool," Edward said. "That's what's so lovely about me."

"You *are* lovely, Edward," Carl said. "It's true. You have a nice look. Your aspect is good."

"Oh, hell," Edward said despondently. "You're very well-spoken, Carl. I've noticed that."

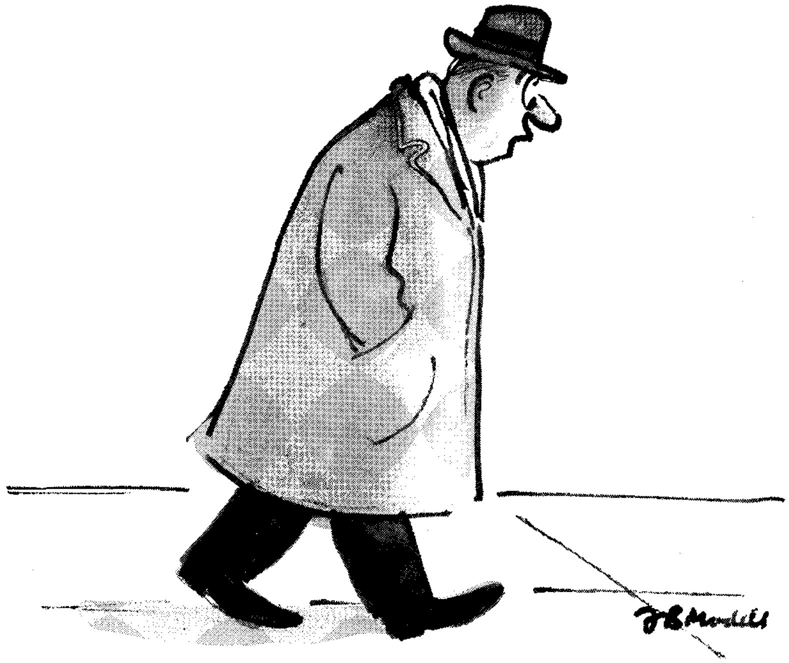
"The reason for that is," Carl said, "I read. Did you read 'The Cannibal,' by John Hawkes? I thought that was a hell of a book."

"What's your cranial capacity, Carl?"

"Oh, like three or four pounds. I don't know."

"Get a haircut, Carl," Edward said. "Get a new suit. Maybe one of those new Italian suits with the tight coats. You could be upwardly mobile, you know, if you just put your back into it."

"Why are you worried, Edward? Why does my situation distress you?



"I will not talk to myself, I will not talk to myself."

Why don't you just walk away and talk to someone else?"

"You bother me," Edward confessed. "I keep trying to penetrate your inner reality, to find out what it is. Isn't that curious?"

"John Hawkes also wrote 'The Beetle Leg' and a couple of other books whose titles escape me at the moment," Carl said. "I think he's one of the best of our younger American writers."

"Carl," Edward said, "what *is* your inner reality? Blurt it out, baby."

"It's mine," Carl said quietly. He gazed down at his shoes, which resembled a pair of large dead brownish birds.

"Are you sure you didn't steal that dollar and a half mentioned on your sign?"

"Edward, I *told* you I didn't steal that dollar and a half." Carl stamped up and down in his sandwich boards. "It sure is *cold* here on Fourteenth Street."

"That's your imagination, Carl," Edward said. "This street isn't any colder than Fifth or Lex. Your feeling that it's colder here probably just arises from your marginal status as a despised person in our society."

"Probably," Carl said. There was a peculiar look on his face. "You know, I went to the government and asked them to give me a job in the Marine Band, and they wouldn't do it?"

"Do you blow good, man? Where's your axe?"

"They wouldn't give me that cotton-pickin' job," Carl said. "What do you think of that?"

"This 'eschatological love,'" Edward said. "What kind of love is that?"

"That is later love," Carl said. "That's what I call it, anyhow. That's love on the other side of the Jordan. The term refers to a set of conditions which . . . It's kind of a story we black people tell to ourselves to make ourselves happy."

"Oh me," Edward said. "Ignorance and darkness."

"Edward," Carl said, "you don't *like* me."

"I do too like you, Carl," Edward said. "I find you very interesting to have a conversation with. Where do you steal your books, mostly?"

"Mostly in drugstores," Carl said. "Drugstores are good, because mostly they're long and narrow and the clerks tend to stay near the prescription counters at the back of the store, whereas the books are usually in those little revolving racks near the front of the store. It's normally pretty easy to slip a couple in your overcoat pocket, if you're wearing an overcoat."

"But—"

"Yes," Carl said, "I know what you're thinking. If I'll steal books I'll steal other things. But stealing books is metaphysically different from stealing like money. Villon has something pretty good to say on the subject, I believe."

"Is that in 'If I Were King'?"

"Besides," Carl added, "haven't *you* ever stolen anything? At some point in your life?"

"My life," Edward said. "Why did you remind me of it?"

"Edward, you're not satisfied with your life! I thought white lives were *nice!*" Carl said, surprised. "I love that word 'nice.' It makes me so happy."

"Listen, Carl," Edward said, "why don't you just concentrate on improving your handwriting?"

"My character, you mean."

"No," Edward said, "don't bother improving your character. You haven't got time. Just improve your handwriting. Make larger capitals. Make smaller loops in your 'y' and your 'g.' Watch your word spacing so as not to display disorientation. Watch your margins."

"It's an idea. But isn't that kind of a superficial approach to the problem?"

"Be careful about the space between the lines," Edward went on. "Spacing of lines shows clearness of thought. Pay attention to your finals. There are twenty-two different kinds of finals, and each one tells a lot about a person. I'll lend you the book. Good handwriting is the key to advancement, or if not *the* key, at least *a* key. You could be the first man of your race to be Vice-President."

"That's something to shoot for, all right."

"Would you like me to go get the book?"

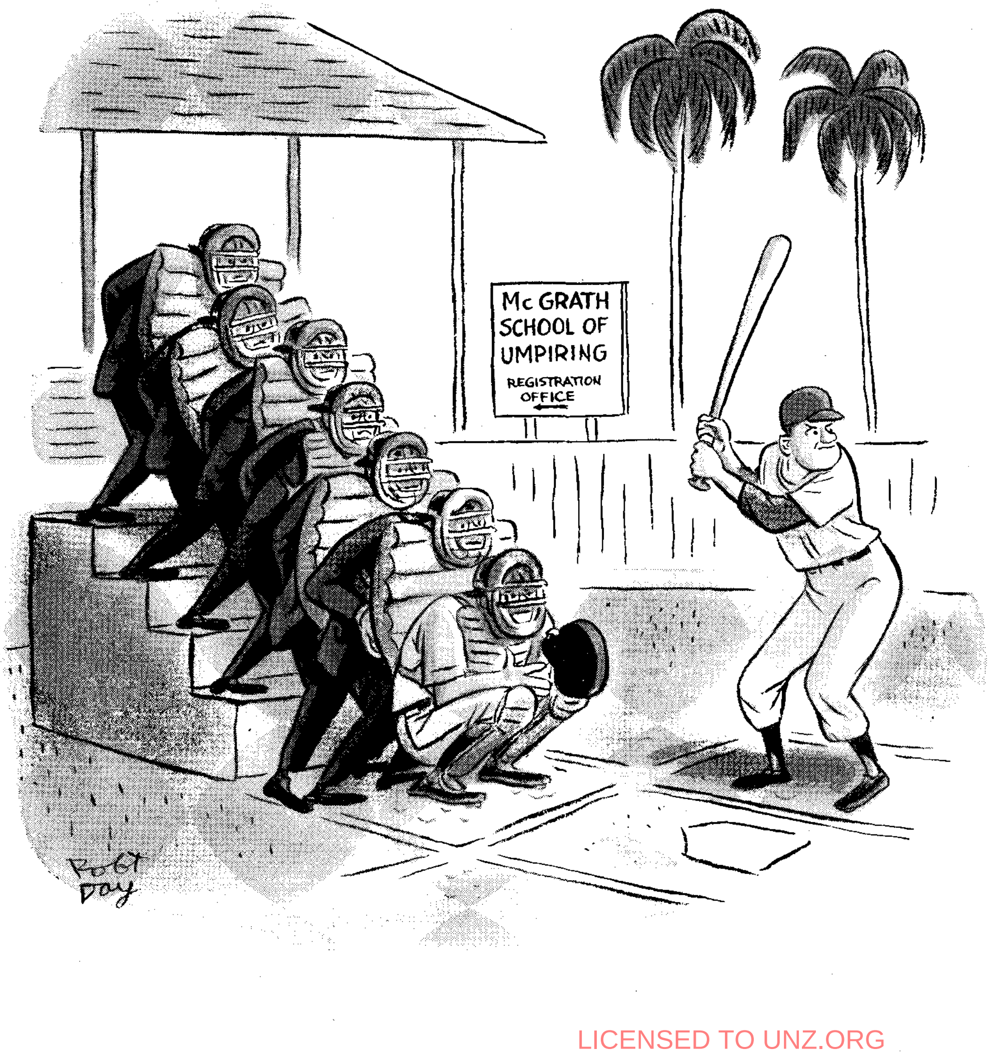
"I don't think so," Carl said, "no, thanks. It's not that I don't have faith in your solutions. What I *would* like is to go in this store and get warm. Would you mind holding my sandwich boards for a minute?"

"Not at all," Edward said, and in a moment he had slipped Carl's sandwich boards over his own slight shoulders. "Boy, they're kind of heavy, aren't they?"

"They cut you a bit," Carl said with a malicious smile. "I'll just go into this men's store here. Be right back."

When Carl returned, the two men slapped each other sharply in the face with the back of the hand—that beautiful part of the hand where the knuckles grow.

—Donald Barthelme



•

Woman for filing, typing, gen'l office work. Steno helpfl bust not nec.—*Adv. in the Herald Tribune.*

Still and all . . .

PROFILES

THE HONORED SOCIETY—III

IN 1962, a novel on the theme of the Mafia appeared from the pen of the distinguished Sicilian author Leonardo Sciascia. Called "Il Giorno della Civetta," it contains an interesting passage that suggests the immense success of the Mafia in preserving its secrecy, and demonstrates the use of a standard form of trickery—the attempt to pull the wool over the eyes of the inquisitive by arguing that the whole thing is hardly more than a blown-up piece of newspaper sensationalism. A politician in the book has taken it upon himself to have a fatherly chat with a carabiniere officer who has dared to arrest an important citizen as being implicated in a Mafia killing.

> "I ask you [says the politician], is it possible to conceive of the existence of a criminal association so enormous, so well-organized, so secret, and so powerful that it can do what it likes, not only here but in the United States? . . . Very well, then, put it this way: Can you tell me of a single trial that has ever produced proof of the existence of a criminal association called the Mafia, which actually arranges for and carries out crimes? Has a single document ever been found—I mean real written evidence—any sort of proof, in fact, of a relationship between criminality and the so-called Mafia?"

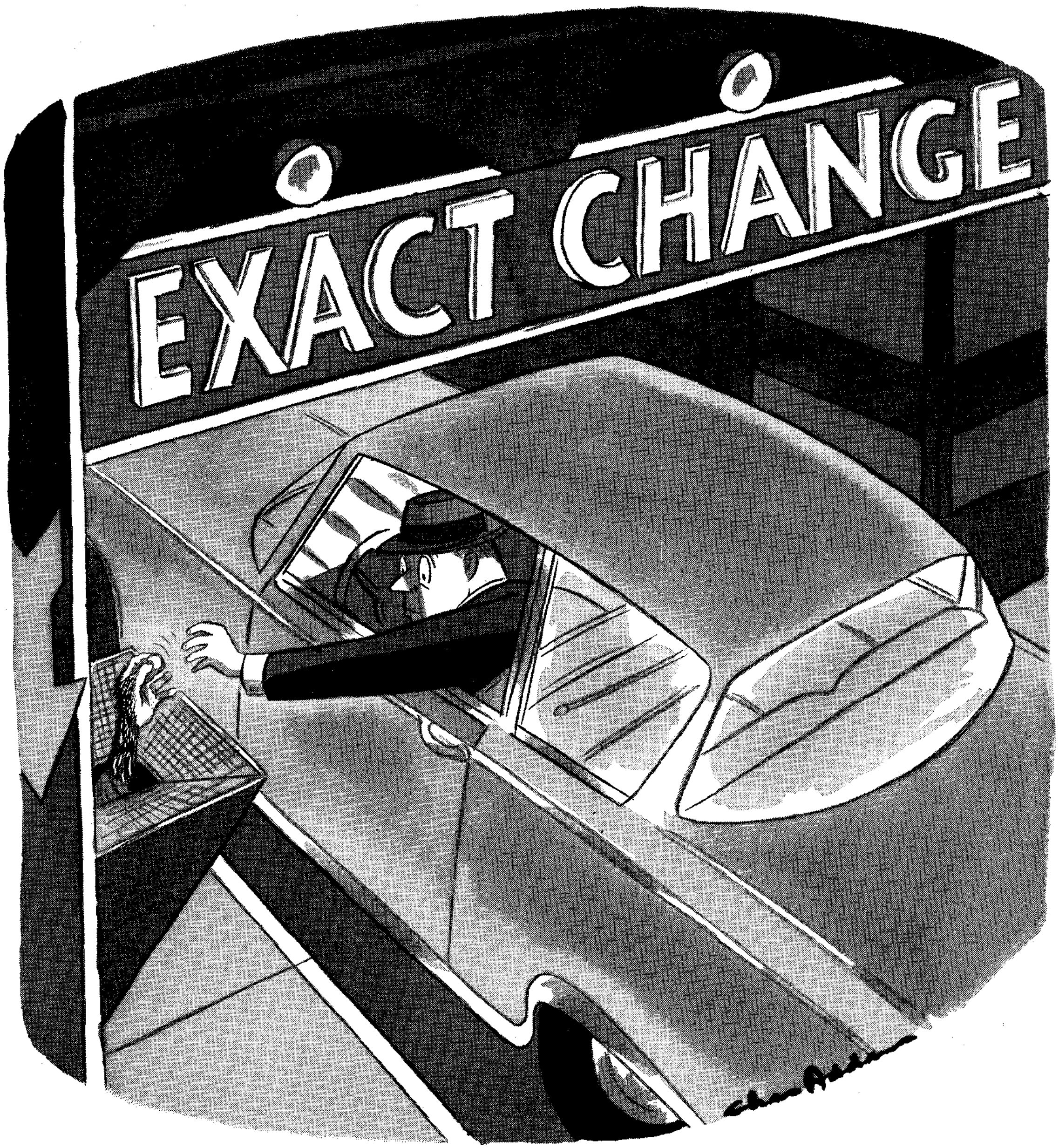
When Sciascia wrote this, the answer would have been no, but by the time his book appeared the missing link of evidence had at last been found.

For a century, the experts had been busy with their arguments. Rival sociological and anthropological schools had even come into being in an attempt to explain "the Sicilian plague," and had powdered the argument with the dry dust of textbooks. Over the century, a hundred or so books on the Mafia were written, most of them rich in theory but all of them lacking in focus, owing to the fact that so much of the evidence was missing. No one had ever been quite able to define, even, just what the Mafia was. How, for example, did one enter the Mafia? Was the Honored Society, as it was called throughout Sicily, organized on a military basis, with ranks, duties, promotions, honors, and awards? Were regular meetings held? Did the Mafia possess initiation rites and ceremonies, like the Carbonari and the Freemasons? Was Mafia membership hereditary? Nobody knew, for the simple reason that the fear of certain death prevented the disclosure of such secrets. All that ordinary Sicilians could do was to add two and two, and make intelligent guesses. But though they might know very little about how the Mafia was put together, they certainly knew just who the *mafiosi* were. There was something about a *mafioso*, or "man of respect," that marked him as indelibly as a facial scar or a harelip. The man who had been admitted to the Mafia saw himself as a member of an élite, of a chivalry of power, and the confidence that this bred oozed from him like a vital current. Some *mafiosi* managed to keep this godlike conviction of their superiority under such close control that it was unapparent except in cases of exceptional emergency. Renato Candida, a retired carabiniere officer who wrote a book about his experiences with the Mafia, tells how a man well known to him, whom he had never suspected of being other than an ordinary law-abiding citizen, gave himself away when he happened to be travelling on a bus that was held up by bandits. The passengers were all hustled out and lined up to have their coats torn off their backs and their pockets pulled inside out. When it came the turn of the *mafioso*, he simply treated the bandit to the celebrated cold stare of the "man of respect" and said quietly, "Don't touch me." The bandit immediately lowered his gun and passed on to the next passenger. One of the victims of this episode told Candida about the remarkable fellow-traveller who could frighten away a gunman with a single look, and Candida came to the obvious conclusion. Later, he went to see his *mafioso* acquaintance to try to get a description of the bandits, which none of the other passengers had had the courage to supply. It turned out that the *mafioso* considered the bandits a nuisance. As a "man of respect," he was prevented by his code from open collaboration with the police, but, speaking so vaguely and with such recourse to metaphor that what he had to say sounded to Candida more like a parable than like a piece of information, he managed to let drop a hint or two, as a result of which the carabiniere officer was able to arrest the whole band.

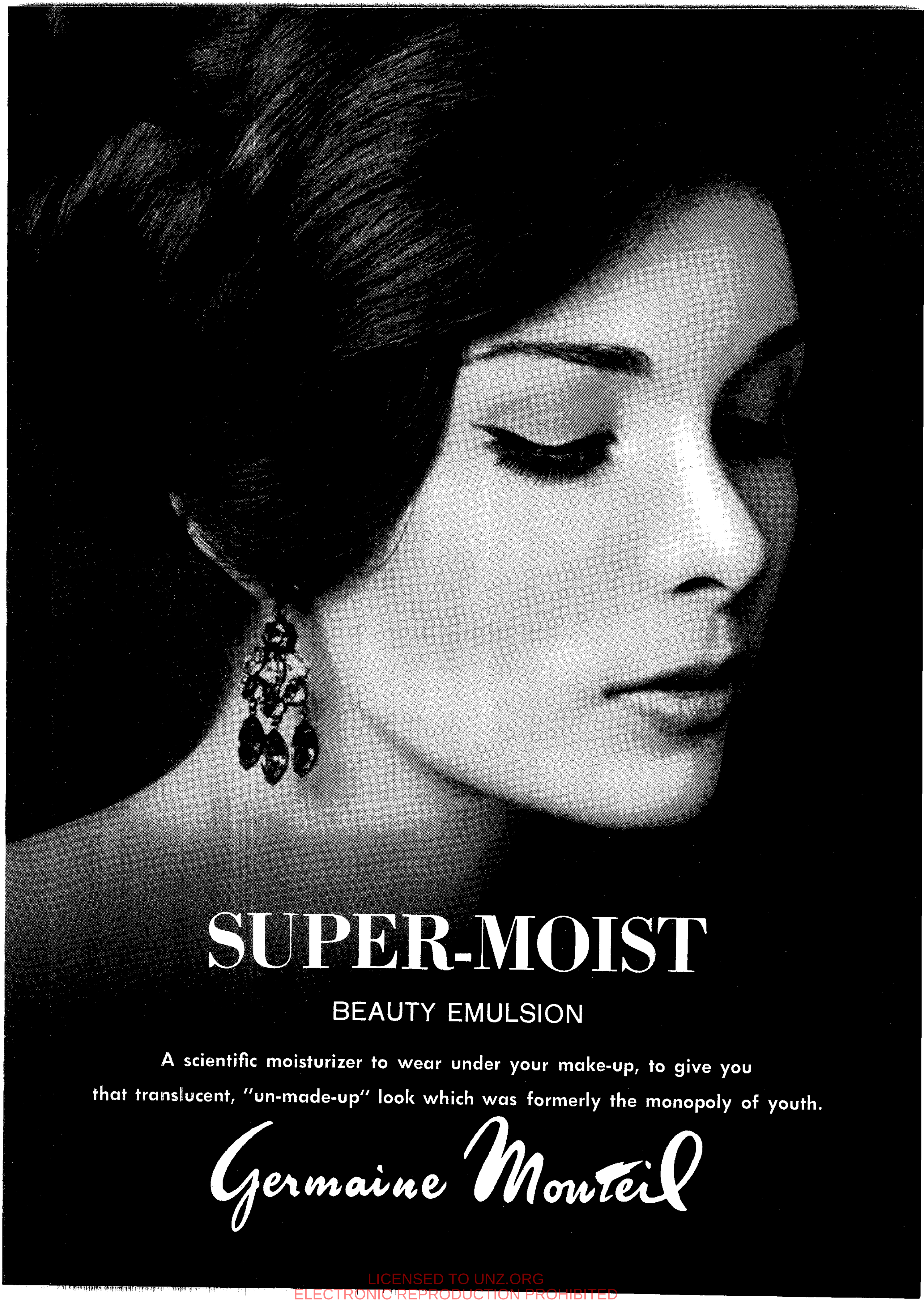
The *mafiosi* were recognizable, too, by their uncanny success in everything they touched. The Mafia doctor got all the patients and could always find a hospital bed in a hurry. The Mafia lawyer had all the briefs he could handle, and his clients generally won their cases. Government contracts always seemed to go to the contractor who was a "man of respect," although his bids were usually the highest and he paid lower wages than the trade-union minimum. By tradition, members of the Mafia did not themselves seek election to Parliament, but everybody knew that the political boss who arranged for a candidate's election was a *mafioso*. The Mafia member was the laconic but courteous stranger who recommended that the candidate's opponent not attempt to hold political meetings in the area. He was the solitary armed horseman riding the boundaries of an aristocrat's great estate, whose mere presence was enough to keep at bay five hundred peasants who had come to claim uncultivated land. The *mafioso* was also the mayor's right-hand man, who parcelled out all the jobs in the municipality. Very often, indeed, he was the mayor himself.

Then, in 1962, a unique document was published by the Sicilian newspaper *L'Ora*, and instantly the framework in which all these privileged citizens moved was filled in. In three long installments, and with electrifying effect, *L'Ora* published a confession made to the police in 1937 by a certain Dr. Melchiorre Allegra, of Castelvetrano, who had been induced to join the Mafia more than twenty years before. The Doctor told all he knew, disclosing a series of new revelations about the Honored Society and its doings. The fact that he died peacefully in his bed can be explained by only one circumstance—that his confession was mislaid in the police records office, probably through being placed by mistake in the file of another Allegra, the name being a not uncommon one. It is obvious that on other occasions—particularly during the days of terror when Mussolini tried to extirpate the society—similar confessions must have been obtained, but such documents would have been quickly got rid of through police collusion with the Mafia. Nothing would have been easier than for a police official to visit the records office at headquarters, abstract the dossier containing the confession "for study," and then either remove the confession altogether or exchange it for some less compromising document. (The simplicity of such a maneuver was demonstrated in the case of Don Calò Vizzini, the undisputed head of the Mafia in Sicily during the thirties and forties, whose dossier disappeared from the Palermo police headquarters within days of his becoming mayor of Villalba—a post to which he was appointed by the American Military Government in recognition of his services to the Allies in their invasion of the island in 1943.) Criminologically, Dr. Allegra's confession was a breakthrough equivalent to the deciphering of a new character in Etruscan script, yet in the past—say, even twenty years ago—no newspaper editor would have dared to look at it. But the offices of *L'Ora* had already twice withstood Mafia attacks, the second in 1958, when the paper started its own investigation of the Mafia and a bomb explosion destroyed part of its building. Since the principal result of these attacks had been a great increase in fame and circulation, the newspaper thereafter lost no opportunity to press its campaign against the Mafia, which may well realize by now that, short of massacring the whole editorial staff, there is very little it can do.

It was during the First World War, when Dr. Allegra was a medical officer in a military hospital in Palermo, that the Mafia approached him. The year was 1916, the war was beginning to go badly, and an epidemic of malingering and self-inflicted wounds was occupying far too much of the hospital staff's time. Some of these simulated and pathological conditions were most artfully contrived, and Dr. Allegra seems to have been amused despite himself by one man who had successfully produced a condition of erysipelas of the knee by infecting himself with a mixture of turpentine and iodine. Allegra threatened to report the man, but before he had time to do so, he received a visit from a certain Giulio D'Agate, whom he instantly recognized, from his unmistakable manner, as a "man of respect." There was nothing of the bully about D'Agate; he merely appealed to the Doctor to show mercy to a man who was the father of a large and necessitous family. There was little that the Doctor could do but fall into line, since, with reason, he considered the mild-mannered Mafia approach potentially even more dangerous than the blustering kind. Allegra cured his patient and got him several months' convalescent leave.



Some days later, Allegra found D'Agate waiting for him outside



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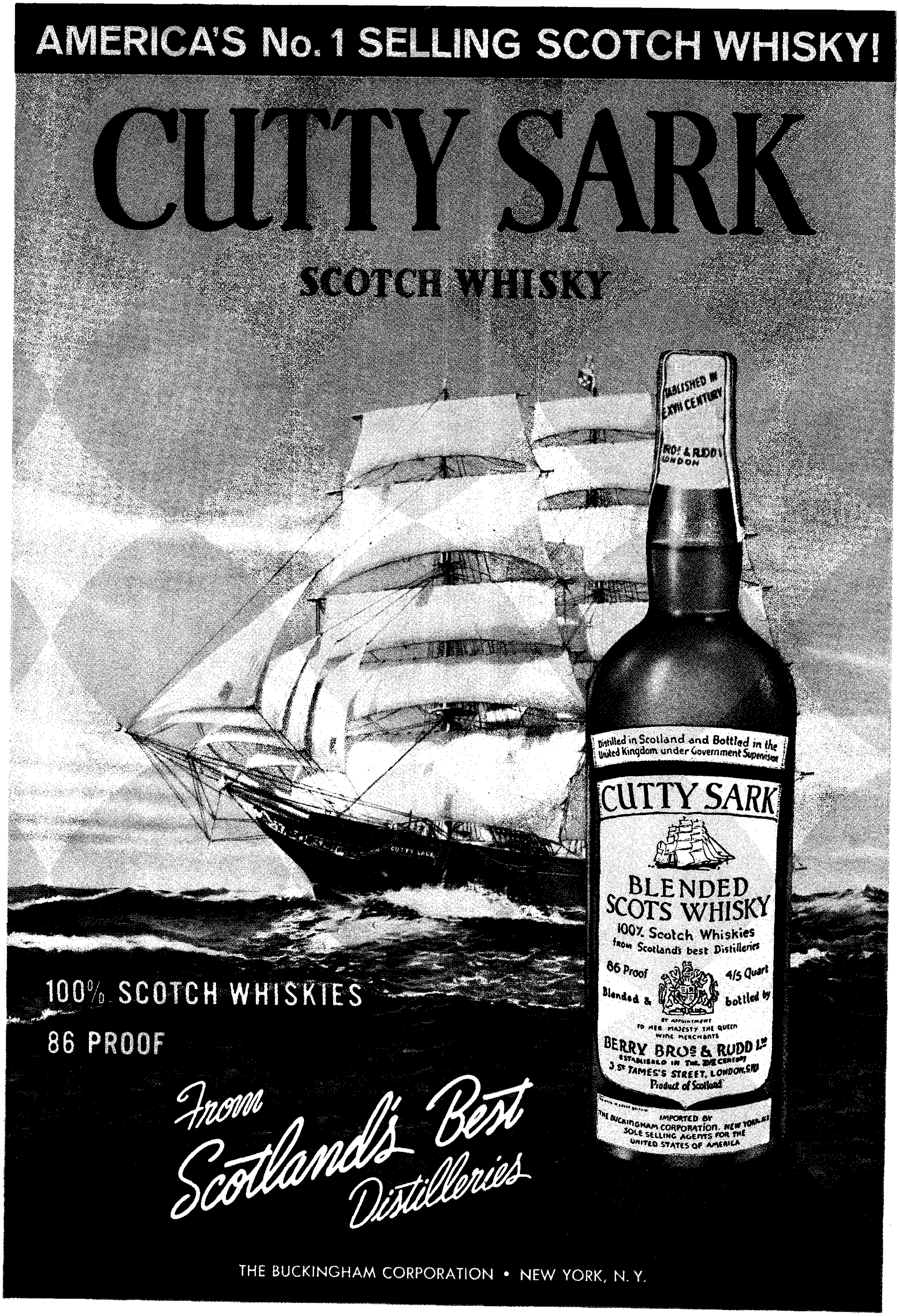
the hospital. He had two companions, also obviously "men of respect." Understandably, the encounter made Allegra feel nervous, but the three men were most friendly and genial, so he decided he had nothing to fear. D'Agate asked him to go with them, because he had something of great importance to tell him. Allegra's attack of the jitters instantly returned, but he says in his statement that he dared not refuse the invitation. He was taken to a fruit shop owned by one of the men, and here, after a profuse exchange of compliments, and after D'Agate had praised him in particular for "the seriousness of his outlook," other matters were touched upon. "They explained to me that they belonged to a very important association, which included people in every rank of society, not excluding the highest," the Doctor says. "All of them were called 'men of respect.' The association was what in fact was known to outsiders as the Mafia but was understood by most people only in a very vague way, because only members could really be sure of its existence." One pictures the three sinister men in the fruit shop explaining these self-evident facts to the fourth while he pretends suitable surprise. "Continuing their explanation, they told me that infractions of the association's rules were severely punished," Allegra goes on. "Members were not allowed, for example, to commit thefts, but in certain circumstances homicide was permissible, although always by license of the chiefs. Breaking the rules in this case—that is, by taking the law into one's own hands—was punishable by death." D'Agate hastened to add, by way of encouragement, that when high-level approval for a killing had been secured, a member could call on the assistance of the association, if required, to help him carry it out.

The confession continues with some important new material on Mafia organization. "On the subject of the administrative structure, it was explained to me that the association was split up into 'families,' each one headed by a chief," Allegra states. "Usually, a family was made up of small groups from neighboring towns or villages; if a family became too large for convenient administration, it was split up into units of ten, each with its subordinate chief. In the matter of the relationship between the different provinces, the rule, in the main, was independence. However, the provincial heads kept in close touch with each other, and in this way an informal working interprovincial liaison was maintained. The association had powerful overseas offshoots in both North and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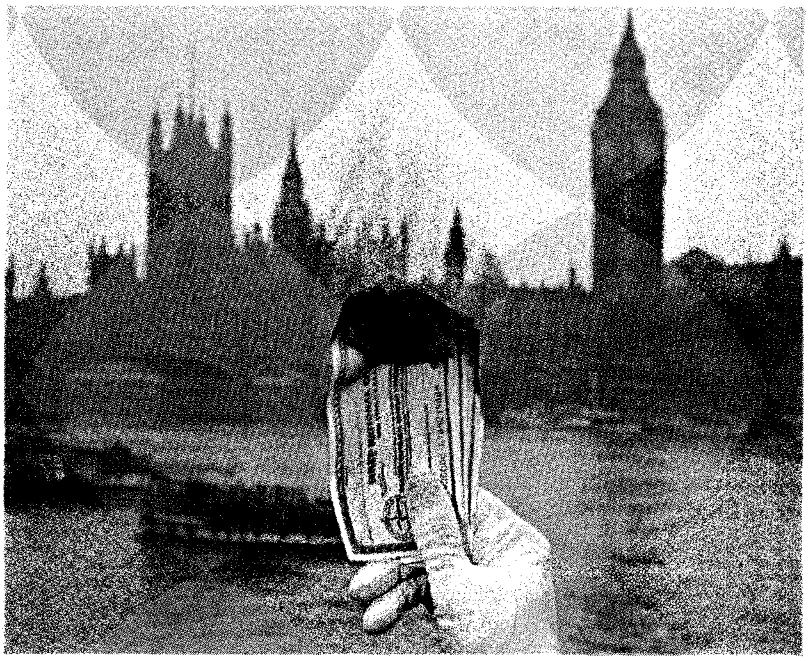

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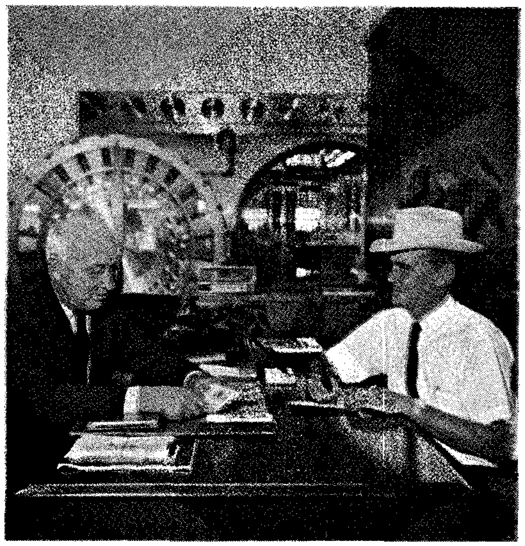

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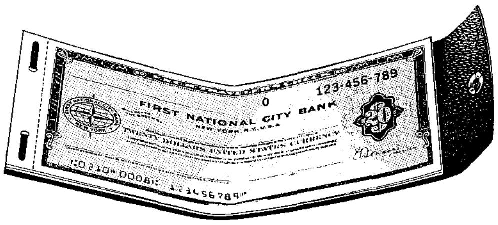

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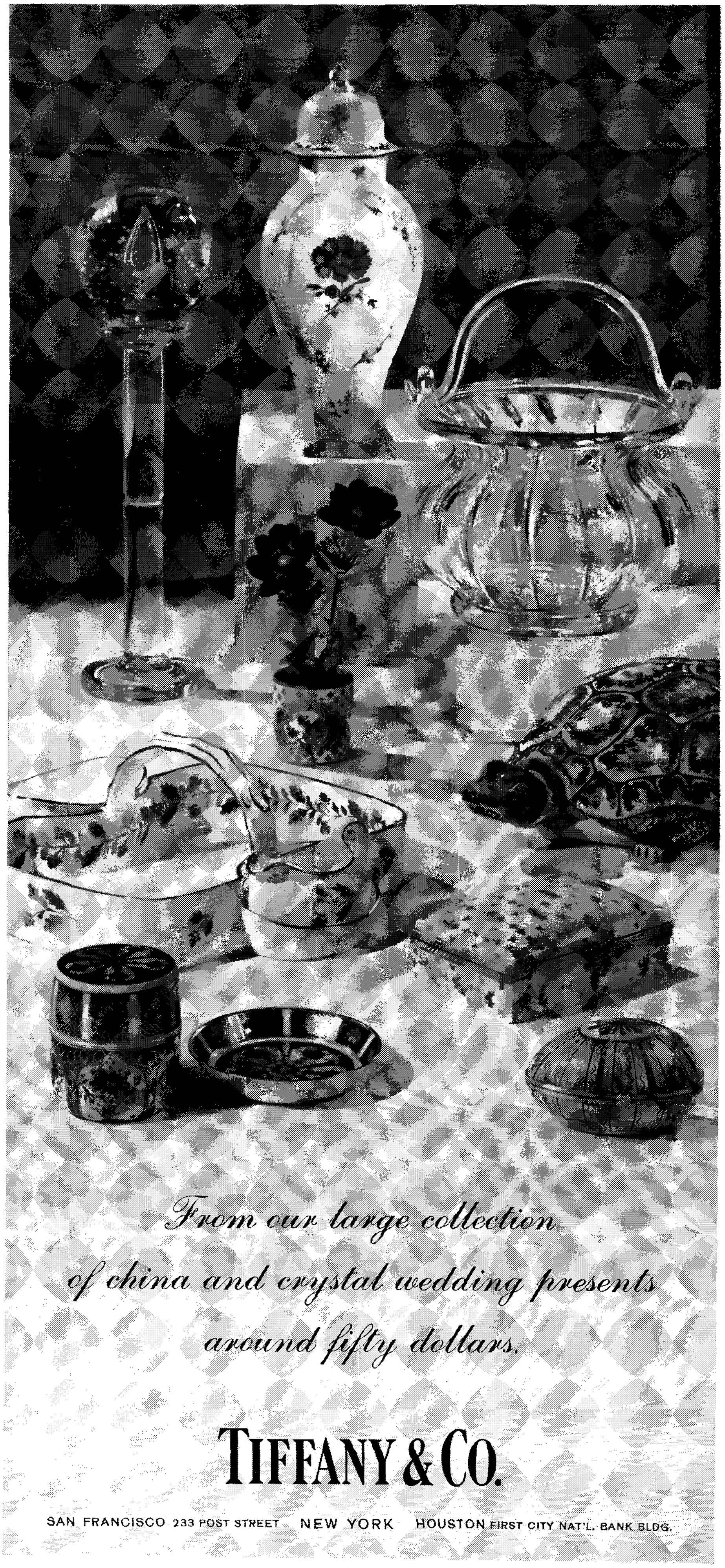
South America, in Tunisia, and in Marseille. A chief was elected by the members of his 'family,' and he was assisted by a counsellor [this had been quite unheard of before], who could act as his substitute in case of his absence; in matters of high policy, it was absolutely necessary for a chief to consult his counsellor before taking action. They then added that in general the association was not interested in politics, but that from time to time a 'family' might decide to support the candidacy for Parliament of a politician whose parliamentary influence they could count on." (This information was confirmed and amplified in September, 1963, by disclosures made to the Italian press by Nicola Gentile, a former American gangster who was spending his declining years in his native Sicily. Gentile described the Mafia organization as "very democratic." Elections were held regularly, he said. The groups of ten elected their chiefs; these, in turn, elected the head of the family, or *capo-famiglia;* and the heads of families and their deputies and counsellors elected the head of all the Mafia, known in Sicily as the *capo dei capi.*)

Having listened with growing uneasiness to this dangerous information, Allegra says, he was now asked for the first time whether he would agree to become a member of the association, and he could see that things had already been allowed to go too far for him to draw back. If Allegra was telling the truth, we may assume that the heads of the Mafia "families" that had approached him urgently needed the permanent services of an intelligent and pliable young doctor, and that Allegra was virtually shanghaied into the Mafia. "I realized that I was already the recipient of too many secrets to have been allowed to leave that meeting alive had I refused," he says. "My one course was not only to accept on the spot but to accept with apparent enthusiasm."

After this, the ritual of admission was administered. "The tip of my middle finger was pierced by a needle, and blood was squeezed from it to soak a small paper image of a saint. The image was burned, and, holding the ashes in my hand, I was called upon to swear an oath more or less as follows: 'I swear to be loyal to my brothers, never to betray them, always to aid them, and if I fail may I burn and be turned to ashes like the ashes of the image.' "

This one archaic touch apart, the Mafia showed no interest in mumbo-jumbo; there were no secret handclasps, signs, or passwords. Allegra's sponsors took him on a brisk tour of the neighborhood of Palermo and introduced him to



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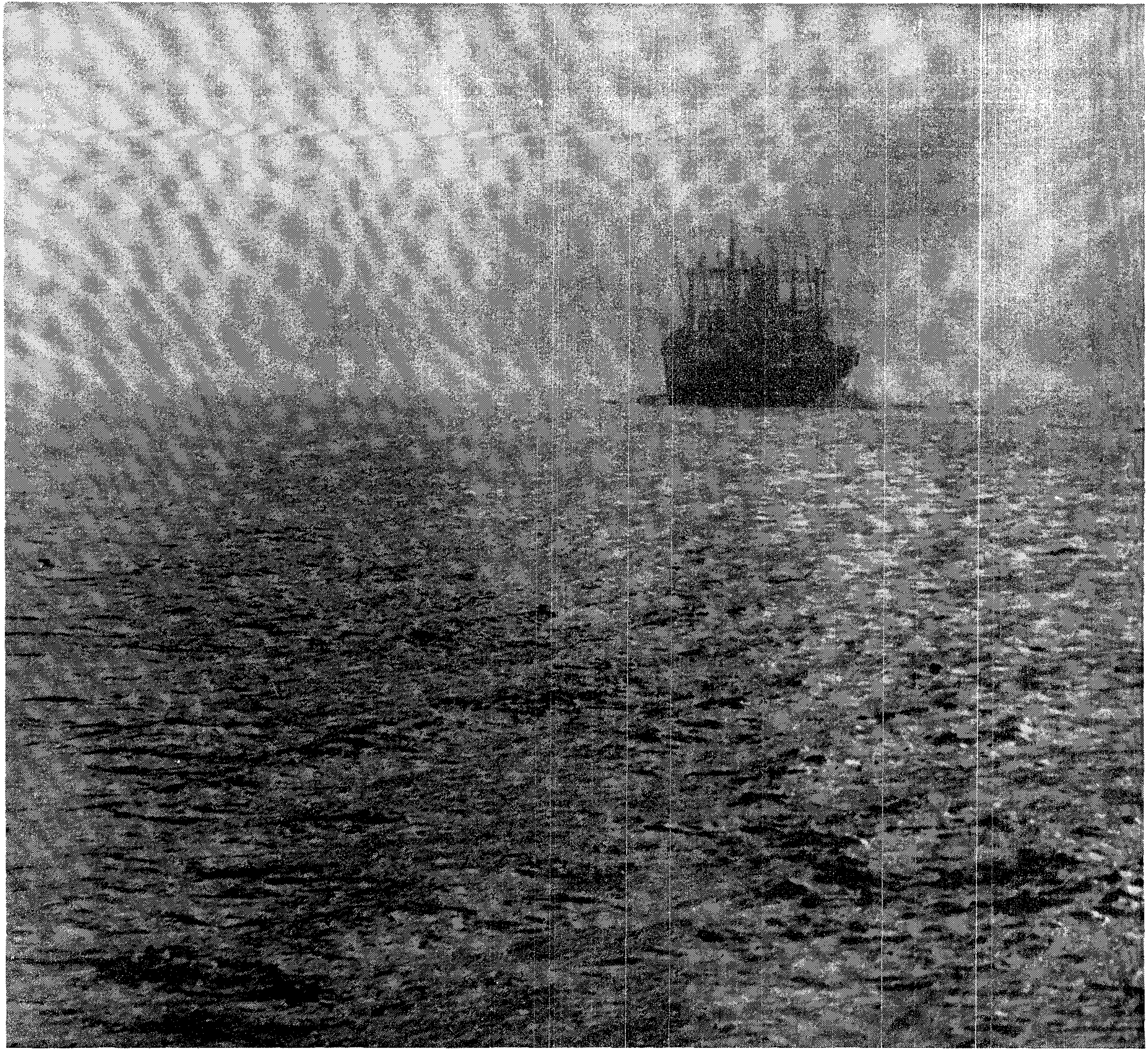

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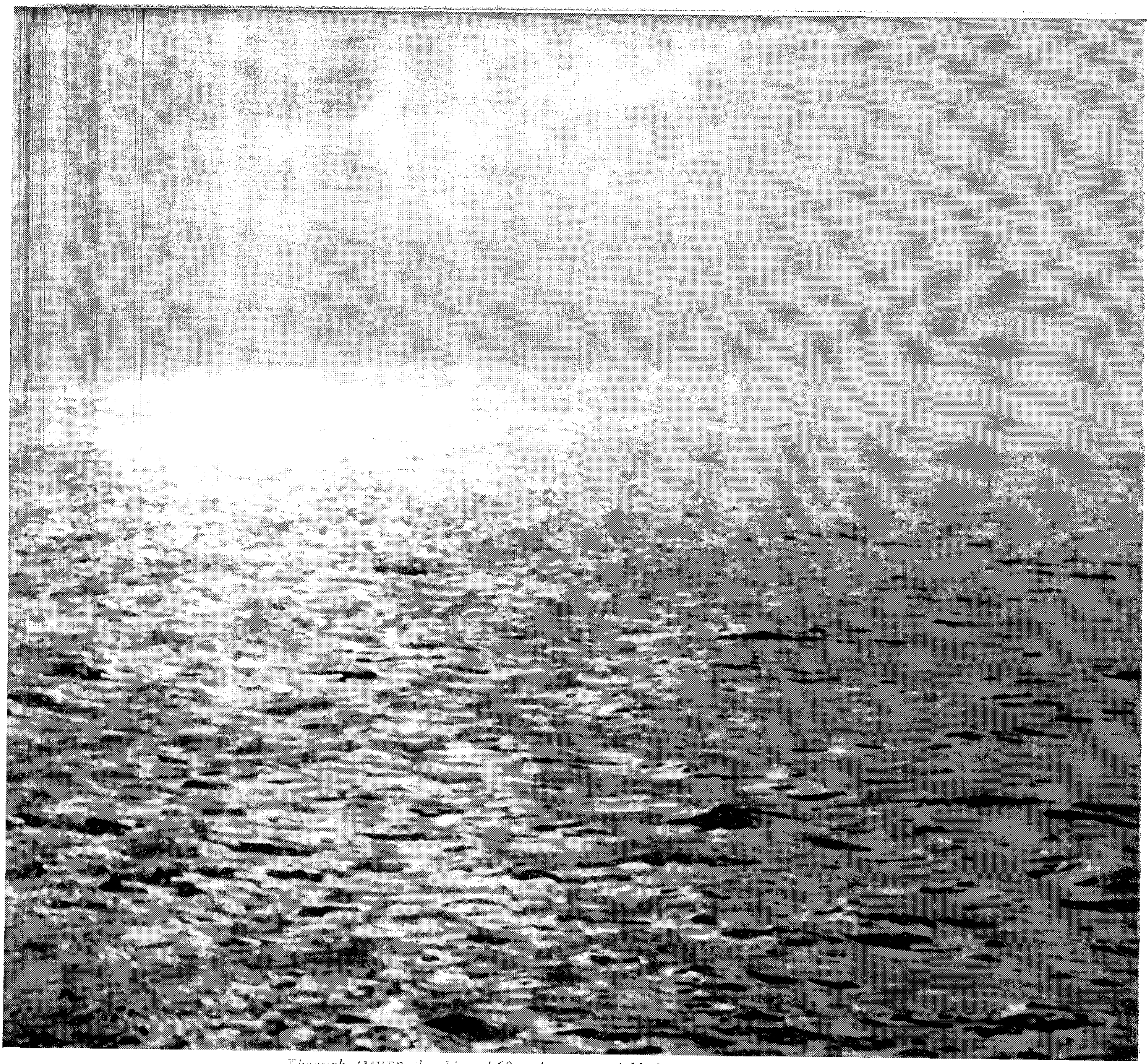

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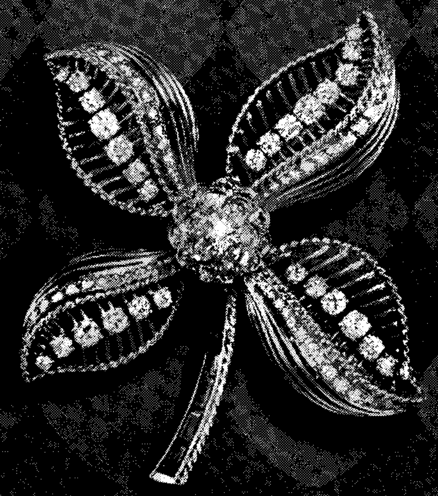

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everyone in the organization he needed to know. He might have been a junior sales representative who had just been taken on by a live-wire firm. Allegra says he was embarrassed by the fact that most of his new friends seemed to think he was just the man they had been looking for to get a friend out of the Army on medical grounds. He met all the Mafia personalities of the day, and in his list of rank-and-file members one recognizes some of the great names to come—the manipulators of power in the era of the Mafia renaissance that was to follow the Allied occupation of Sicily.

The social meeting place of the Mafia élite was the Birreria Italia, in Palermo—a café where any Mafia notables who happened to be in the capital often dropped in to talk shop at about eleven in the morning. This is the hour when, a thousand years after the Saracenic occupation, Palermo still turns its face daily toward the East. A baroque façade of dimpled statuary has been built over the old Saracenic town, with its pink-domed *kubbas* and its stumps of minarets, but the relaxation of Palermo remains Oriental in style. At eleven, work peters out for a long interval while the streets fill up with a pleasantly aimless crowd. The aroma of roasting coffee covers the whole town. Men in darkly discreet clothes file into the cafés, filling them until the only possible movement is that of the hand holding a tiny coffee cup. This is the public display of leisure inherited from turban-wearing ancestors—a dignified setting aside of the trivial concerns of the day, when every Palermitan becomes a pasha for an hour. Members of the Sicilian aristocracy also favored the Birreria, going there to ogle the lords of the underworld, so there were times when every second customer crowded along the counter clutching his minuscule cup was a criminal or a duke.

The Doctor had sold his soul for a fairly good price. He was able to buy a practice in Castelvetrano, and did well enough with it to open his own clinic shortly afterward. Naturally, the association expected and got its *quid pro quo*. Since this meant helping out from time to time with illegal operations and the clandestine treatment of patients suffering from gunshot wounds, the Doctor had some brushes with the law, from all of which, through alibis fabricated by his friends, he escaped unscathed. One attempt, too, was made by the Italian Medical Association to remove his name from the register, but in the case of a "man of respect" such an attempt could never succeed. Dr. Allegra, by now almost weighed down with "respect," be-

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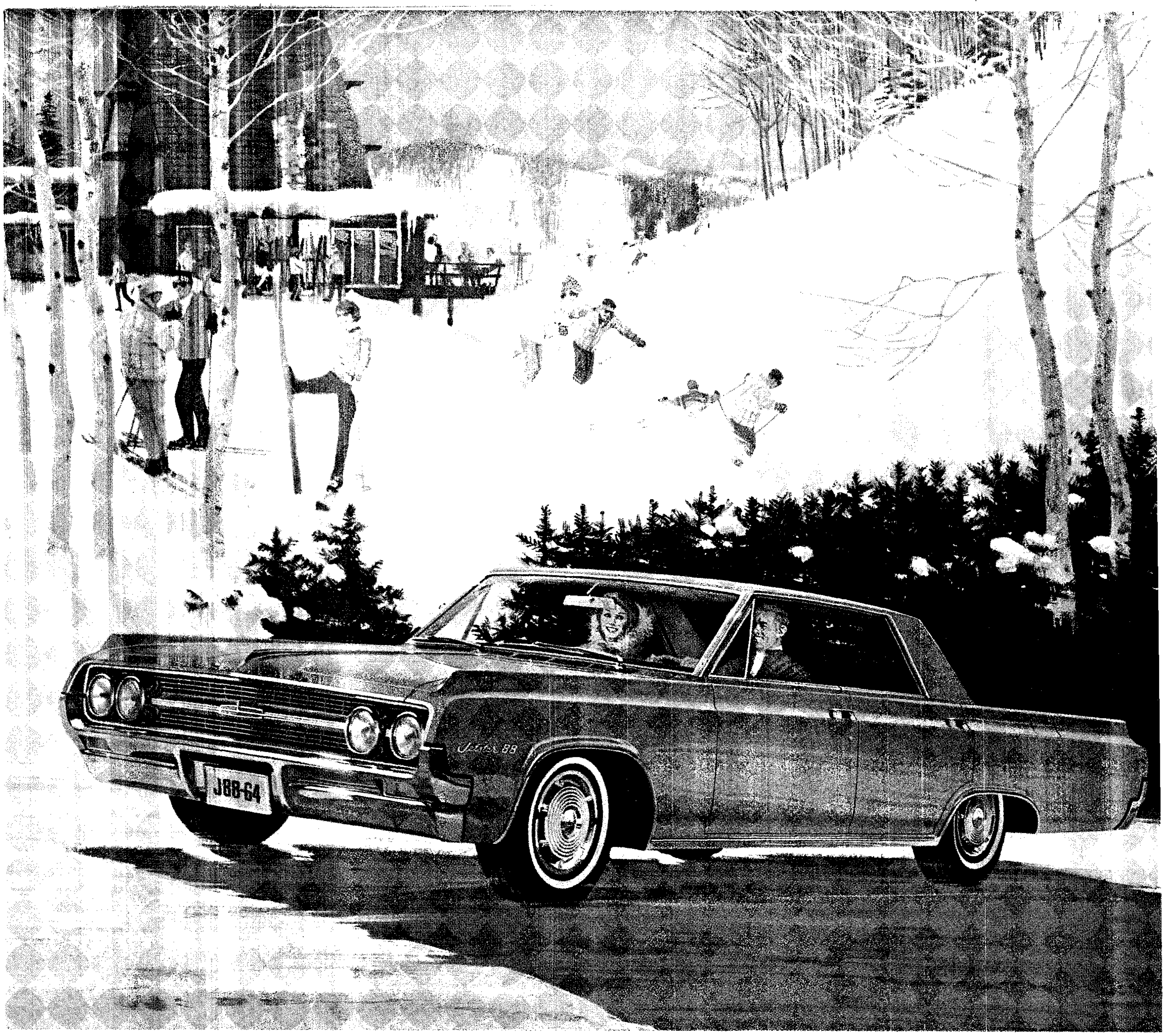

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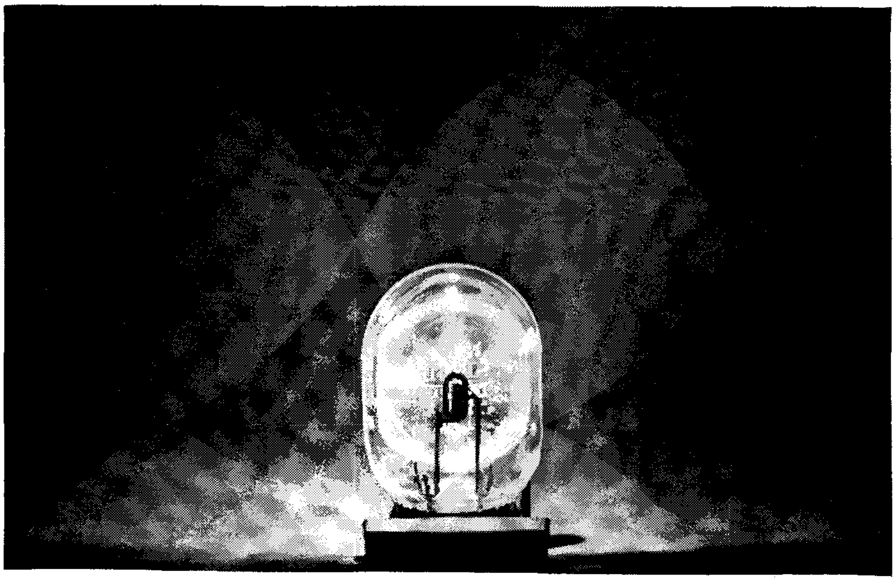
gan to be more than just the most successful doctor in the community. As an established *mafioso*, he was regarded not only as above the law but as in some measure supplanting it, and people came to him to settle their disputes. He also kept juniors in the association in order with a sharp reprimand when called for. "Cammarata Carmelo, a *mafioso* of Palermo, came to see me about a baron of the Madonie district who had approached him for help in abducting the fiancée of Professor Stella Pietro," he says. "I immediately vetoed this absurd project, and it was dropped, so the Professor was left in peace."

Even within the Mafia itself, one learns with amazement from this chronicle, things rarely go smoothly for long. In 1926, a wide rift—not entirely healed to this day—was provoked by a quarrel over the sharing of kickbacks paid by contractors who had been hired to develop the port of Palermo. Relations with the Mafia overseas were still close enough for the disquieted brothers in New York, Chicago, and Kansas City to send three separate delegations to Sicily in an attempt to heal the breach. To the American Mafia, the Sicilian parent had always been the *madre nobile*—the noble mother, custodian of the ancient tradition and fountainhead of doctrinal purity. In those days, a request from Sicily that the sentence of a Mafia court be executed on a Sicilian who had fled to America would be unhesitatingly carried out—and vice versa. Sicilian emigrants were still handed a clean bill of health by the Honored Society as they left the island, and given the address of the *mafioso* to whom they should report as soon as they arrived in the United States, and leading American Mafia chieftains made frequent sentimental pilgrimages back to their home towns. But all attempts by the American brothers to bring about a reconciliation failed. Allegra claims to have been disillusioned by the unseemly brawling over the division of the loot. It was about this time, too, that his personal affairs seemed to be getting less support from the Mafia then he would have wished.

In the last free election to be held in Italy before the arrival of Fascism, the Mafia, departing from its usual practice of supporting the party most likely to succeed and then getting a stranglehold on it, had decided on a two-way bet. There had been a division of opinion about the Fascists' chances of coming to power, so it was arranged that an equal number of candidates from the democratic and the Fascist lists should be returned to Parliament—all, of course,



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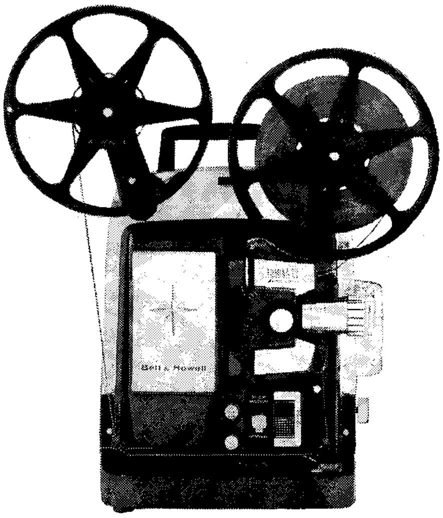

with Mafia backing. Allegra had been flattered by the suggestion that he should run as a democratic candidate, but to his mortification his candidacy turned out to be a dummy one, and the full support of the organization was given to his Fascist opponent, who defeated him by an insultingly large majority. A worse blow to his prestige was to follow. A vacancy occurred for the post of medical superintendent of a group of hospitals, and Allegra applied to the counsellor of his particular "family" for assistance in obtaining the appointment. He mentions this in his confession quite flatly, and almost with a kind of innocence; after all, it was taken for granted that such an appointment went to the *mafioso* applicant. Unfortunately for Allegra, there happened to be a second "man of respect" who had his eye on this particular plum, and although Allegra says that his rival's qualifications were faked to the extent that he did not even have a medical degree, he was senior to Allegra in the Mafia, so he got it.

Allegra's last exploit before he vanishes from sight is an exceptionally grubby one, but it illuminates the limbo into which Sicily had fallen after Mussolini had undertaken to smash the Mafia but had failed to substitute law and order for the lopsided Roman peace imposed by the Honored Society. Banditry, of course, was a standard feature of Sicilian life, but the Mafia, which disliked having rivals in the field, had always been able to keep it strictly under control. Now a new crop of bandits had come along, sprouting like mushrooms in the compost of a social environment that Mussolini had left unchanged, and, in the Mafia's punch-drunk condition, they were proving unmanageable. A bandit called Ponzio was terrorizing the countryside around Castelvetrano, and had even begun to carry out his depredations in the Doctor's home town itself. A daring fellow who went about armed to the teeth and surrounded by a gang of young ruffians, he turned his hand to any form of criminality, from sheep-stealing in the streets of Castelvetrano to kidnapping a carabiniere captain. This last achievement brought unwelcome police reprisals. As Allegra puts it, "Ponzio was a grave nuisance to people who asked only to be allowed to live in peace"—people like him, he suggests. Ponzio's hideout was in the neighboring village of Gibellina, and Allegra received a visit from a member of the Mafia family of that area, who discussed the problem with him. The trouble was that Mussolini's agents had left the family so weakened that there was little it could do about Ponzio—at least without

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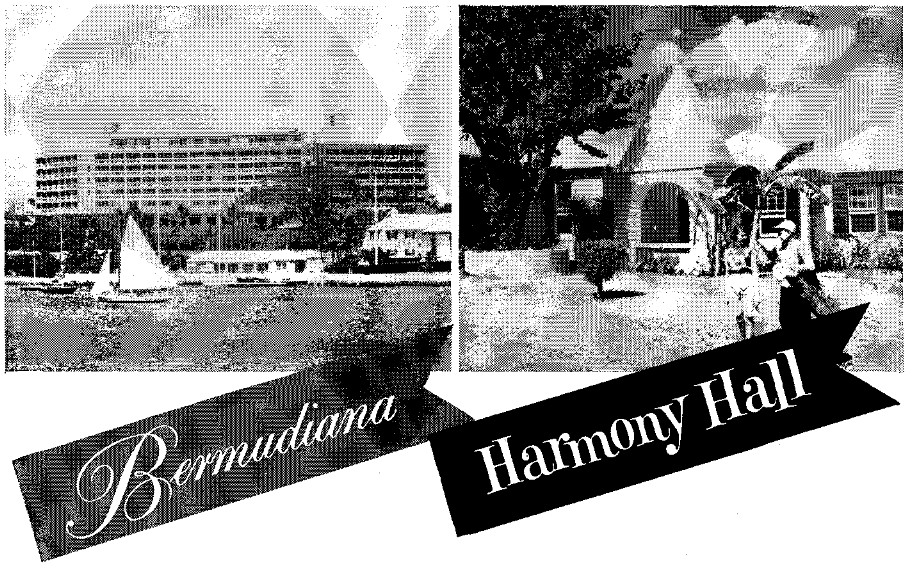

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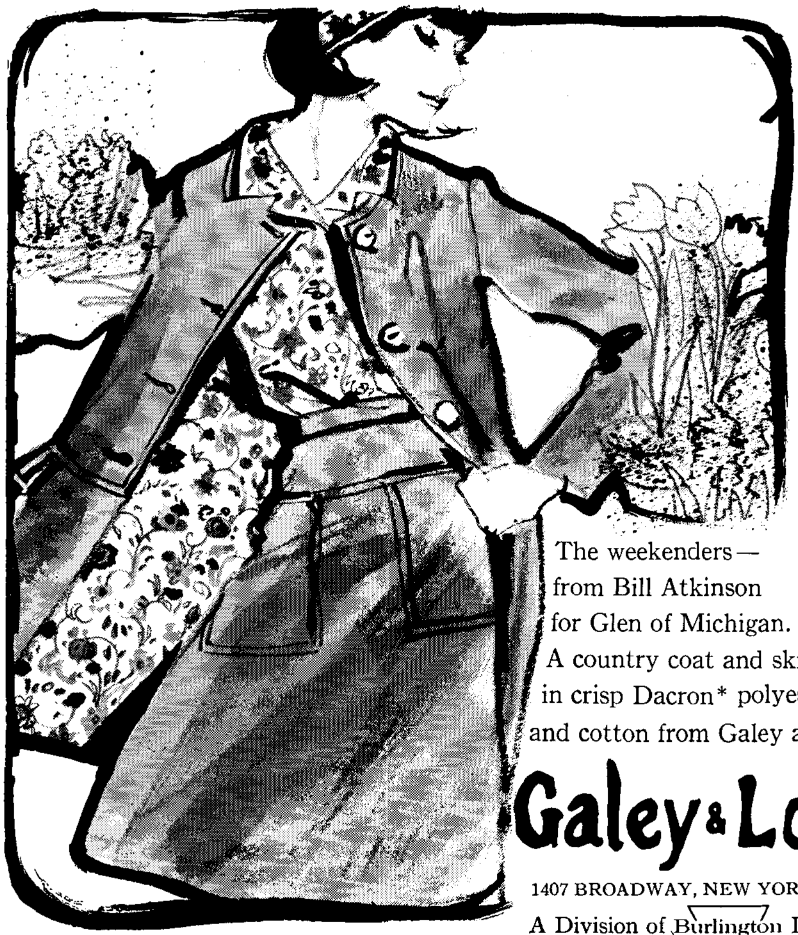

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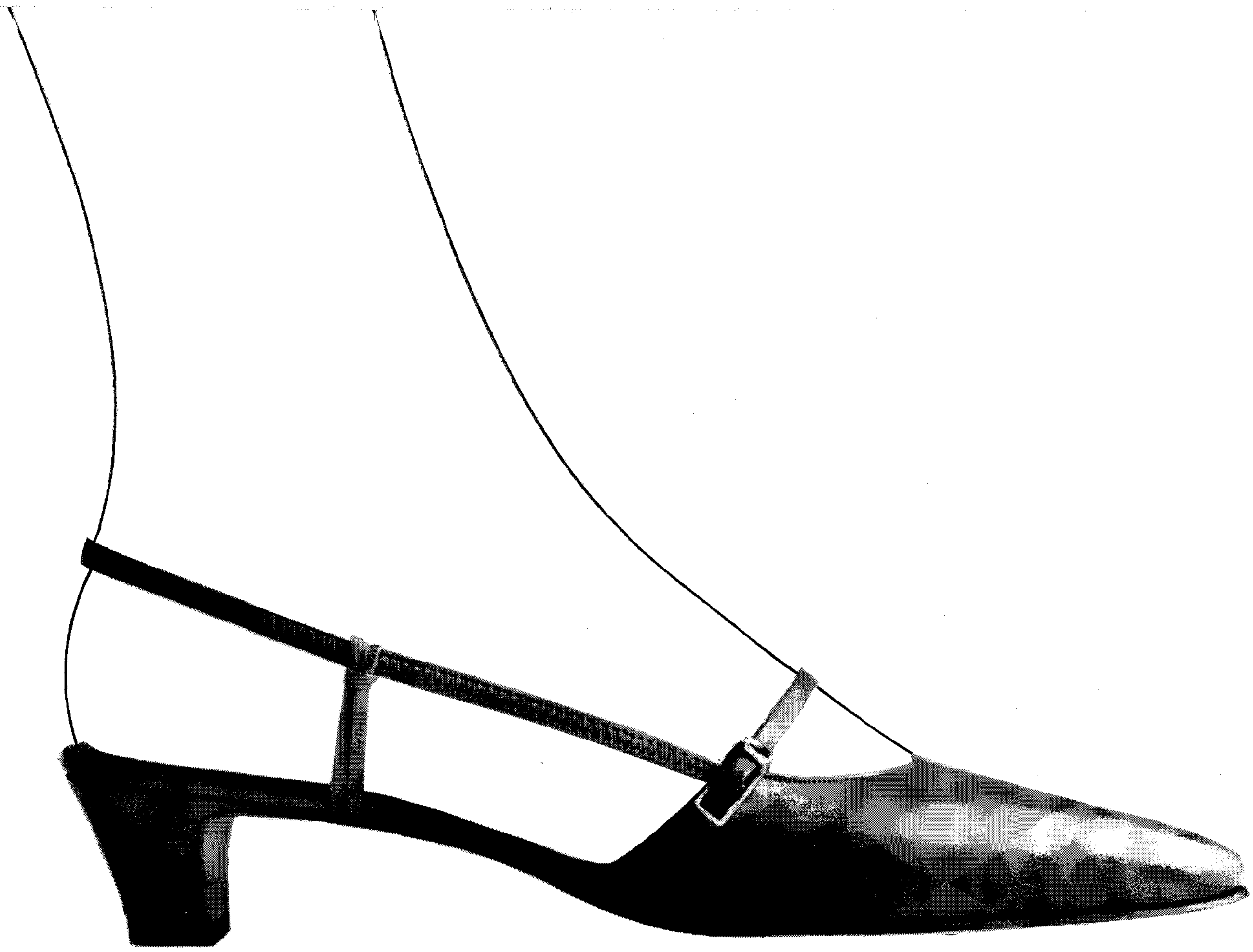

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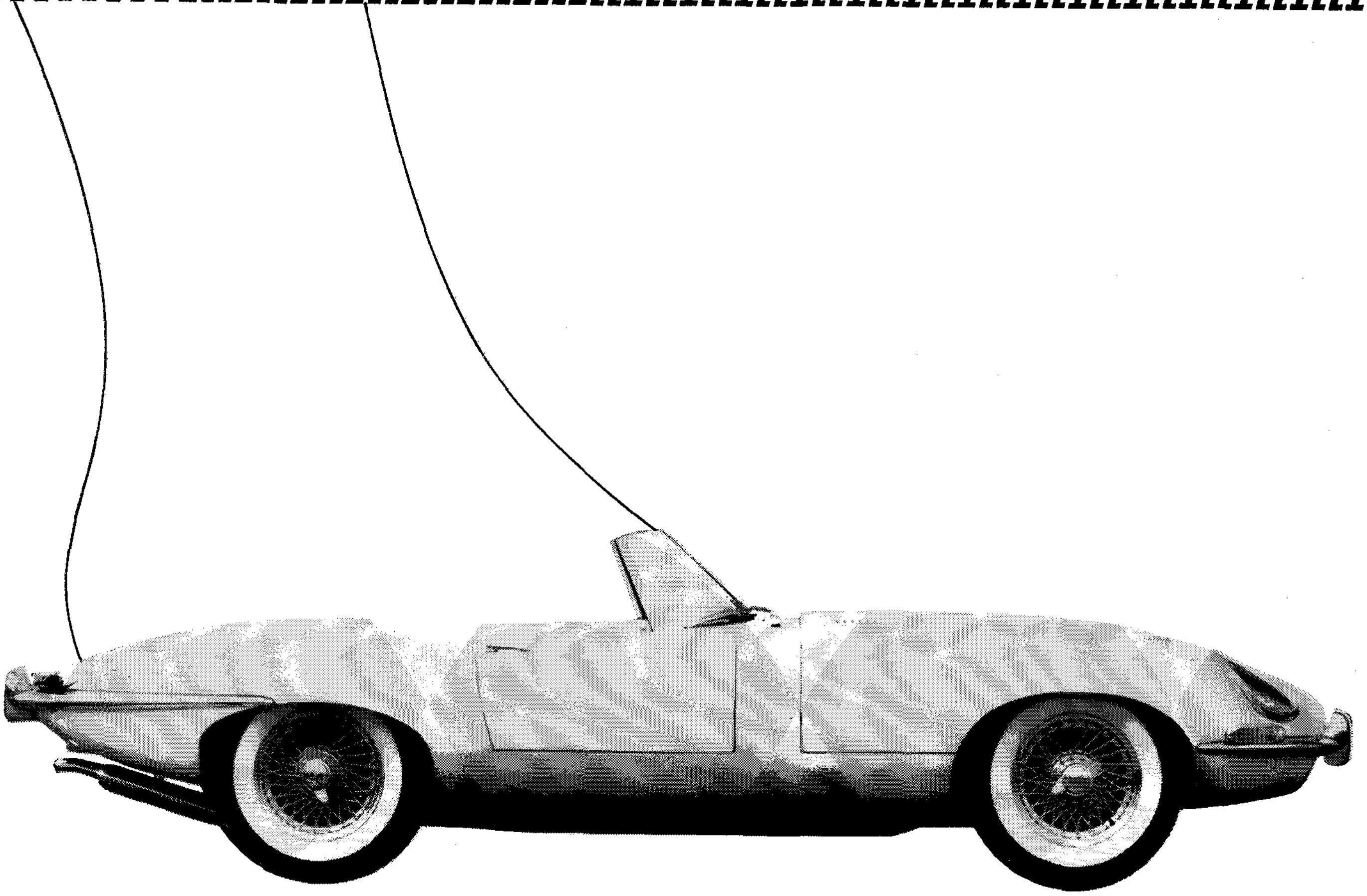

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Elizabeth Arden

calling in help. It seems—although Allegra does not say so—that a Mafia court was thereupon held in the Doctor's clinic, at which Ponzio was formally sentenced to death. The question that arose was how the sentence should be carried out. Mafia death sentences are normally executed only by the very lowest grade of probationers in the association—the *picciotti* (boys), who gain the "respect" requisite to their advancement in the society by offering their services for such unpleasant jobs. When no *picciotto* is at hand, the Mafia casts about for a *sicario*, a hired killer who is a specialist in the use of the sawed-off shotgun, known as the *lupara*, which is loaded, when homicide is planned, with a special heavy charge. In this case, a complication arose because Ponzio, being nearly always in the company of his henchmen, made a difficult and risky target. One of the members of the Gibellina Mafia had a bright idea. He knew of just the man for the job—a certain Paolo Gandolfo, a close friend of Ponzio's, who might be persuaded, for a price, to lead Ponzio into a trap.

Gandolfo was called to the clinic, and the proposition was put to him. Allegra says that he seemed very angry at first, but (although Allegra does not say this) pressure must have been brought to bear, because the next day he agreed to do the job. Allegra set out for Gibellina in his Fiat Topolino with Gandolfo and two other doctors—who were probably brought along as components of a prefabricated alibi—the *lupara* being wedged uncomfortably behind the knees of the two men squatting in the back. At Gibellina, Gandolfo was left to do his work while Allegra and his friends called on a patient. Later, Gandolfo was picked up on the outskirts of the village, and Allegra learned, to his anger and disappointment, that nothing had happened. Gandolfo made lame excuses for not having kept his promise, but to Allegra it was clearly a case of cold feet. It took another week's work on Gandolfo before it seemed quite certain that he had finally swallowed his scruples. To use a Mafia expression, "the spur was applied." This time, surrounded in Allegra's clinic by the "men of respect" of Castelvetrano and Gibellina, Gandolfo was compelled to swear that he would carry out his mission. In what is described, with macabre understatement, as "the usual little speech," Allegra explained to him what happens to those who fail in their obligations to the Mafia. This time, the assassin saw that there was no escape, and he went off to Gibellina for his last meeting with his friend. Allegra adds, "Things had

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reached such a pitch with the Ponzio nuisance that, had we not been able to make this arrangement, it might even have meant breaking the association's rules and turning him over to the police." Rarely can the mentality of the Mafia have been exhibited so effectively in a single sentence.

IN the years after the Second World War, the Mafia flourished, but it was slowly changing its face. A great number of *mafiosi* American gangsters had been deprived of their citizenship and sent back to Sicily, where they immediately assumed leading positions in the Mafia hierarchy of the island. There was little about these spectacular and exuberant deportees that recalled the old-fashioned "man of respect," but their influence over the rising generation of Mafia novices was irresistible. The new island recruits to the Honored Society were the product of war devastation, of hunger and the universal petty criminality of the black market, and they were devoid of illusion or sentiment. These young men in their bright shirts and loud ties who killed for a fixed rate of two hundred thousand lire (three hundred and twenty-five dollars) totally lacked the capacity for self-deception so marked in men of the calibre of Don Calò Vizzini, the island's acknowledged Mafia chieftain. Traditionally, the Mafia lived off the scrawny monopolies based upon scarcity. It held back cultivation of the land in order to create vast reservoirs of cheap labor. Rivers in their winter spate were allowed to empty into the sea—precious water that could have been dammed back and so transfigured a countryside, except that this would have damaged the interests of a few water monopolists. The mind of the old Mafia had been formed in a feudal past, when there was not enough to go around, and it could never free itself from its philosophy of controlled dearth. Now it was opposed by an expansive and capitalistic young Mafia that had no patience with restrictive practices. The old Mafia vetoed dams because a hundred sleepy old villains made a fat living from water pumped up from artesian wells, but the new Mafia wanted dams because of the huge profits to be made out of the contracts involved in their construction. For the same reason, it wanted modern roads, bridges, transport systems, urban development, and industrial expansion of any kind. Psychologically, Don Calò Vizzini and his followers were still living in the eighteenth century—when not in the Bronze Age itself—whereas the cousins just back

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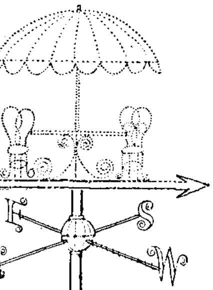
from New York, Buffalo, and Kansas City were emphatically men of our time.

A clash was inevitable, and the deadly war that broke out between the exponents of the rival ideologies was epitomized by the happenings at Corleone. In this unhappy town, where killing a man made no more impression than killing a goat, the sinister Dr. Michele Navarra, head of the old Mafia, faced his young rival, Luciano Liggio. With Dr. Navarra in control in Corleone, nothing could change. A project had been under consideration for building a dam, but Navarra would not hear of it, and since he stood between Liggio and an immense fortune, Liggio simply killed him. Unfortunately for the tormented population of Corleone, the rival factions were about equal in number, so the struggle went on—and goes on to this day—and hardly a month passed by without the news of some fresh massacre as the factions of conservatism and of progress dismembered each other. In Palermo itself, the issue was less clean-cut among the several families, but the results were the same. Violent death became a commonplace, and the city's homicide rate soon exceeded that of the whole of the province of Lombardy, where all the great industrial cities of Italy are situated. In the face of this bloody experience, the civil population maintained a stubborn reticence. On one occasion, the police managed to cordon off the whole of a busy street after a killing, and every single person was questioned; not one admitted to having heard a shot. In another instance, a passerby took to his heels when the shooting started, and had practically stumbled over a corpse when a policeman stopped him. Not only did he deny having noticed the body lying almost between his feet but he said that he attributed the noise he had heard to thunder, and was running to avoid being caught in a storm.

These maladjustments and stresses within the Honored Society's fabric were aggravated by the sudden death of that conciliatory genius Don Calò, who had done so much for the cause of unity among the "men of respect." Like so many *mafiosi* of the old school, who were inclined to overeat and took little exercise, he had become increasingly sluggish and adipose in his declining years, and had suffered a series of minor heart attacks. His end came one day in 1954 while travelling home to Villalba by car. He asked to be lifted out, so that he could lie down in a more comfortable position on the side of the road. A few minutes later, he died peacefully, his



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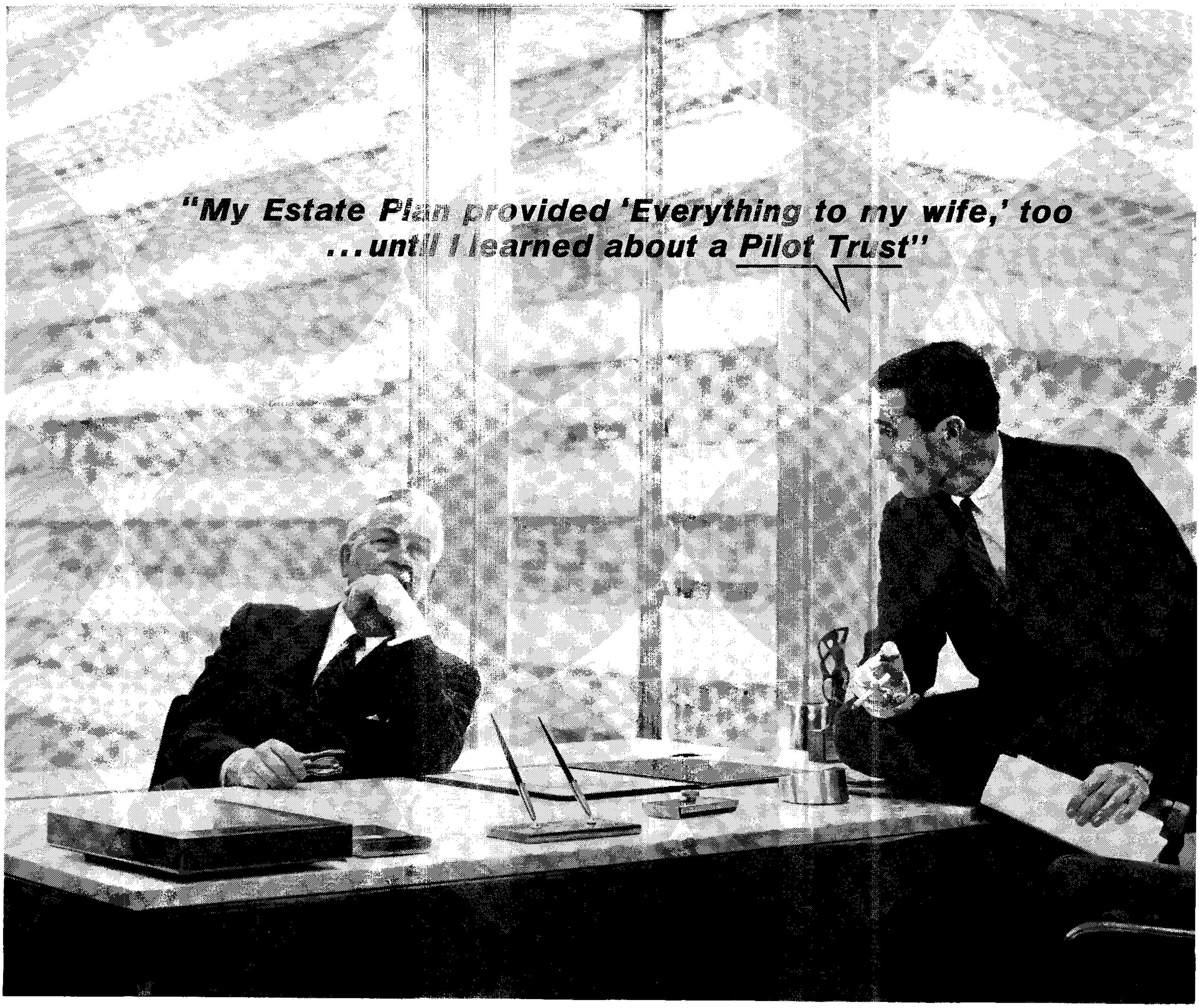
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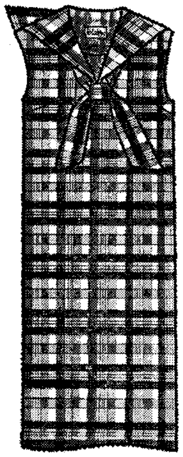

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last recorded words being "How beautiful life can be!" While he lay in state, politicians, eminent clerics, and the heads of all the Mafia families came to pay their respects. His memorial tablet in the church at Villalba says that he was chaste, temperate, forbearing, and tireless in his defense of the weak, and that, above all, he was a gentleman. The nostalgic tributes of the journalists who composed his obituaries went even further. One distinguished writer, speaking for them all, summed up: "In any society, a category of persons must exist capable of adjusting situations that become too complicated. . . . Simply by picking up a telephone, he could reach the Cardinal, the Prefect, the General, the President of the Region, the Mayor, or any Deputy. Don Calò himself remained aloof and inaccessible, like a samurai or a German field marshal, in the exercise of his functions."

In the political field—even after the withdrawal of Don Calò's mesmeric influence from the Sicilian scene—things continued to go well for the Honored Society. The city of Palermo was entering a phase of huge postwar expansion, and all that was necessary for anyone to become a multimillionaire almost overnight was to know in advance—or, even better, to *decide*—just where the new suburbs were to be built, and then buy up the land. Instances have been quoted where land bought at sixty lire (ten cents) per square metre became worth thirty thousand lire (fifty dollars) per square metre a few months later. Operating at this level, a *capo-mafia* of the new school could make more in one devastating coup than Don Calò had been able to scrape together in five years of rigging the black market in olive oil, or than the man who cornered the water supplies in a parched countryside could hope to extort in a lifetime. There were rich pickings, too, for the lower-grade *mafioso* in the city's modernization. A man not yet big enough to pull strings at City Hall might simply walk up to the proprietor of some half-finished apartment building or garage or movie house, and say, "I've decided to go into business with you. I'll pay for my shares out of salary—say, half a million lire a week. I can save you money. You pay your contractors too much. They'll work for me at half the price." The man approached with this proposition knew that refusal would almost certainly be punished by an explosion that would bring half the building down. The *mafioso* moved in.

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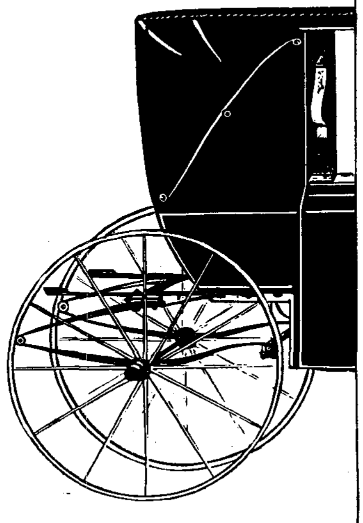

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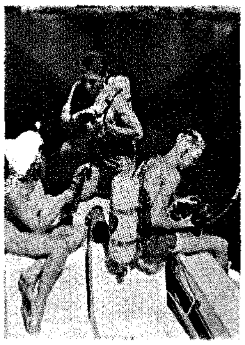

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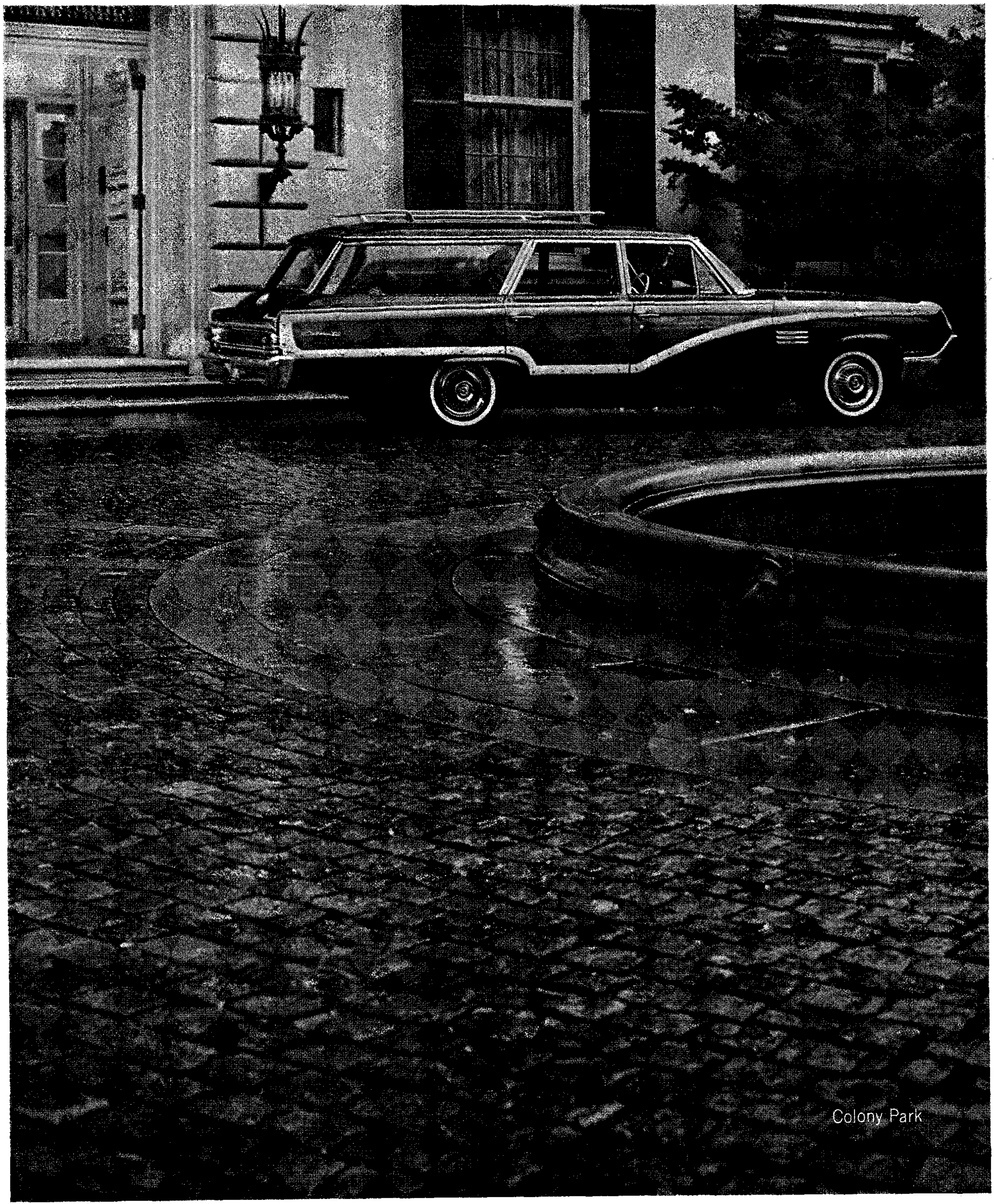

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Mafia had always been ready to ally itself with the Church as a matter of expediency, but in the old days it had moved cautiously at first. By the middle of the last century, it had gained control of the confraternities devoted to maintaining the cults of the various patron saints, and, more important, it directed the standing committees of the cults, which raised the funds required for the processions, the illuminations, and the firework displays on the saints' annual feast days. Later, a Mafia trust interested itself in the manufacture of devotional candles, and obtained a virtual monopoly on them. The Mafia also took over the manufacture of religious objects of all kinds, and, being on the whole free from sentimental prejudice, attacked the problem of their distribution in an entirely dispassionate manner. With the advance of the twentieth century and the streamlining of production, Mafia factories produced religious medals and statues of saints and Madonnas by the million. The society employed the most persuasive travelling salesmen, appointed the most up-to-date retail firms as exclusive distributors, awarded bonuses and quantity discounts, and supplied tasteful window displays to the shops in the bigger cities. Many of the faithful liked to have their religious medals blessed by a bishop, and the Mafia had no objection to arranging that—so blessed they were, in basketfuls and by the thousand. The Mafia was also in the lucrative business of manufacturing religious relics. In the course of a recent study of the Mafia's penetration of devotional practices, *Le Ore*, a weekly published in Milan, compiled a brief numerical survey of the most important of such relics. The magazine discovered the existence of seventeen arms attributed to St. Andrew, thirteen attributed to St. Etienne, twelve to St. Philip, and ten each to St. Vincent and St. Tecla. Sixty fingers belonging to St. John the Baptist were in circulation, and forty heads were revered as that of St. Juliana. The Mafia seems to have decided that there were profitable pickings to be made in this direction shortly after 1870, when, as a reform measure, the Italian government decided to close down a number of religious institutions, and the relics they contained were dispersed. Most of these were bought up by the Mafia, extra copies of each were made, and duplicates of the original seals of authenticity, attached by the Congregation of Rites of the Vatican, were assiduously faked. Now, with the application of the businesslike methods of the new Mafia, a vigorous overseas market for such spuri-

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ous articles of devotion was developed—particularly in the Americas. *Le Ore* discovered that in 1962 alone sales to the United States included twenty suits of armor supposedly worn by Joan of Arc, twenty monastic gowns supposedly worn by St. Francis of Assisi, fifty rosaries alleged to have belonged to Bernadette, and—as a triumphant culmination of Mafia salesmanship—the wand carried by Moses when he led the children of Israel into the Promised Land.

Where there was no saint, no miracle, and consequently no flocking of pilgrims to be fleeced, the Mafia did its best with artificial substitutes. A well-publicized "miracle," such as the apparition of the Madonna to a child, filled the specially chartered buses, the shops, and the hotels, and produced an upswing—however short-lived—in the sales curve for religious merchandise. One such case was that of Padre Pio, the "stigmatized" monk of San Giovanni Rotondo, near Foggia, whose cult was thought important enough to justify the transfer of a Mafia team to the Italian mainland in 1959. Within a few years, the remote hamlet had turned into a sort of embryo Lourdes, with half a dozen prosperous hotels, innumerable boarding houses, and a hospital with a helicopter landing platform on its roof, to which rich patients were brought to be exposed to the saintly influence. Books describing Padre Pio's miracles were sold by the hundred thousand, and sales of records of the Father saying Mass or at prayer rose into the millions. Such was the clamor to be confessed by Padre Pio (ninety-five per cent of the applicants were women) that confessions had to be booked in advance, and the waiting list grew so long that pilgrims had to spend days, and even weeks, in the town's expensive hotels waiting their turn. By arrangement with the Mafia, however, and the payment of a substantial sum, the queue could be jumped. Mafia agents waited, too, at the bus terminals, ready to carry off new arrivals to be confessed on the spot—and at a price—by false Padre Pios, who awaited their prey in hastily faked-up back-street rooms.

The most insidious of the new Mafia's rackets was a far different one—the traffic in drugs. Heroin procured in the Middle East was shipped with reasonable security to Sicily, where the trickier business of arranging for its passage to the United States was organized. The rewards involved were immense; a five-kilogram parcel smuggled safely through to its final destination meant a small fortune for each man through whose hands it passed. The scale of these

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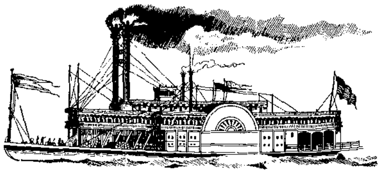

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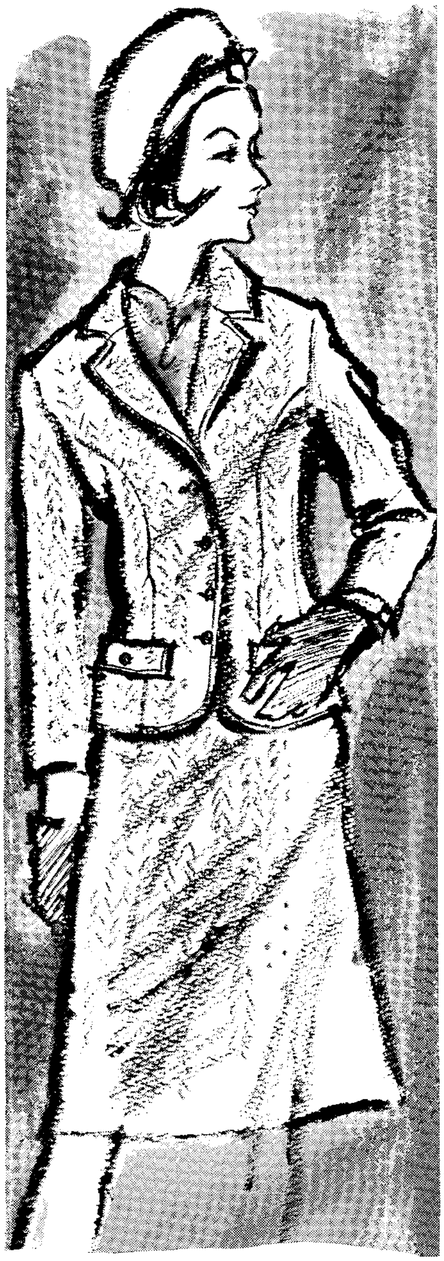

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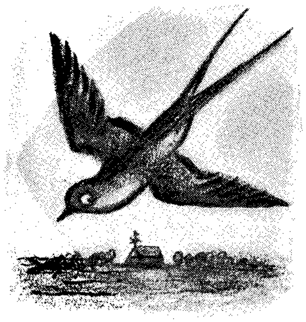
operations first became evident in 1958 purely by accident. A league of Sicilian fishermen had been formed to put down the practices of fishing by the use of dynamite and by the use of dragnets with an illegally fine mesh. The league bought its own fast motor launch, and this, with its crew of four maritime police officers, patrolled likely waters on the lookout for offenders. One night, just off Palermo, the patrol vessel detected the presence of a suspicious craft, but when it closed in to investigate, it received a burst of machine-gun fire. The stranger then made off at high speed, and from the power of its engines the police realized that it was no ordinary fishing boat. The Mafia immediately moved in to suppress any repercussions from this encounter and to rule out any possibility of a repetition of the incident. By order of the customs authorities, the patrol boat was taken out of service, and its captain was transferred to central Italy.

As the Mafia increased its control of every aspect of the island's life, the psychological climate for most Sicilians deepened into a real and paralyzing fear. From this there developed an almost pathological aptitude for suffering in silence, incredibly illustrated by the recent case of a whole community's bowing its neck under the depredations of a handful of *mafiosi* monks. It was 1958 before the activities of the Franciscan fathers of Mazzarino received any publicity, although by then they had been terrorizing the neighborhood for some years. Bandit monks and *mafiosi* monks were nothing new to the long-suffering inhabitants of rural Sicily. Time and again, one reads of sinister Friar Tucks riding with outlaw bands to waylay travellers or attack farms. At the beginning of the century, a pitched battle took place between the peasants of Santo Stefano and robber monks from the local Benedictine monastery, and in 1923 a *mafioso* father of that same monastery beheaded his abbot on the refectory table. And in 1945—again at Santo Stefano—the Bishop of Agrigento was shot and nearly killed by a *mafioso* brother.



What seems so extraordinary to the outsider about the Mazzarino monks is that only one man ever stood up to them, and even he never seems to have considered going to the authorities. This was the town's richest citizen, Angelo Cannada, one of the many people—including affluent monks in neighboring monasteries—who received letters of extortion. He was the only victim who refused to pay up, and this obduracy cost him his life. The principal villain in the case was the prior of the convent, Padre Carmelo, who was a personal friend of Cannada's and had often said Mass in the private chapel of the Cannada house. In 1958, the prior was approaching his eightieth year—a man of exceedingly fragile appearance but possessed of a sort of macabre, skipping vitality. Padre Carmelo was considered the best preacher in the province and was a great quoter in his sermons of the "Divina Commedia," but off duty he habitually expressed himself in the thieves' slang of the Mafia. Cannada had received a succession of letters demanding ten million lire and ordering him to get in touch with the Franciscans, who would tell him how the money was to be paid. In the end, he rang up Padre Carmelo, who came over in a taxi to discuss the matter. The old prior's story was that the monks had been forced by some mysterious organization to act as agents for the collection of the money. He advised Cannada to pay up, did his best to make his friend's flesh creep with an account of the ferocity of the extortioners' characters, and, when Cannada said that he put his trust in God, offended him by a blasphemous outburst. All the old prior's arguments were without avail. Cannada said that nothing would induce him to pay a single cent, and Padre Carmelo went off in a fury. Some days later, a group of masked men called at Cannada's farm, dragged him out, and shot him in his own vineyard. Padre Carmelo officiated at the funeral service and preached movingly on the theme of the transience of human satisfactions, including wealth.

Now it was the turn of Cannada's widow to receive threatening letters, followed by the inevitable visit from Padre Carmelo. Her brother was present at this meeting, at which ten million lire was again demanded, and he made a counter-offer of a hundred thousand lire. This produced the sarcastic suggestion from Padre Carmelo that he keep it to buy cigarettes. However, on behalf of the extortioners, he agreed to drop the asking price to three million. As a friend of the family, Padre Carmelo knew something of the Cannadas'

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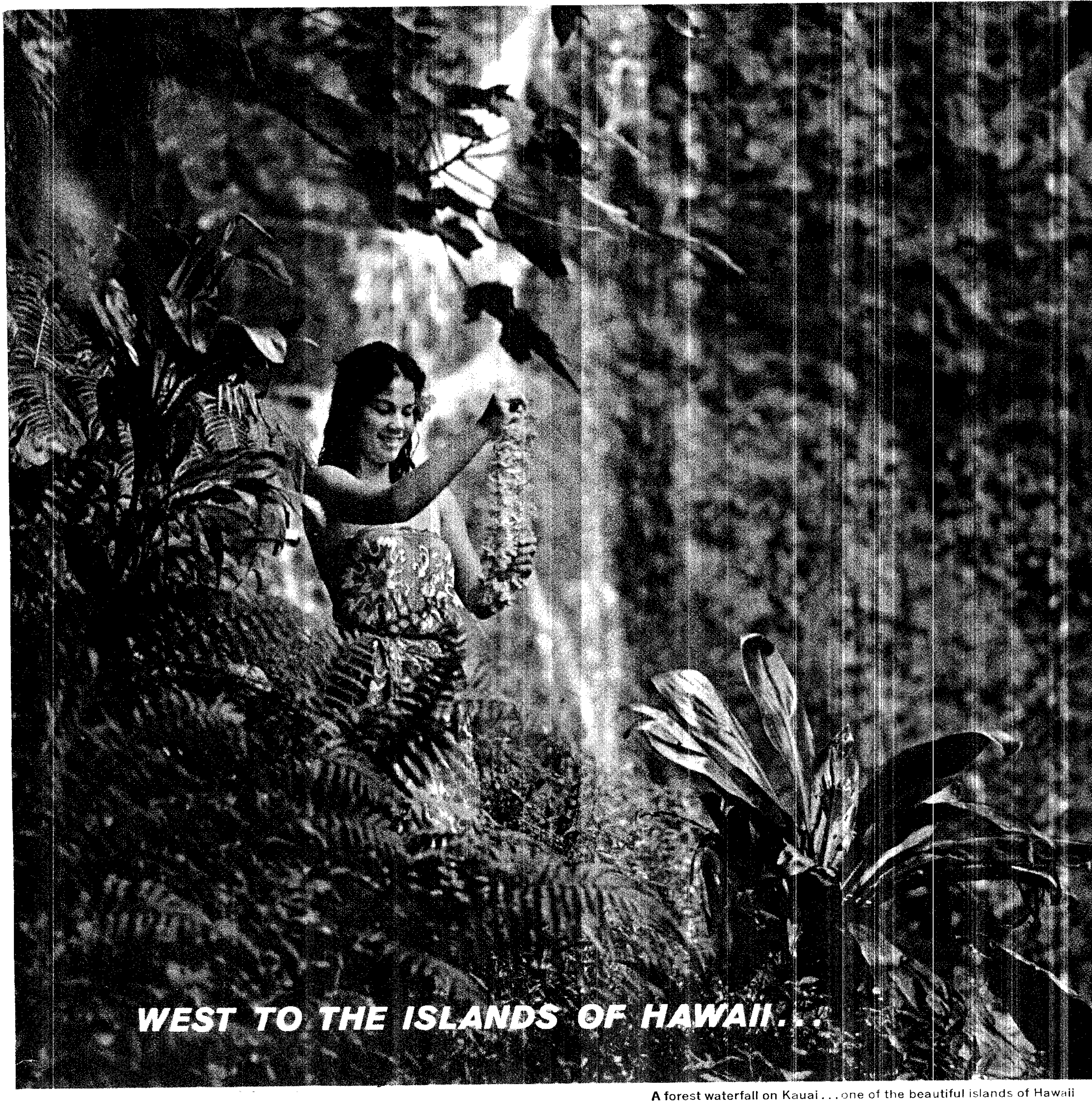
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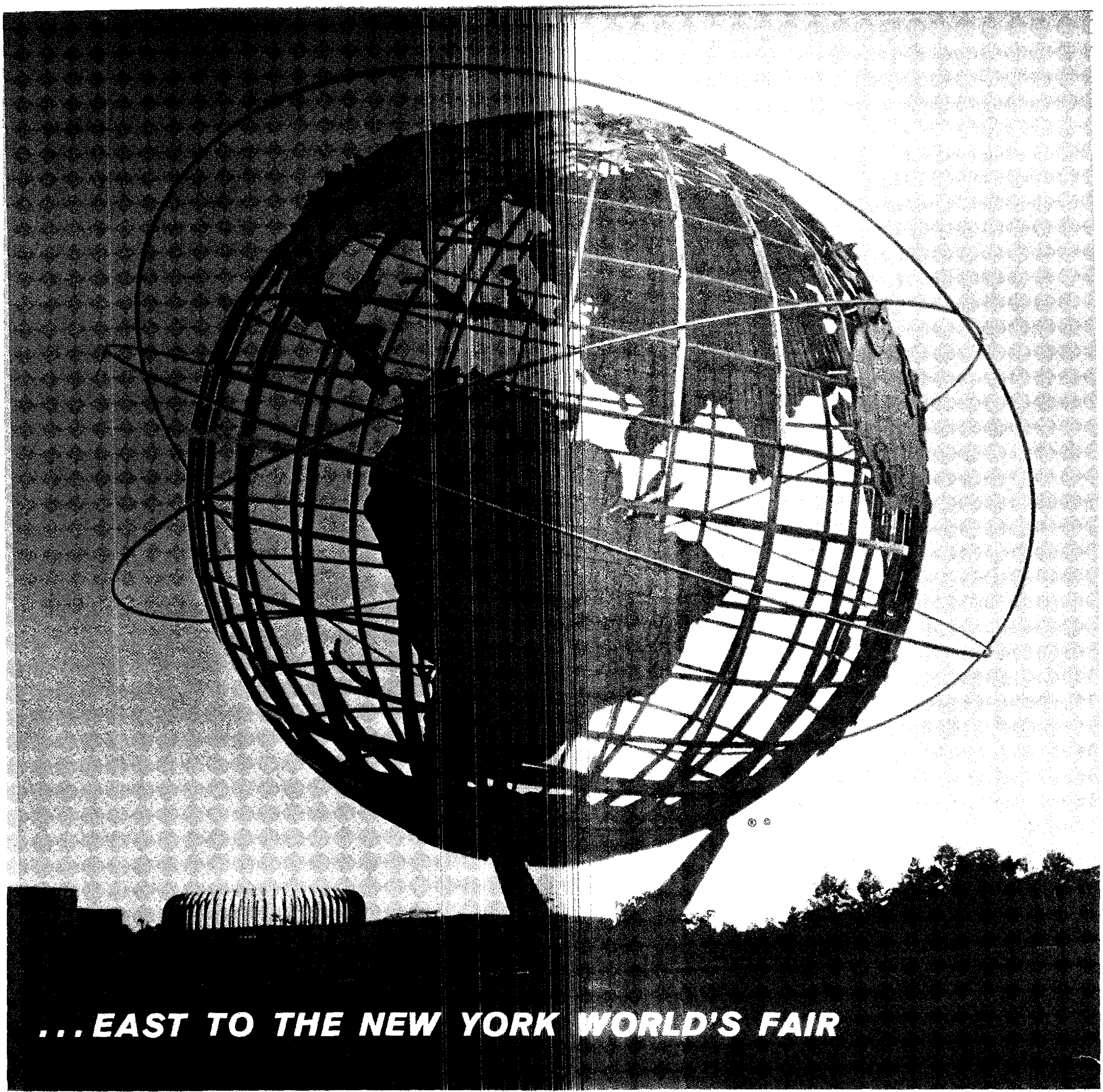

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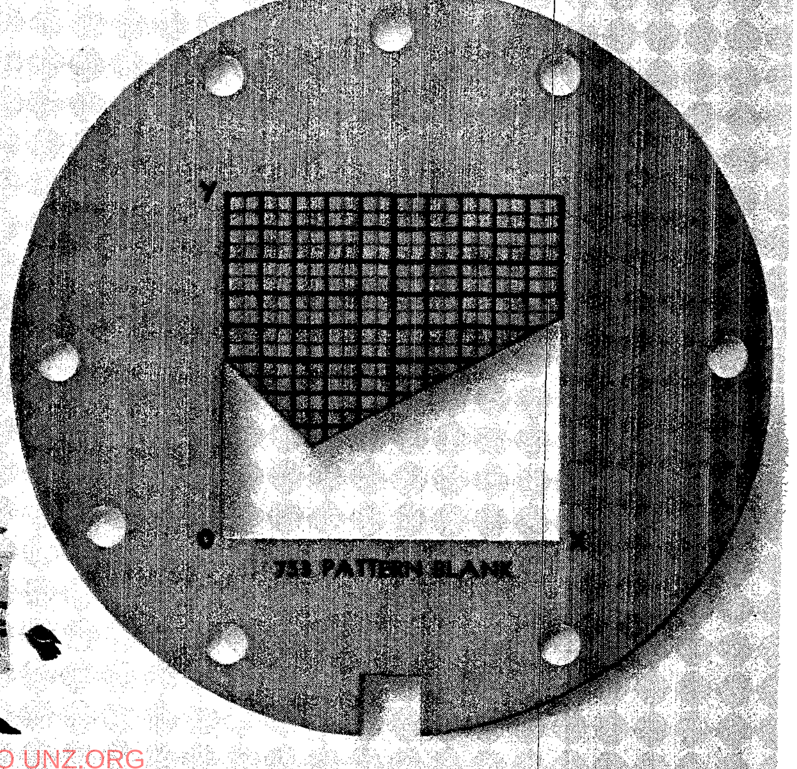

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financial situation, and he suggested to the widow that she sell a piece of her property, which he valued at seven million; if the demand made were not met, he warned her, some tragic fate was likely to overtake her only son. At this point, the terrified woman agreed to hand over a million lire, and Padre Carmelo, who appears to have entered with relish into the mechanics of extortion, told her to make sure that she kept no record of the numbers of the banknotes.

A new police chief, named Di Stefano, had been called in to investigate the killing of Cannada, and he immediately ran up against the usual barrier of silence. Yet, isolated though he was from the population, an occasional rumor reached him of the goings on at the convent, and he was finally induced to investigate the monks' financial background. The result of this inquiry produced some surprises. The Franciscans of Mazzarino ostensibly depended for their revenue on public charity, on the yield of a small orchard, and, Di Stefano learned, on regular but fairly small subscriptions they received from political sources for persuading the citizens of Mazzarino to vote Christian Democrat—which they did, almost to a man. Despite what was in theory a somewhat meagre income, all the monks he was investigating turned out to be lira millionaires, with large sums of money dispersed about the country in bank accounts held in their original lay names.

Anonymous letters now began to reach Di Stefano, and some of these contained fascinating accounts of the nature of monastic life at Mazzarino. Some of the monks carried guns. One in particular, Padre Guglielmo, delighted in blazing away "at the stars" at night with a heavy automatic from the window of his cell. A letter that was probably from a domestic employed in the monastery mentioned a monk who had been expelled after a row with Padre Carmelo and had been seen packing a submachine gun in his luggage before his departure. The fathers were keen businessmen, buying and selling property and lending money at interest. Vows of chastity received scant attention at Mazzarino. For years, Di Stefano discovered, women had been visiting the monastery at night, disguised in Franciscan habits. The monks were interested in pornography, too; a girl working as a servant at a school in Gela was arrested with enough such material in her possession—all furnished by the monks—to constitute an anthology of pornographic literature.

It was two years before Di Stefano could be quite certain that the monks

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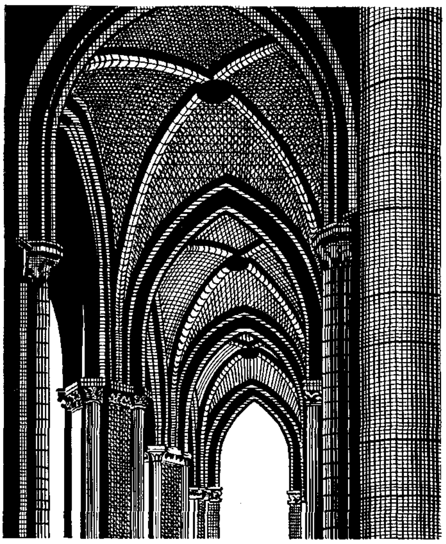

vault

Originally, a vaulted ceiling provided sturdy cover for a room intended for the safekeeping of valuables . . . hence our modern use of the term "vault."

But it's one thing to *guard* your valuable securities, whether under a vault of arching masonry or in a vault of more modern steel . . . and quite another to let them stay there indefinitely, going to waste in false "safety."

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were carrying on an extortion racket, and even then the equal certainty that no witnesses could be persuaded to come forward prevented him from taking action. He knew that it would be fatal to move without overwhelming proof. The situation almost resolved itself when a member of the urban police force was ambushed and shot by three men while prowling in the vicinity of the monastery. The three attackers took to their heels, and one of them, in his panic, dropped his gun. The gun was recognized, and the three men were arrested. They confessed not only to the attack on the policeman but to the murder of Cannada, maintaining, however, that they had acted under the domination of the monks' gardener, Carmine Lo Bartolo. The news of their arrest reached Lo Bartolo before the police arrived, and he disappeared. It has since been proved that the monks managed to conceal him for several weeks, moving him from monastery to monastery, until he could be smuggled away to Genoa, where the police finally picked him up.

Lo Bartolo's arrest caused great excitement in Mazzarino, where his criminal association with the monks had been a matter of common knowledge for years, and sensational revelations were expected. Nothing of the sort came to pass, for Lo Bartolo's mouth was quickly sealed by death. Within hours of his arrival back in Sicily, he was found hanged in his jail cell. Few Sicilians were surprised when an autopsy was refused and Lo Bartolo's brother was denied permission to see the body. Di Stefano, however, now took the bit in his teeth. He searched the monastery and found the typewriter on which, he was able to prove, the letters of extortion had been written. Padre Carmelo and three other fathers were arrested and brought to trial.

At the preliminary hearing, the issue was quite simple. The Franciscans blandly admitted to all charges except complicity in the murder of Cannada, but, like the three laymen already under arrest, claimed to have been the helpless tools of their gardener. A witness cast some doubt on this picture of the monastery's enslavement to an illiterate laborer by recalling a conversation he had had with Padre Carmelo. He had asked the prior how he got on with Lo Bartolo, who seems to have been a Caliban-like creature. Replying in Mafia jargon of quite untranslatable vulgarity, the formidable old man had said something like "He responds well to a good kick in the behind." It was also divulged that among the monks' victims had been the Father Superior of

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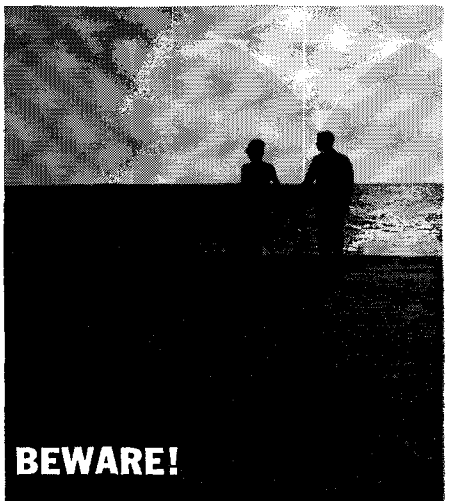

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the Capuchins of Siracusa, who had been despoiled to the tune of six hundred thousand lire—a sum that he was later accused of abstracting from the monastery's funds. Further revelations were that the Franciscans of Mazzarino had habitually employed the confessional box to transmit their threats, and that Padre Carmelo had usually suggested that it would be convenient for payment to be made in church.

In March, 1962, the monks were brought to trial at the Assizes Court in Messina, and for several weeks the courtroom offered a spectacle of entrancement and domination. What staggered the correspondents who attended from the Italian mainland was not so much the near certainty that the monks would slip through the fingers of justice—the journalists had been warned that this was to be expected in such trials held in Sicily—as the servility and obsequiousness of the public's attitude toward them. The atmosphere in court was fevered and ecstatic, and old Padre Carmelo acknowledged the applause that greeted his every appearance by tracing the sign of the Cross with a diaphanous hand. The carabinieri who escorted the fathers into the dock were cordiality itself. Respect for the clergy had seen to it that the monks were relieved of the ignominy of appearing in chains, although this privilege was not extended to the three members of the laity who were on trial at the same time. It had not been considered necessary to suspend Padre Carmelo and his fellow-defendants from the exercise of their sacerdotal functions, and while awaiting trial at the Assizes they had continued to say Mass and hear confessions. The corridors and antechambers of the courthouse at Messina were full of prominent ecclesiastics, who seemed on good terms with the fathers, and whose presence was therefore taken to mean that the Church was expressing its solidarity with the accused men. Francesco Carnelutti, one of Italy's most famous advocates, had announced that he would conduct Padre Carmelo's defense without charge. His every sally in court was greeted with a rumble of sotto-voce approbation, which the judges were unable to suppress, and outside the courtroom members of the public struggled for the privilege of pressing the famous lawyer's hand and thanking him for the generosity of his action. Later, an unnamed witness for the prosecution gave a newspaper some idea of what it felt like to stand up and give evidence against the monks in this atmosphere. He was unnerved by the concentrated hostility of which

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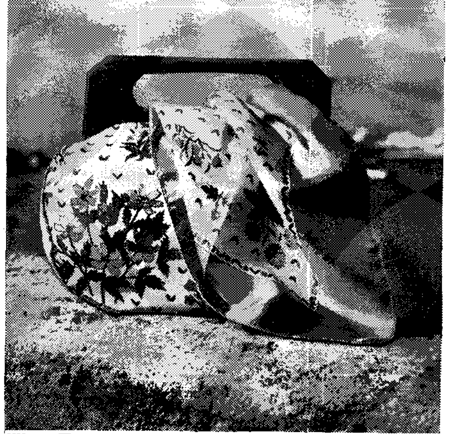

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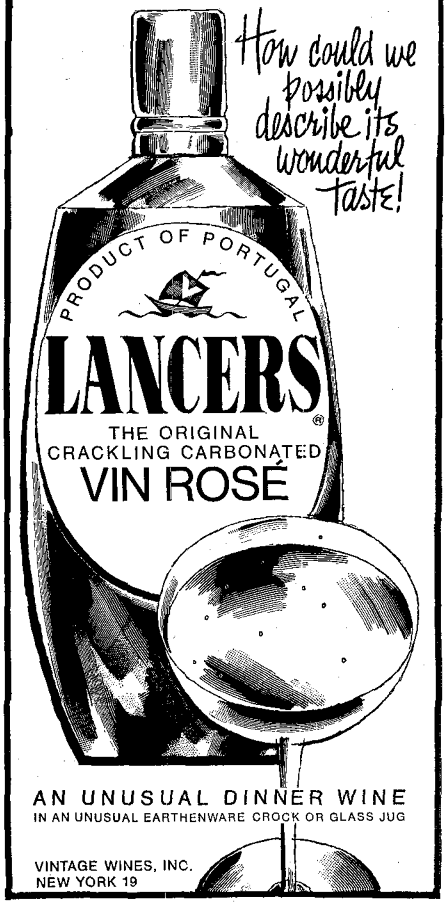

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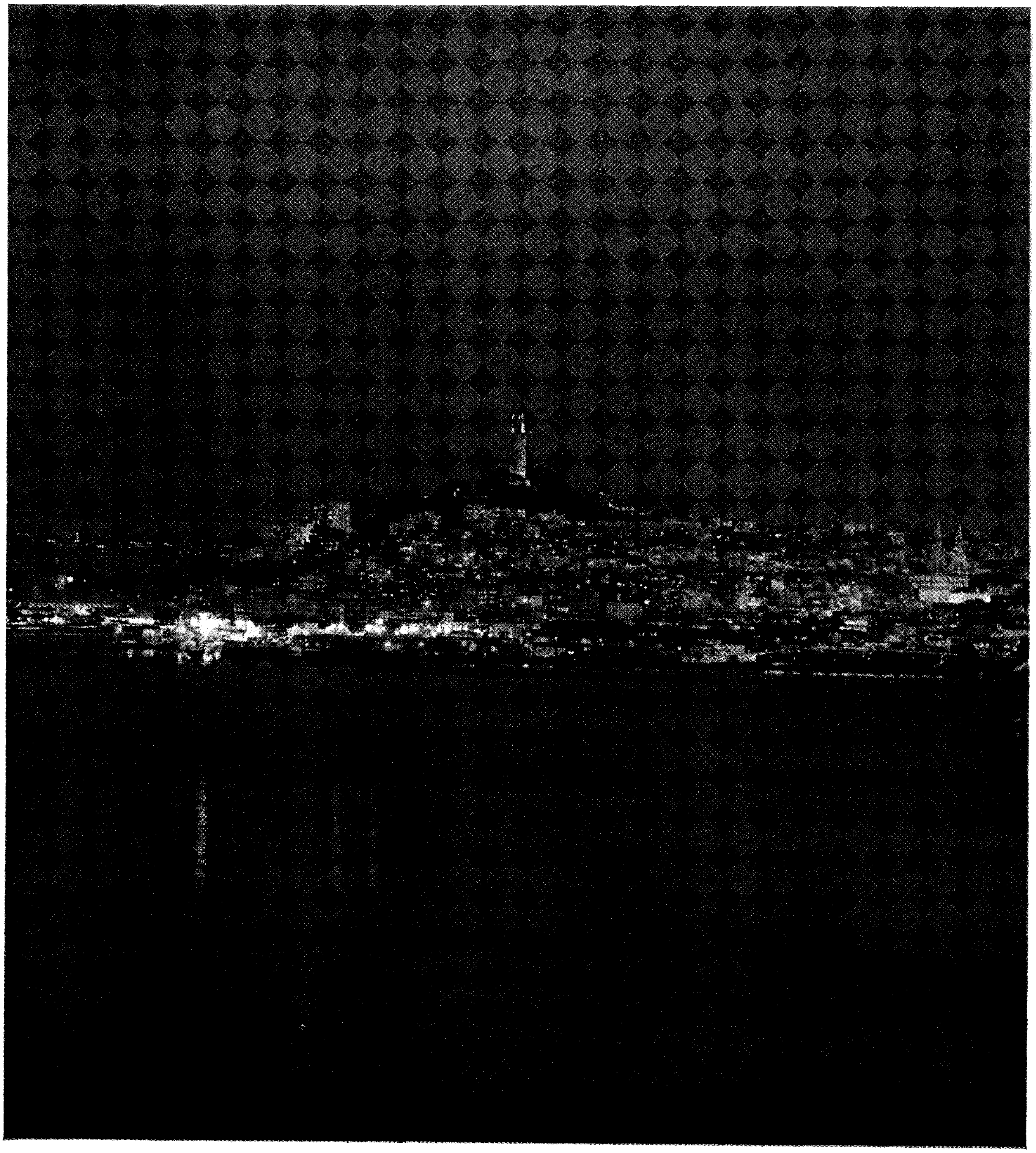

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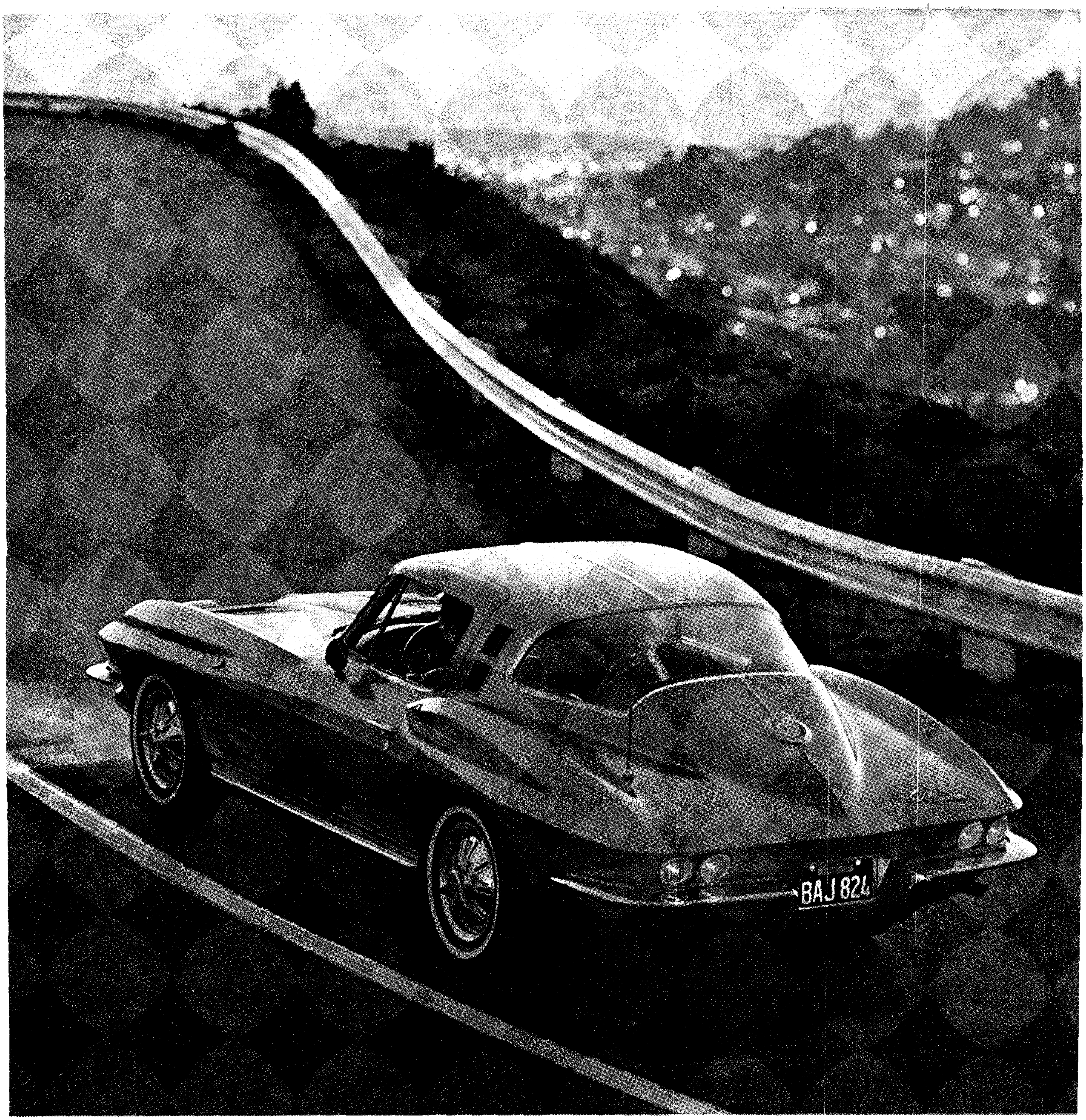

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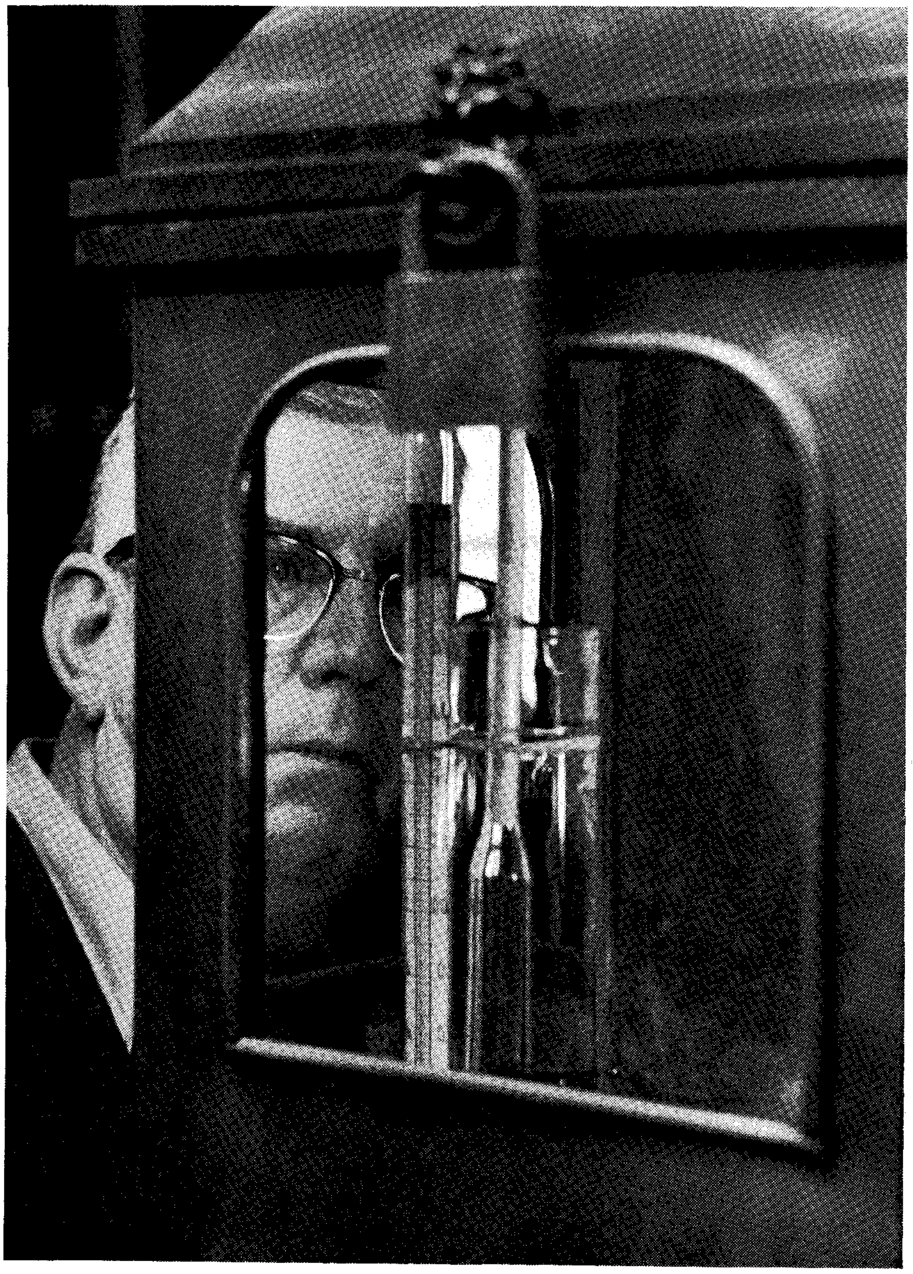
he was the target, and almost began to feel that he was a perjurer. He found that he could not stop trembling while giving evidence and, in the end, was hardly able to produce his words. When he left the court, all backs were turned as he passed. Disapproval was expressed in other ways, too. Another prosecution witness was found half dead, with a hand cut off. When the prosecution suggested that this had been an act of vengeance, counsel for the defense waved the allegation aside and supposed that the man had cut his hand off himself. The court did not seem to find this theory especially surprising.

At an early stage of the trial, the prosecution suffered a severe blow through the refusal of the murdered Cannada's widow and her brother to give evidence—which necessitated their being treated as hostile witnesses. The three men charged directly with Cannada's murder blamed everything on the unfortunate Lo Bartolo and refused to admit that the monks, of whom they spoke with the greatest respect, were in any way involved. By this time, the monks of Mazzarino had been transformed from criminals into victims. There was not a whisper of the orgies at the monastery or of the extorted money spent on debauchery—all of which had been ventilated at the preliminary hearing. The secret bank accounts were forgotten. The monks were found not guilty of complicity in the murder of Cannada, and were acquitted of all charges of extortion on the ground that they had acted under duress. Two of the three lay criminals got thirty years apiece, and the third fourteen years, and when the sentence was read out, there were screams from them of "Assassins!"—directed at whom nobody could be sure. They clearly had been led to expect milder treatment.

THE acquittal of the monks of Mazzarino was, of course, grotesque. What it reflected was the state of mass hypnosis under which the Sicilian mind lay, and the fact that the prosecution was allowed to appeal the verdict—resulting in a new trial last July, at which the fathers were found guilty and sentenced to thirteen years apiece—can be ascribed to an extraordinary new circumstance, which called for an urgent adjustment of the local scene. After years of obstruction by right-wing politicians, the Italian government had appointed a Parliamentary Commission to investigate the Mafia, and this was about to arrive in Sicily to begin its work. The



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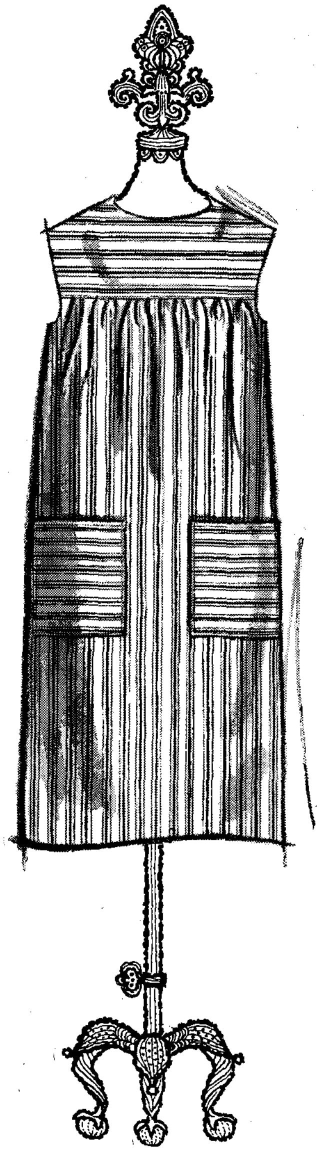

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line consistently taken by the Commission's opponents had been that the Mafia was a myth—a defamatory legend invented by the Italians of the north to show their contempt for the ancient, mellow, but little-understood civilization of the country's deep south. It was considered advisable, therefore, for family scandals like that of the monks to be cleaned up as quickly and quietly as possible. Consequently, with the Commission's appearance imminent, a remarkable peace fell upon Sicily. For weeks and months on end, almost every case of a life's being cut short by the brusque double blast from the *lupara* proved on investigation to have had a respectable motivation in some story of love betrayed. In Palermo, a winter of tranquil nights came and went. An embarrassing discovery was made of a whole collection of skeletons in a disused well near Marsala, but the local doctors who examined them soon agreed that they belonged to the victims of a hardly remembered cholera epidemic. The fact that there were holes in every skull was passed over as the result of accidental post-mortem damage.

Then, suddenly, the almost wistful serenity of Palermo was disrupted by an assassination so elaborately and expensively prepared as to be quite evidently an act of war between men or factions of exceptional power. The dead man, Cesare Manzella, was a *capo-mafia* of a rather special kind. He had spent thirty years as an organizer of gambling houses in Chicago, and his weakness was children. He found it difficult to pass a child on the street without stopping to pop a sweet into its mouth, and he had devoted a high proportion of the wealth he had gained in recent years to the building of an orphanage. It was in acknowledgment of his many benefactions that he had been almost unanimously elected president of the Catholic Action in Cinisi, the small town near Palermo where he had established himself. In his activities in the Honored Society, however, Manzella had shown himself a disciplinarian. Following the mysterious death of Lucky Luciano in a café at the Naples airport, he is presumed to have taken over the direction of the narcotics traffic in Sicily, and the holder of such an office was served by a spirited following that could be kept in control only by a man with a gift for dictatorial methods.

One evening in April, 1963, Manzella, returning home with a henchman, found it impossible to drive his car into the courtyard of his villa, because another car—a brand-new Alfa Romeo—

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had been parked just inside his ornamental wrought-iron gates. Manzella and his man went to investigate, opened the door of the Alfa Romeo, and were met by an explosion of the kind produced in the last war by a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound bomb. Of Manzella, all that was discovered was his wide-brimmed, cowboy-style hat and a single shoe, and these, along with a dummy dressed in one of his suits, in due course were placed in the sumptuous coffin that was subscribed for by his friends and enemies. Nothing at all of significance was found of his companion.

The details of the interlocking histories that led to Manzella's death were unravelled by the police after they had found a satchel containing his papers in the branches of a tree some twenty yards from the explosion. From these documents, and from the further investigations that they inspired, the police learned that, with the threat of the anti-Mafia Commission looming ahead, the Honored Society had laid its plans in an intelligent manner. A general council had been called, and it had immediately ordered a truce covering all dissensions among the various Mafia families. A standing committee was created to which all disputes were to be submitted for arbitration, and crimes of violence were forbidden. For the organization of its resistance, what the Mafia wanted above all was a long interim of peace and no publicity. But this, it turned out, had been denied by an unhappy incident alluded to in the dead Manzella's papers. The chain reaction of preposterous violence that in the end was to nullify all the forethought and planning of the Mafia grand council was provoked by a misunderstanding resulting from the purchase and resale of a valuable parcel of heroin. This had been acquired by the Manzella organization from its normal suppliers in the Middle East, but a difficulty had arisen over its delivery. In the past, the heroin had been shipped to Sicily by a well-known and highly thought-of specialist, known as Richard, who was ordinarily quite prepared to bring his yacht to within a mile or two of the port of Palermo for the transfer of the heroin to one of the Mafia's fishing boats. This time, Richard had an objection. It seemed that somebody in authority had balked at the blatancy of these deliveries of contraband, and in the future, Richard said, the meeting place would have to be at some point at sea off the south coast of the island. A suitable contact man had to be found for this operation, and Manzella had put forward the name of Calcedonio Di Pisa to the syndi-

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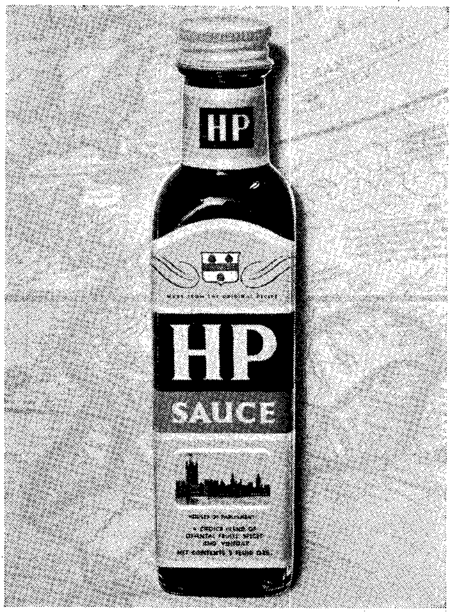

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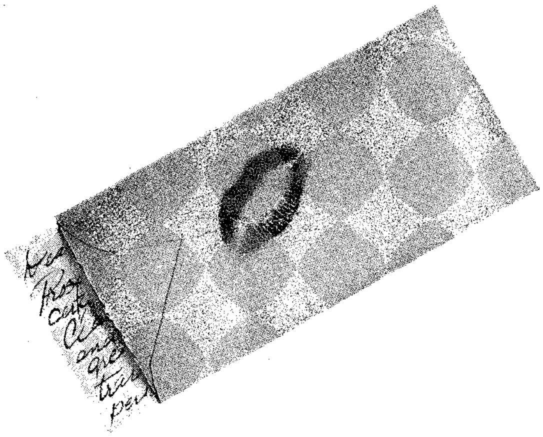

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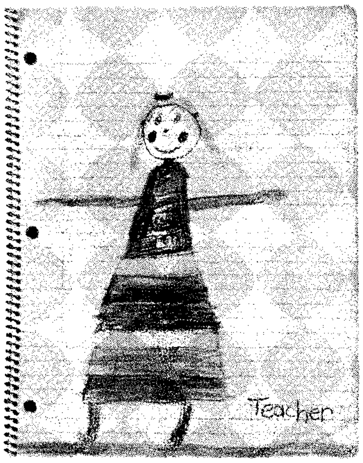

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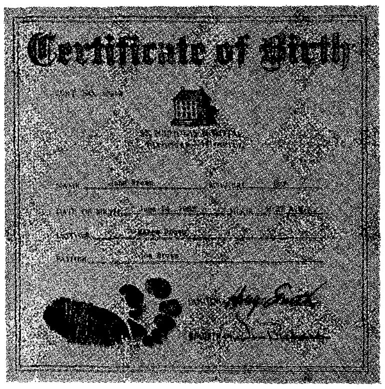

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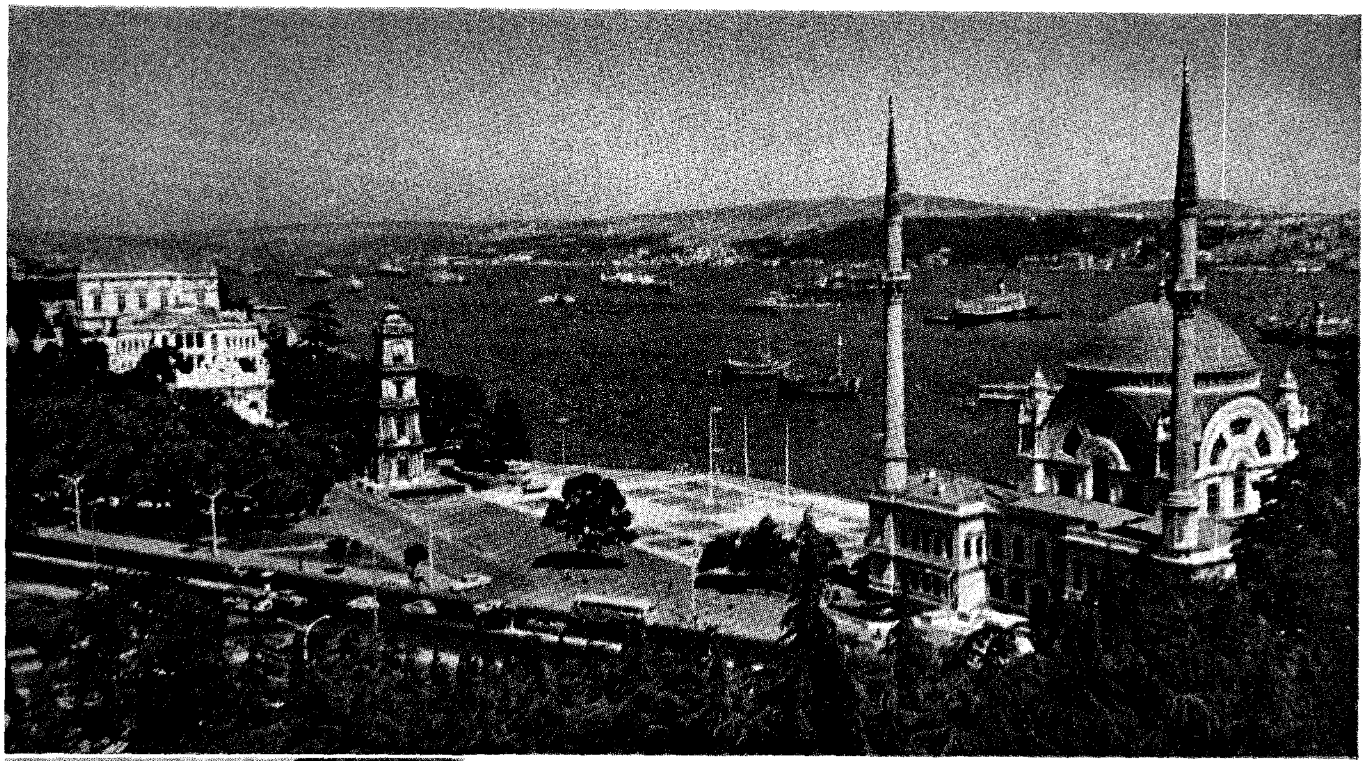

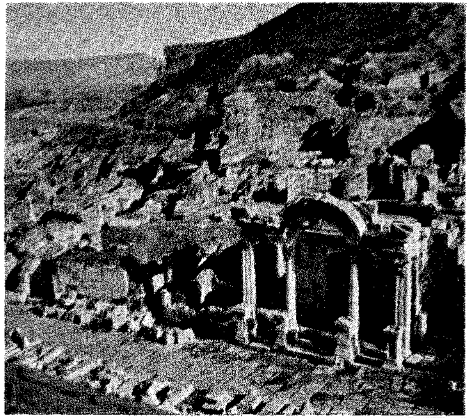

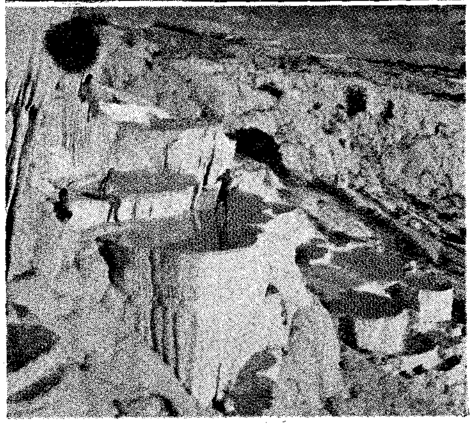

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cate. Di Pisa was a garish young freebooter, habitually shirted in puce silk and wearing a coat of the palest camel's hair—in appearance, a kind of latter-day George Raft. He drove a butter-colored, gadget-festooned Alfa Romeo, and his dandified presence was anathema to the *mafiosi* of the old school, whose minds had not been broadened by travel. Di Pisa was a contrabandist by profession, but he had recently moved into the even more flourishing real-estate racket, thereby making a number of enemies. He was given the job of meeting Richard, went down to Agrigento, hired a boat, and, a few hours later, reported back to his employers at Palermo with the heroin. This was presently handed over to a member of the crew of a transatlantic vessel, who smuggled it safely into the United States through New York. Shortly afterward, the Mafia syndicate in Palermo received its payment, but the sum remitted was far below the amount that had been agreed upon. Manzella quickly put through a transatlantic call to his friends, and was told that a short-weight package had been delivered. Both parties agreed there and then to investigate at their own ends. In New York, the member of the ship's crew was kidnapped, succeeded in convincing his interrogators of his innocence, and was released. Manzella and his confederates believed Richard to be above suspicion, so Di Pisa, as the only other man who had handled the parcel, was picked up and tried before a Mafia court. In finding Di Pisa not guilty, this tribunal may have been influenced by the recent decision of the grand council; certainly it realized that a death sentence imposed at this delicate moment might jeopardize the general truce. The verdict exculpating Di Pisa, however, was bitterly contested by two members of the court—the brothers La Barbera, who were leaders of a powerful minority faction of the new Mafia. Their reluctance—and, as it subsequently turned out, their refusal—to accept the ruling of the majority precipitated the struggle between the divergent Mafia factions, a struggle that was already on the verge of becoming, truce or no truce, a war to the knife.

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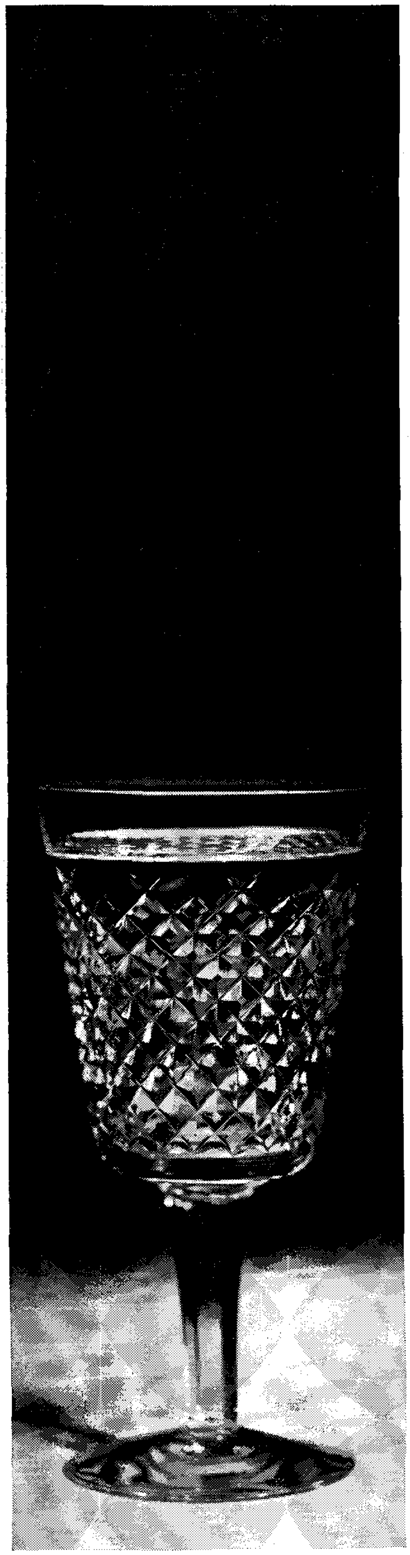
wine press. At the same time, they were craftsmen of death, killing with the forethought and intellectual concentration of chess players, in observance of the Machiavellian principle of never allowing an enemy to live—to which they added a corollary of their own, calling for the extermination even of friends of enemies. They lived in the select suburb of Palermo known as Rose Garden City, which was populated by the cream of bourgeois society, and they were much respected by the high-court judges, the medical consultants, and the titled landowners who were their neighbors. Di Pisa was shot down by the La Barberas' killers. It is unlikely that the missing heroin was his undoing, although it provided the excuse; by the La Barberas' severe standards Di Pisa was a brash and noisy fellow, lacking in proper respect. He had tried to force his way into the building racket—the preserve of the highest level of the Mafia hierarchy—"*prima di aversi fatte le ossa;*" that is, "before making his bones." (Angelo La Barbera had made his bones at the age of twenty-five, in a bloody episode straight out of the Pentateuch, killing the famous *capo-mafia* who had been his protector.) Di Pisa, upon getting out of his car one afternoon in a main square of Camporeale and making for a tobacco kiosk, found himself suddenly in the company of two silent strangers. He made no attempt to escape.

In this assassination, the ukase of the Mafia court had been ignored and the truce broken. This was the moment, if ever, when the cool counsels and the statesmanship of Don Calò Vizzini were called for, to avert the threat of anarchy and civil war, but Don Calò was no longer there. Salvatore La Barbera simply vanished, and only the charred remains of his car were found. Angelo left Sicily and got as far as Milan; there he was ambushed—ineffectively, since he survived, although he was severely wounded. The remnants of the La Barbera faction, in their turn, held Manzella, the sponsor of Di Pisa, responsible for ordering the elimination of the two irksome brothers. For this he was called to account in his courtyard on that April evening.

Now the war was on in earnest, and it was fought on two levels: the ideological conflict of the ancient blood feud and the pragmatic battle for the material rewards inherent in the chieftainship of Palermo Central. The manner of Manzella's death had set a new fashion in assassinations, and within a few weeks several more Alfa Romeos exploded, with murderous results, in Pa-



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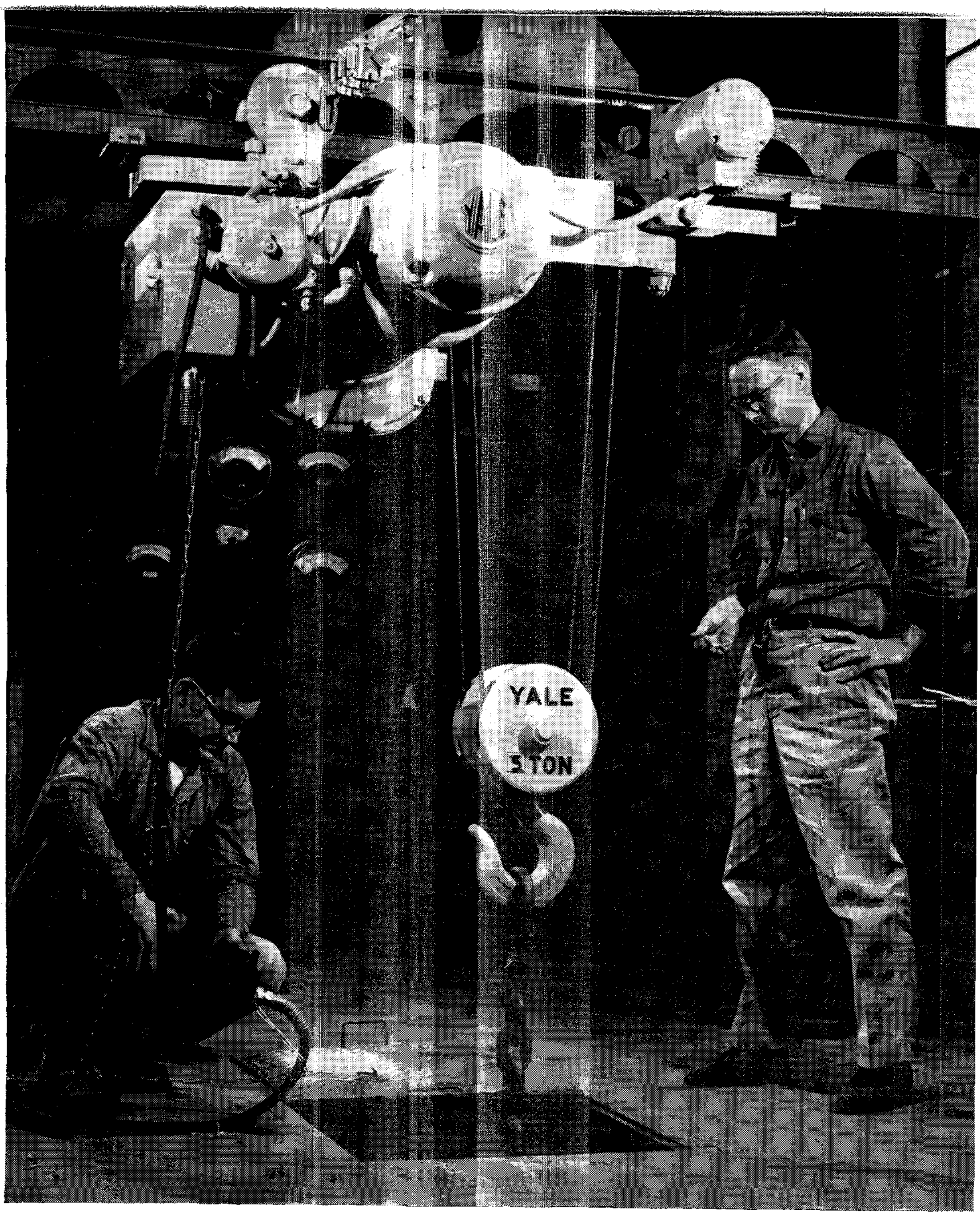

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lermo and its suburbs. This particular make of car—sleek, speedy, and outstandingly manageable in a getaway dash through traffic—has always been the favorite of the *mafioso* owner-driver, and it possesses an additional advantage where death by dynamite is planned. The car's battery is in the trunk, which much facilitates the concealing and wiring of a dynamite charge. It was not long before the mere report that an Alfa Romeo had been left unattended for a suspiciously long time was enough to panic the police into cordoning off the street and evacuating nearby buildings. The old Mafia could *not* afford this expensive modern version of the assassin's dagger, but retaliated in the traditional manner, and with considerable success. Quietly and economically, the friends and relatives of the brothers La Barbera began to disappear. Among them was the supposedly invulnerable Don Mommo Grasso, *capo-mafia* of Misilmeri. For many years, Don Mommo had played the part of Our Lord in the annual Maundy Thursday mystery play performed in his town, but even this was insufficient to outweigh a fatal relationship with the La Barberas, and not only he but his son vanished, to be seen no more.

It now began to seem to some observers that the Honored Society was fast sliding into a phase of self-destruction, and the impression was strengthened by the wild savageries perpetrated at the end of June. On the morning of the twenty-ninth, two bakers on their way to work in the small town of Villabate, near Palermo, noticed smoke coming from an Alfa Romeo parked outside a garage. Incredibly, they did not run for their lives, as they probably would have done if they had known that the garage belonged to the Di Peri family—a notorious dynasty of *mafiosi*. While one of the bakers moved on a few paces, the other went to find the watchman in charge of the garage, and was just returning with him when the car exploded, blowing them both to pieces. The second baker was crippled, probably for life. The next day, with the police department in a state of rising hysteria, a telephone call was taken from the town of Ciaculli—also a few miles from Palermo—reporting a dubious-looking Alfa Romeo abandoned in a lane. When a squad of policemen and Army engineers reached Ciaculli, they were relieved to find that this was not an occasion when they would be expected to risk their lives exploring the intricate wiring of an explosive charge. For once, the bomb—a primitive affair with a

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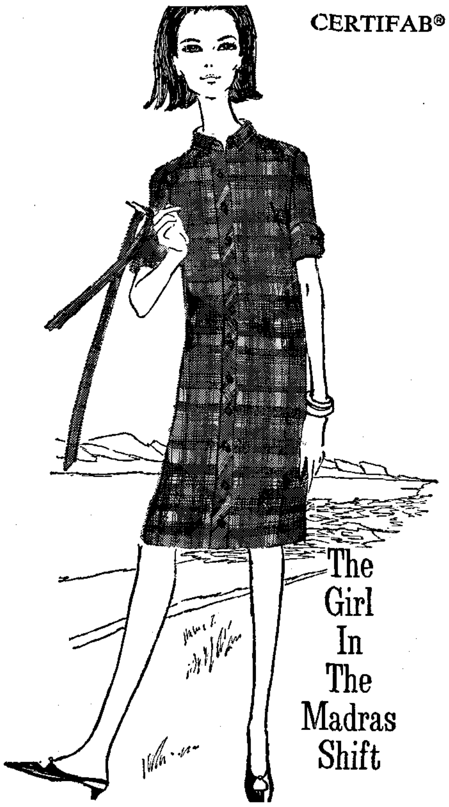
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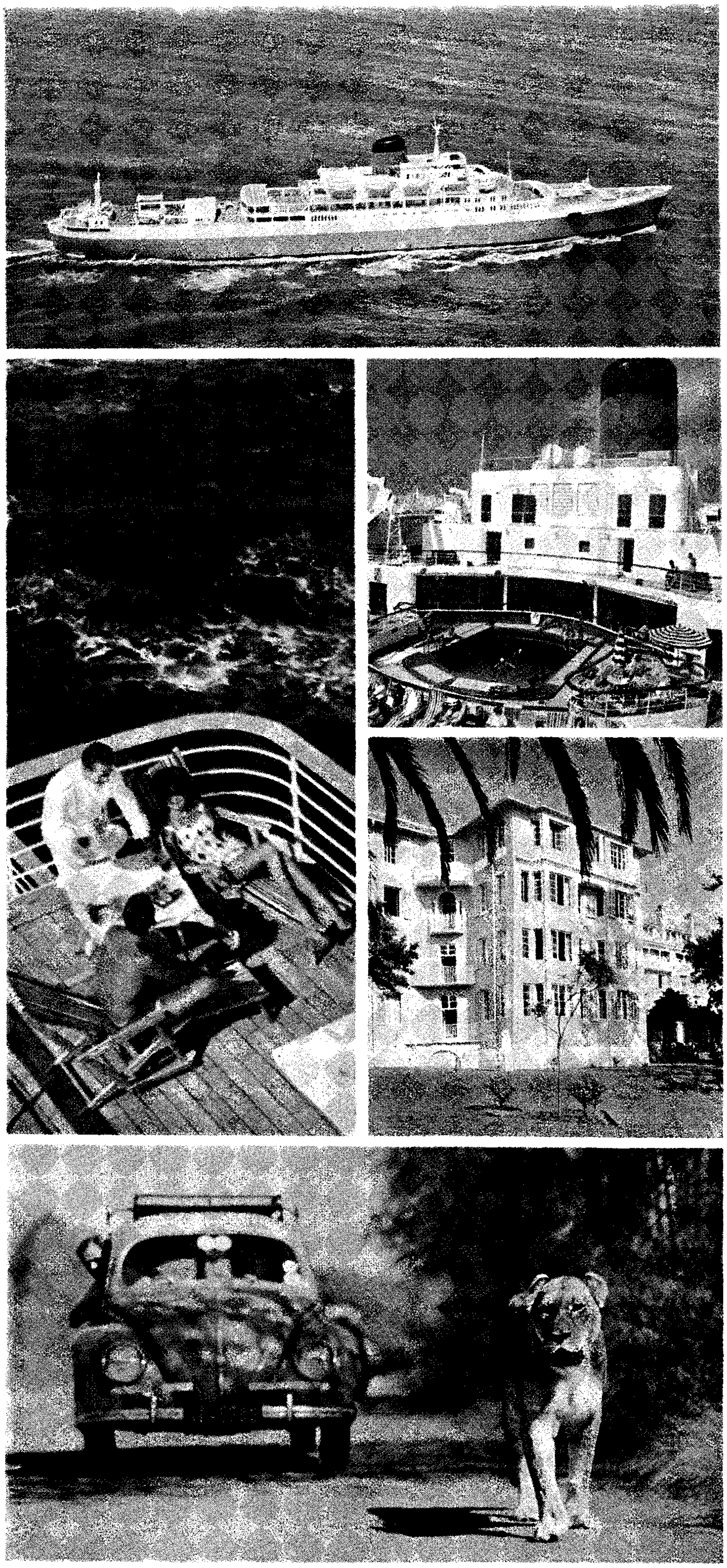

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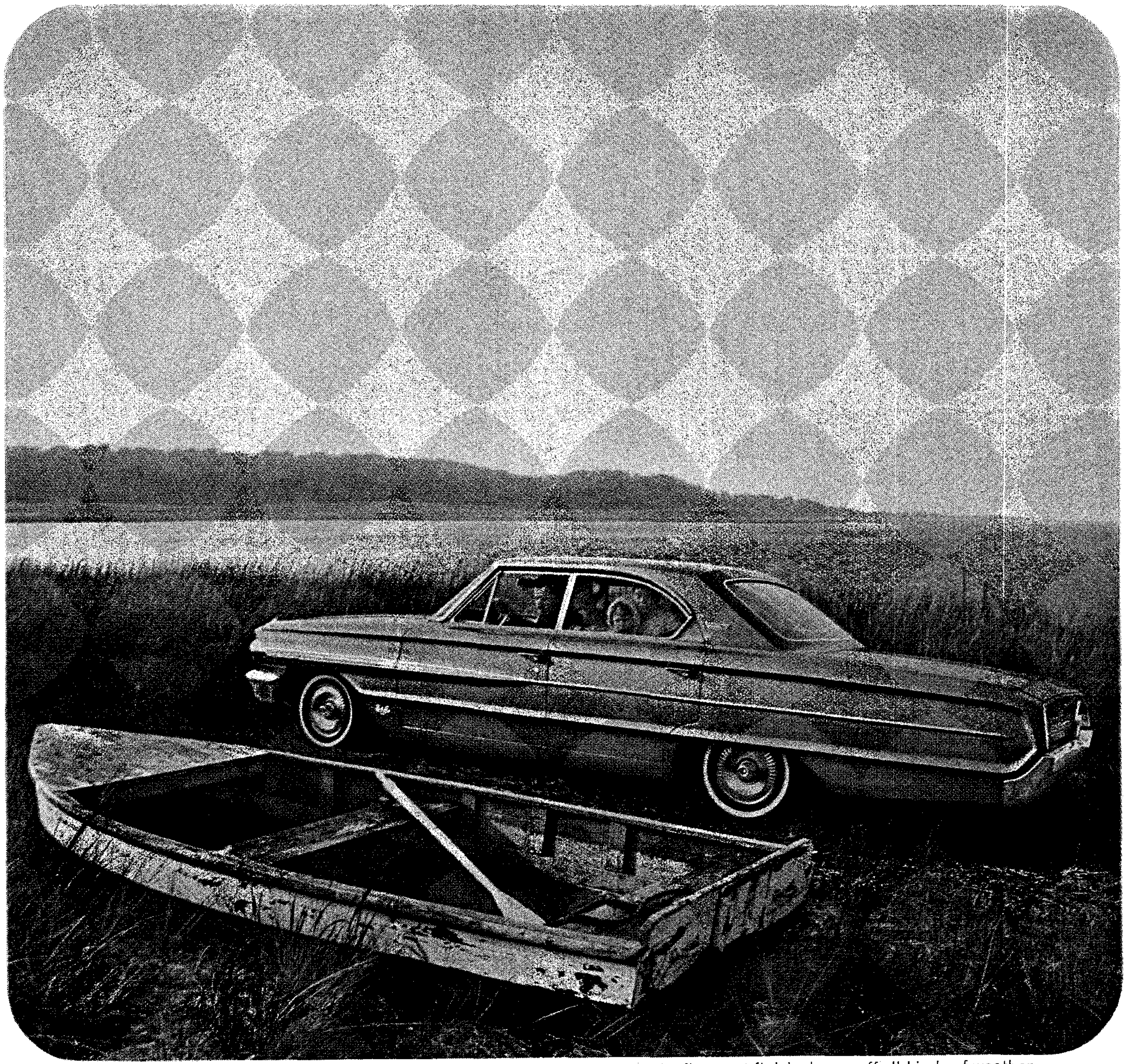

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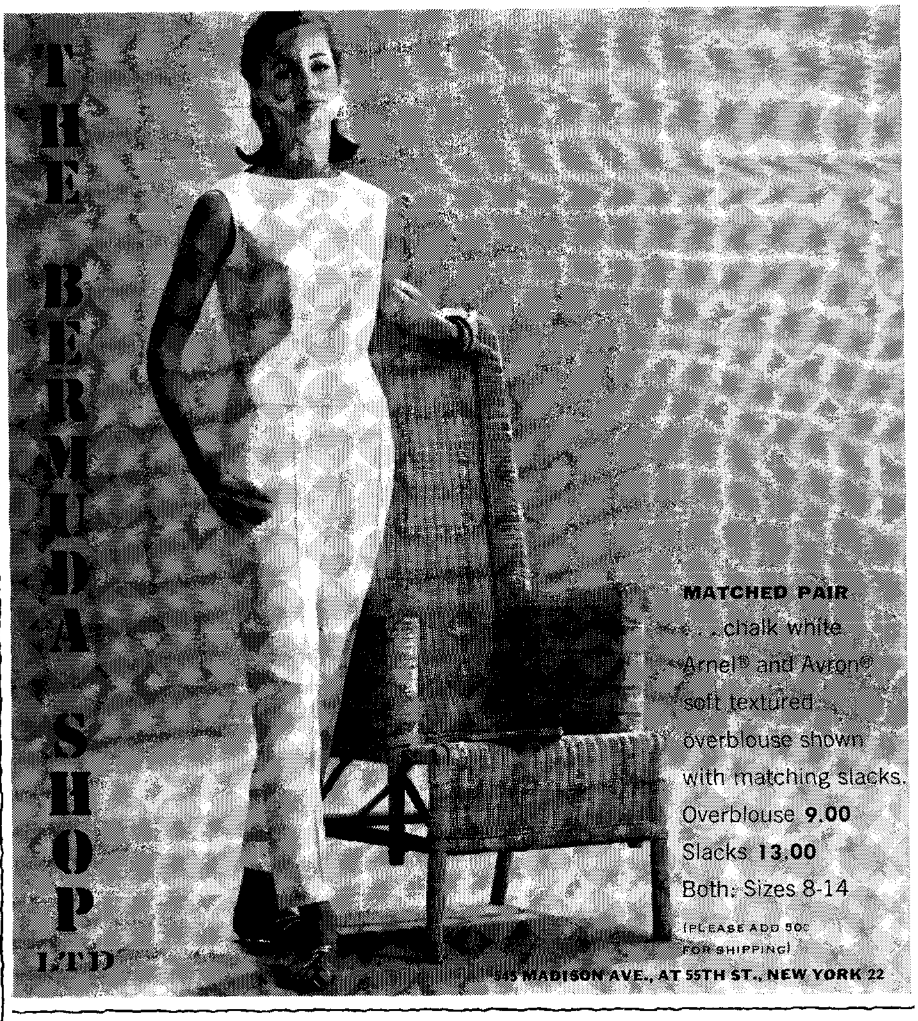
fuse—had been left on the car's back seat; the fuse had been lighted and had gone out. One of the rear tires was flat, and that, quite clearly, was why the car had been abandoned. Having removed the bomb from the back seat, somebody then opened the trunk, and the real charge exploded. The bomb on the seat had been only a decoy. All seven soldiers and policemen were killed. Thus did the Mafia play into the hands of the Parliamentary Commission, and the wave of arrests that thereupon began has continued to the present; indeed, the man suspected of setting the Alfa Romeo booby trap at Ciaculli—Pietro Torretta, the head of the Palermo Mafia—was arrested only last week.

But no amount of efficient police work, it seems, will ever illuminate the dark side of the Sicilian character from which the Mafia draws its power—the area of fear, resignation, and stark vengeance. A case in point is the trial of thirty *mafiosi* of the village of Tommaso Natale, which is still going on. This trial was to be the proving ground of the bright new millennium ushered in by the Parliamentary Commission. When it opened, last summer, the case it dealt with had become one of the most widely publicized and closely followed of the century. Much of its fame, which had spread beyond the confines of Sicily, was due to the circumstance that a woman, Rosa Messina, who had lost her husband and two of her sons in Mafia killings, had dared to break with the tradition of silence and had told the magistrates all she knew. The murders stemmed from a vendetta, but it was a vendetta with a difference, because *mafiosi* were involved on both sides, and in going to the police Rosa Messina had broken the most binding of the unwritten laws governing this primitive society. Her courage had been acclaimed in the press of the world, and she had been photographed over and over again in her widow's weeds, her face ravaged by grief. And, what was more to the purpose, thirty *mafiosi*, charged with a total of nine murders, were in the dock as the result of her denunciations. Rosa Messina had become a symbol—a heroine who had allied herself with a renascent and invigorated justice, which now confronted the enfeebled Mafia.

Tommaso Natale is a mountain village only fifteen minutes by bus from Palermo, and its inhabitants are the inheritors of a parsimonious land that supports a few olive trees and a scraggy miscellany of animals. In primitive places like this, where water and pasture



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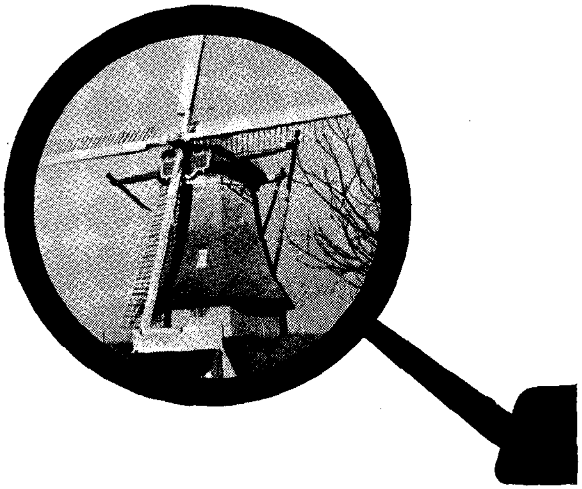

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To a tee.

Every now and then, BUSINESS WEEK analyzes its subscribers right down to a tee—from the size of their companies to their golf scores. The result is a profile of the American management man, circa 1963.

Among the mean averages we got this year, one of the meanest concerns the executives' work week. It turns out that the poor guys work 51 hours a week. 25% of them work 56-65 hours a week, and 8% work even longer. Considering all the time they spend at the grindstone, it's astonishing how good their golf games are. 4% shoot in the 70's, 21% in the 80's, 40% in the 90's. Only 35% admit to not breaking 100.

Of course, BUSINESS WEEK advertisers are more interested in facts about our subscribers' incomes (average: $22,010), investments (84% own common stocks), and so forth. Those rather astonishing figures, too, are in our new "Executive Profile" study. But in the BUSINESS WEEK office these days, we're still buzzing about the management man who reported a low score of 63. We'd like to talk to him about our slice.

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and fertile earth are precious, strong families arise and establish some sort of squatter's rights to the use of a well or to the pasturing of sheep on a mountainside. Since the central authority is able to impose little restraint, they frequently punish infringement of their rights with death, so the blood feud winds like a scarlet thread through the brief moment of their history. There are a hundred places on the edges of the deserts of Africa and Asia where a comparable situation exists. The *mafiosi* of Tommaso Natale are Bedouins in double-breasted suits and gaudy pullovers, with nomad faces and eyes still screwed up from searching the depths of hallucinatory landscapes for their straying beasts. Francesco Riccobono was the head of one of the strong families of Tommaso Natale, and he used his official position as forest guard to keep his neighbors' sheep off the best grazing sites in the mountains. He was a village Esau—a huge, hairy fellow with a knack of improvising boisterous and bawdy verse, with which he lampooned his enemies. One day, he was found with half his head blown away. His wife, Rosa Messina, went to the police, who listened and did nothing, so his son Natale decided to take the law into his own hands, shouldered his *lupara*, and departed to hunt down the men responsible for his father's death. Several members of the rival Cracolici family were slaughtered by Natale before the police captured him and locked him safely away. Now it was the turn of the surviving Cracolicis to counterattack, and Natale's younger brother disappeared; a month later his decomposed body was found in a crevice. In the bookkeeping of the vendetta, though, accounts still failed to balance, and the Cracolici faction, in its determination to see to it that they did, ran up against a minor difficulty. Four of the Cracolici clan and their allies had been killed, and there was a shortage of male Riccobonos within reach of the *lupara* or the submachine gun. A further adjustment in the score was made by the murder of Pietro Messina, a close relative of Rosa Messina's, but this still left a debit balance of one life on the Cracolici side. It was therefore decided that, in the absence of any accessible adult male, thirteen-year-old Paolino, the youngest son of the Riccobono family, should be dispatched to even the account. Pitilessness apart, only patience was required to accomplish this, and the next time Paolino slipped away from his house, he was followed and riddled by a submachine gun, just out of sight of the village. Three men took

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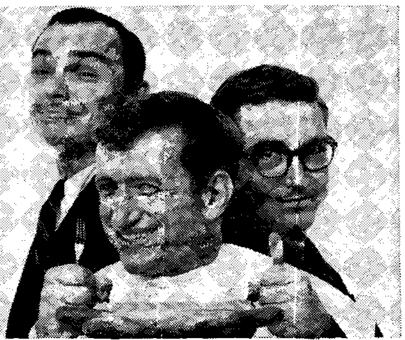

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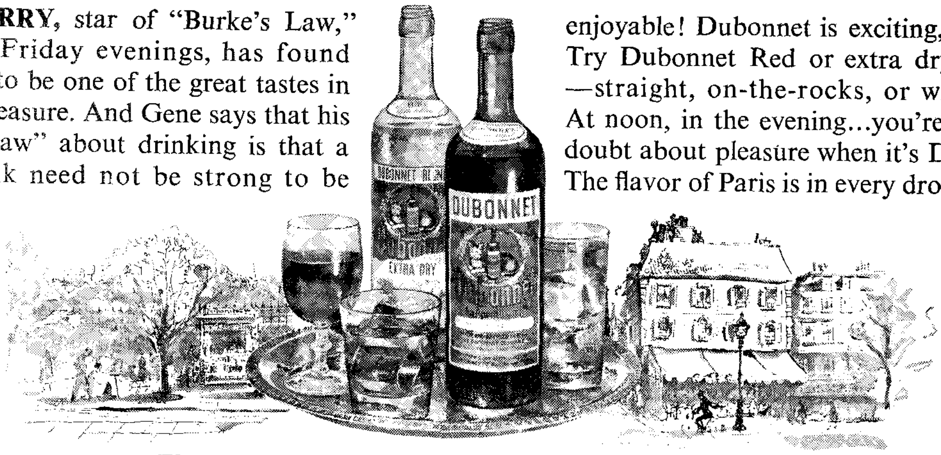

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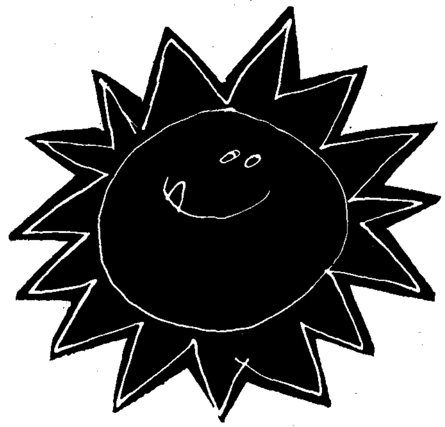

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part in the assassination. On their way home, the execution squad caught sight of a youth who they feared might have heard the shooting and seen and recognized them; he was chased with wild bursts of machine-gun fire until, staggering and bleeding from his wounds, he reached the haven of his home.

It was the death of her youngest boy that drove Rosa Messina to do what she did. She again went to the police, and to them—and afterward to the examining magistrate—she gave the voluminous, detailed, and largely verifiable evidence that led to the arrest of the thirty *mafiosi.* She was supported by Anna Galletti, the widow of Pietro Messina, whose evidence was even more damaging to the Mafia's cause. Anna Galletti was a native of the central Italian town of Perugia, and was therefore less susceptible to the intimidating climate of a Sicilian village. Both women spoke as freely to the newspapermen as they did to the police, and it seemed to those who saw them that they wore their immense sorrow like armor, which not even the deadly hostility of the Mafia could penetrate.

On September 19th, at the Assizes Court of Palermo, Rosa Messina was called to give evidence against the men she had accused of the murder of her husband and her two sons. It was a moment of supreme dramatic suspense, since this was expected to be one of the few cases in history when a witness in a Mafia trial would not retract the evidence given in hot blood. The usher called Rosa Messina's name again and again, but there was silence, followed by a babble of excitement. The accuser did not appear. A few hours later, a reporter tracked her down in Tommaso Natale, where, through a door opened only a few inches, she told him that even if the carabinieri came for her she would refuse to testify in court. Anna Galletti, the woman of Perugia, did appear, however. Entering the witness box, she said, in a loud, clear voice that rose almost to a shriek, "I live alone at Tommaso Natale. I *have* four children. Therefore I know nothing about anything." The next week was spent in hearing fifty witnesses for the defense, who were unanimous in describing the thirty *mafiosi*—chained together in the dock but now relaxed and smiling—as "decent workingmen who never gave anybody any trouble."

WRITING about the Sicilian peasants in his book "Waste," Danilo Dolci remarks, "There is God in these people, like the fire beneath the ashes." At this moment, however, the flame

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seems a long way from breaking through. Preyed upon by the feudal landlords and the Mafia in malefic conjunction, the peasants are close to broken. Economically, their position is hopeless. Although a law was passed that in theory demolished the great estates, since it permitted no single proprietor to retain more than five hundred acres, its application has proceeded at a snail's pace, and with endless confusion. For example, it was *only* in September of last year—fifteen years after the law's passage—that the peasants of the Brontë estate, given to Nelson and his descendants by the King of Naples, received their first allotment of land. In consequence, and not surprisingly, emigration has come to seem the only escape—to northern Italy, to West Germany, to anywhere off this oppressed island. Once the movement was under way, there was an almost neurotic abandonment of the land. Between 1951 and 1961, four hundred thousand Sicilians—more than ten per cent of the population—left Sicily for good. The majority of these were men of working age, and in large areas only old people, women, and children were left behind. In the province of Messina, women and children now make up eighty-five per cent of the population. For the first time since their creation a thousand years ago, some of the feudal estates—which still constitute twenty per cent of the cultivable surface of Sicily—were without labor. Thus, a peculiar paradox seems to be emerging. It may well be that the Sicilian peasant, oppressed for hundreds of years and generations, will ultimately defeat the conspiracy of the landlords and the Mafia simply by his absence.

—NORMAN LEWIS

(*This is the last of a series of articles on the Mafia.*)

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MT. ZION

By

MAMIE MECHEM

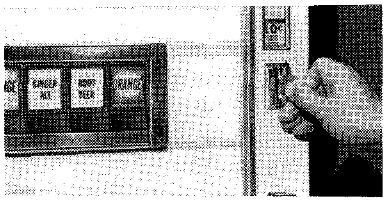
MT. ZION—Mamie Mechem attended the Farm Bureau Women's Co-op dinner at the Rev. Carpenter home in Keosauqua Friday, Jan. 17. The Van Buren Township organized with chairman, Mamie Mechem; vice-chairman, Mrs. Nela Gilbert; treasurer, Mrs. Willa Beatty; publicity, Mrs. Verna Teal.

Mrs. Cecil Harryman and Mamie Mechem attended the International Bible Study Friday night, Jan. 17, at the Mahan home in Birmingham.

Mamie Mechem was in Fairfield Saturday, Jan. 18.—*Keosauqua (Iowa) Van Buren County Register.*

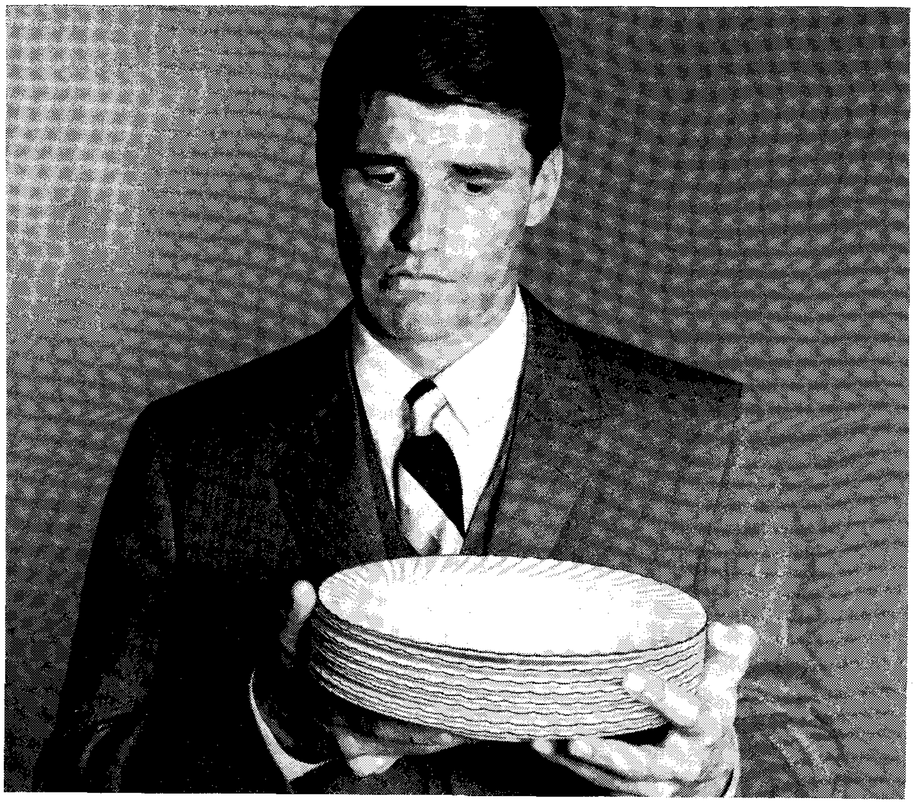
What else is new?

Sequential Coordinators
(for automatic potation dispensers)



Subsequent to your deposition of metallic currency in contemporary automatic refreshment dispensers, a succession of events must transpire in appropriate sequential order before you imbibe. For this, Robertshaw-Acro electrical switches provide the coordinating cerebration. Your coin must first be authenticated. Next, levigation of ingredients is accomplished. Finally, a sterile cellulose container is positioned to receive the potation. Happily, the entire process is consummated with greater celerity than your perusal of this sesquipedalian summation, and you receive your coffee or refrigerated beverage with alacrity.

P.S. The last word in "automatic control" is still Robertshaw



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THE THEATRE

THE DISPASSION OF PADDY C.

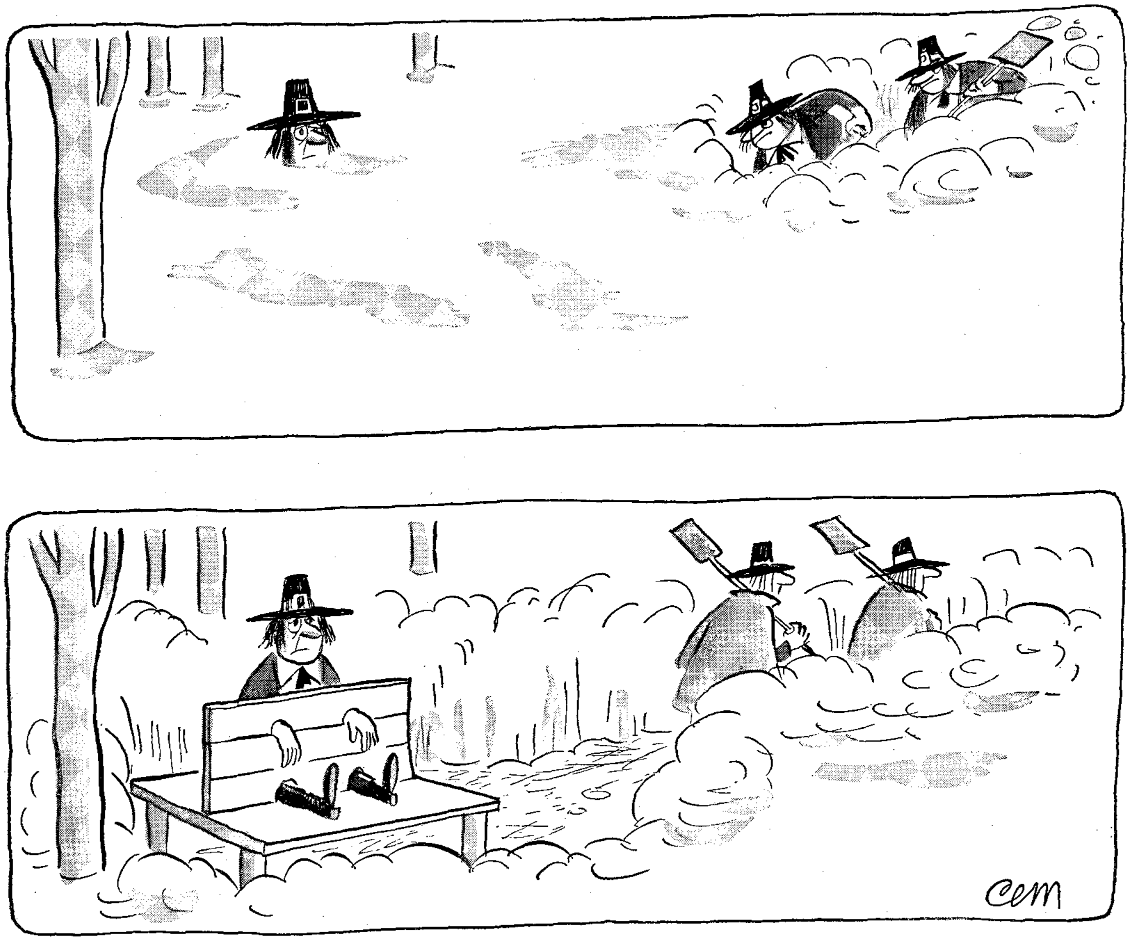
IN "The Passion of Josef D.," at the Ethel Barrymore, Paddy Chayefsky struggles long and hard and not very coherently to establish the proposition that Joseph Dzhugashvili, the grim, vindictive, conniving, bloodthirsty Georgian—known, of course, as Stalin—who took over the Soviet Union when Lenin died, was motivated during his early career by his idolatry of the first Bolshevik head of state. Mr. Chayefsky would have us believe that Stalin, who was trained for the priesthood as a youth, needed some sort of substitute for God after he became an atheist and revolutionary, and that he lighted on Lenin as the man to fill the bill. The author is quite didactic in presenting this theory, but frequently he abandons the whole matter to introduce, with rare irrelevance, jaunty revue-style songs and dances. Trotsky is caricatured as an utter buffoon, and for further merriment we are shown a couple of clownish businessmen who, while all revolutionary hell is breaking loose around them, sing a little number called "Nothing Has Changed." All this is very Brechtian, but it doesn't make much sense, and even when the playwright gets back on the Lenin-Stalin track, he doesn't seem to know in which direction he ought to head. The dialogue in "The Passion of Josef D." gets rather windy at times, and Mr. Chayefsky has made full use of dramatic license; Lenin, for instance, near the close of the piece, is represented as an avuncular type, full of gentle doubts that the Soviet Revolution has really done much good after all. It just might be that without Lenin there could never have been a Stalin, but that subject never comes up at the Ethel Barrymore. The play has been directed by the author with off-and-on success, and occasionally Peter Falk puts a bit of venom into the role of Stalin. Elizabeth Hubbard, as Stalin's second wife, is also fairly effective. But I guess that Luther Adler, as Lenin, comes nearest the facts of the case—and not terribly near, at that. Alvin Epstein, Lord help him, is the comic Trotsky.

"FAIR GAME FOR LOVERS," at the Cort, is an uneasy and unfunny comedy by Richard Dougherty, which describes what happens to a pair of young lovers who are invited by the young lady's father, a widowed writing chap, to share a room in his East Side apartment, rather than rush precipitately into marriage. To add to the mild confusion, the father introduces an old and raffish friend of his to take his daughter's mind off her roommate. It's all very tired stuff, and I felt sorry for Leo Genn, Forrest Tucker, Maggie Hayes, and all the others in the cast—except, that is, Alan Alda, who has a couple of bright moments as the frustrated suitor. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Happiness Is Not a Thing Called "Jo"

IF you remember "Little Women" at all, "Jo," which is a musical adaptation of it, may make you melancholy, or at least irritable; if you have never read it, and cannot supply what the company at the Orpheum omits or mentally fix what the company does wrong, then you'll be left, I suppose, with almost nothing. Nothing, that is, but a scattering of numbers, some of which do work in an unattached kind of way; a few rather pleasant tunes (by William Dyer); some agreeable singing and living tableaux; and attractive settings (by Gordon Micunis)—but no characters, no special time or place, and, above all, none of the atmosphere and feeling of Miss Alcott's spirited and sturdy classic. Everything starts charmingly, as a scrim painted with a Massachusetts village and an effect of falling snow rolls away, and there is Beth sewing on the couch in the Marches' living room. Almost immediately, there occurs the first of a series of tiny mistakes and



ELEPHANTS
HAVE
RIGHT OF WAY

Peugeot encountered many extraordinary signs—and difficulties—in winning the recent East African Safari. Lions, giant anteaters, hub-deep mud, stampedes, cloudbursts and hairpin turns were a few of the joys of the annual event some auto manufacturers shun like the plague. One leading weekly calls it: "The most punishing ordeal on earth for drivers and stock cars." Another publication says: "If there were a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles, there would be no East African Safari."

The 1963 version of hell on wheels was the most fantastic in history. 84 cars began. Exactly 7 finished. *3 of the seven were Peugeots, the winning Peugeot finishing an hour and fifteen minutes ahead of its nearest competitor!*

As the rally got underway, torrential rains had washed out many of the trails that are laughingly called roads, and cars bogged down right and left. Rocks slashed the gas tanks and tires of other cars. Once the front-running Peugeot, blocked by two stalled cars, had to swing off the road and smash through a tropical forest in order to continue the course. The Peugeot entries completed every tortuous inch of the 3130-mile course taking first, fifth and sixth places in overall rankings and first and second in their class.

What does all this prove, since none of us will ever face similar driving conditions? It proves that Peugeot is built with integrity. Body steel is heavier. Bumpers and trim are stainless steel, not chrome. Every single Peugeot is test-driven. Every part, down to nuts and bolts, is scrutinized. Peugeot has earned a nickname we're proud of. The Indestructible. This car combines extraordinary performance with amazing durability. Test drive a Peugeot and you'll see what we mean.

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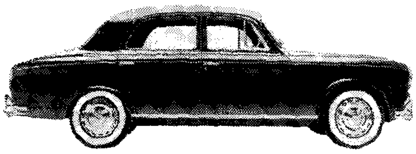

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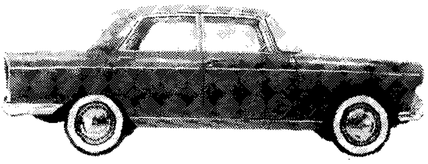

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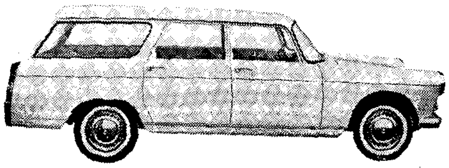

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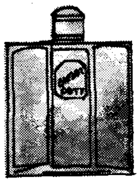

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

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lapses in taste that somehow spoil everything. Hannah, who works for the Marches, comes in and makes some remark to "Miss Beth." *Miss* Beth, indeed, from that self-respecting New England woman to a child of that family!

The evening is not a total waste of time. "What a Long, Cold Winter!" is a pretty good song and a stylish dance, in which the company pantomimes snowball fights and ice-skating, and "Friendly Polka" is another sprightly number that is entirely in keeping. The members of the company seem to be in the right line of work. In the title role, Karin Wolfe, who was such a delight in last year's "Best Foot Forward," is still a delightful performer to have around, and she has several good, if extra-Jo, moments. Her pronunciation is slovenly, though, and, Heaven knows, doesn't even suggest New England. Don Stewart makes quite a strong leading man, but he has got hold of one of the few parts on earth that he is too old for. His talk of Grandfather and going back to college sounds plain foolish. The one perfect piece of casting—acting, singing, and comeliness—is Judith McCauley as Beth. An appraisal of direction is always bound to be a guess, but it seems to me that there is enough talent on hand to have made a better show if a firmer and more purposeful hand had been at the controls. As it stands, however, "Jo" is not "Little Women" or anything else.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

ALL-SECTIONAL AND ALL-AMERICAN CORRECTIONS

A few small discrepancies in the August and September issues have been called to our attention. We regret these errors, and are glad to give the revised information: August, page 30. In the Jenkins advertisement, Ch. Jen-Kins Fleetwood is incorrectly listed. Fleetwood is Western H M. Lilac Point Male. The correct Western H M. Chocolate Point Male is RM Ch Kooky's Kan Kan. On page 34 we failed to identify RM Db Gr Ch May-Ling Toni and RM Tr Gr Ch May-Ling Tira of Sher-Max as All-Western Abyssinians repeating their wins of 1962, while on page six the Opposite Sex All-Western Russian Blue should have been listed as Folly Blue Belle of May-Ling. Also on page six, the correct name of the All-Midwestern Highest-Scoring Domestic should have been shown as Solon Blue Piper of Cool Morning. On page 30, the owner of All Eastern Calico Domestic Ch Whiskey of Bucks County should have been listed as Bill Giese. In September page 32, American HM Tortoiseshell should have borne titles Db Ch Tajie of Bi-Zi (AW 63).

—*Cats Magazine.*

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It's the bee's knees!

Back in the 20's, that remark was a laudatory expression that might be paraphrased in the vernacular of the 60's as — *the most!* These two modes of expression have nothing in common. But—20's or 60's—there's one cocktail that's common to the cognoscenti and connoisseurs of both eras. Today—as in bygone days—everybody's buzzing about that bonanza of the bar: The Stinger.

The Stinger: 1½ oz. brandy, 1⅓ oz. Cointreau White Creme de Menthe. Shake with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass. The Stinger is only one of many popular, palate-pleasing, present-day cocktails made with Cordials by Cointreau—drinks such as the Side Car or the White Lady. For other fascinating food and drink recipes for entertaining the modern way, write for your free copy of "Gourmet's Guide" to Dept. 24.

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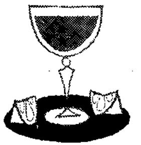

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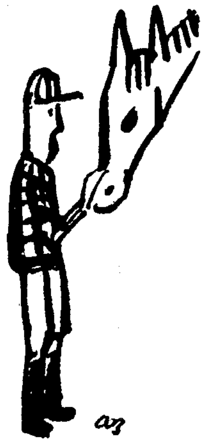

THE best of the winter's racing is just around the corner. The Widener at Hialeah and what they call the Big 'Cap at Santa Anita will be run off this weekend, and the Santa Anita Derby and the Flamingo Stakes within the fortnight. I don't suppose you need to look beyond Gun Bow for the winner of the Santa Anita Handicap. He has won all three of his starts at the California track in blazing style, beating most of the horses he'll meet on Saturday. In the Widener, it's a tossup between Mongo and Admiral Vic, but I like Admiral Vic. He proved in the Seminole what a good colt he is. Though he lost a lot of ground early in the race (he wasn't ridden as well as he might have been), he finished in a dead heat with Top Gallant, to whom he gave twelve pounds. To be sure, the mile-and-a-quarter distance of the Widener may be more to Mongo's liking, but it struck me after the Seminole, in which he ran fifth, that Mongo isn't the horse he was last autumn. Mongo, by the way, in addition to his diet of oats, carrots, and such, gets a daily six-ounce dose of a special tonic, which costs $25.50 a gallon. That's his vitamin pill.

The big event last weekend, of course, was the victory of Inclusive, a 100–1 shot (actually, he paid $205.40 in the two-dollar mutuels), in the San Luis Rey Handicap at Santa Anita. A castoff of the King Ranch, and recently a runner in claiming races, he beat Mr. Consistency, who had been living up to his name with three firsts out of four tries at the meeting, along with Dusky Damion and ten other starters, in the mile-and-a-half gallop over the turf course. The lightweight of the lot, carrying 104½ pounds (Mr. Consistency carried 127), Inclusive was far behind the leaders for more than a mile, but from that point on he moved up steadily, getting his nose ahead of Mr. Consistency's as they passed the post. Then he had to survive a claim of foul by Mr. Consistency's rider, which, after an inquiry, was disallowed. Curiously, Mr.

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Consistency wasn't the favorite; that was Colorado King, a racer from South Africa, where he'd been a champion. He finished fourth.

THE Palm Beach Handicap at Hialeah last Saturday was only mildly exciting. Rainy Lake, who took the lead in the last furlong, won by a length from Royal Ascot, who, as usual, came from far back in the final quarter. You couldn't say much, either, for the Mimosa, a new stake race, at a mile and a furlong, for three-year-old fillies. In this one, Ironshire beat Miami Mood, winner of the Jasmine, by a head. Thirteen fillies ran, and they ended up a very tired lot.

As for the three-year-old colts, the defeat of Northern Dancer by both Chieftain and Mom's Request early in the week and the victory of Alphabet two days later warmed up speculation about the Flamingo Stakes. From all accounts, Northern Dancer, Canada's best bet for the spring classics, was lucky that nothing worse happened to him than finishing third, because he was slammed galley-west by Bazaar at the start. Shoemaker has been engaged to ride him in the Flamingo. Observers were impressed no end by Chieftain's performance, especially since it was his first start of the season and he wasn't fully tuned up. He is such an easy and effective galloper that some people think he'll be the favorite over Roman Brother for the Flamingo.

THE outlook for the Santa Anita Derby was complicated rather than clarified the other afternoon, when, in the San Felipe Handicap, the final prep for the Derby, Hill Rise, who had been idle since he won a division of the California Breeders' Championship Stakes in December, beat Wil Rad, the winner of the San Vicente Handicap; Real Good Deal, the winner of the San Miguel Stakes; Count Charles, the winner of the Santa Catalina Handicap; and seven other colts. There's no Swaps or Candy Spots out there this year—not even a Silky Sullivan.

—AUDAX MINOR

◆

Inspector Rose Larsen won't have to worry about dinner plans for the next several weeks. Her husband recently shot a 135-pound deer and six pheasants. Meanwhile, her son, John, is preparing for a piano concert at St. Patrick's High School.—*House organ of C. P. Clare & Co., Fairview, N.C.*

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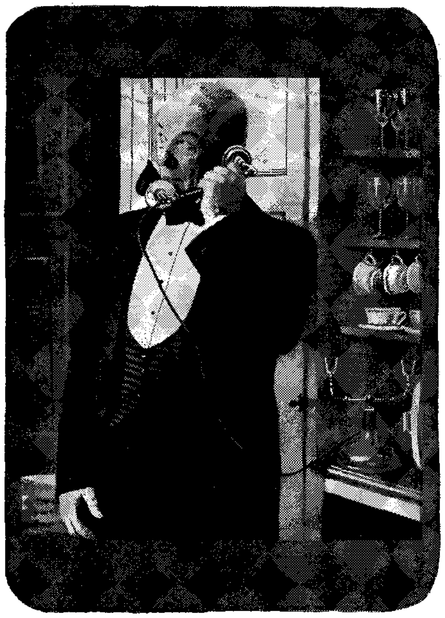

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Now those who remember hotel life prior to World War I may claim this is not a new discovery. Literally, they are correct. But on the other hand, when something as cherished as personalized service has been missing from the American hotel scene for almost fifty years, it's triumphant return is certainly entitled to be treated as a happy discovery.

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LETTER FROM PARIS

FEBRUARY 11

AT his recent Palais de l'Elysée press conference, President de Gaulle appeared for the first time to have aged, at one moment resting his face on his hand in the way a reposing old eagle leans his beak on his neck plumage. During the first forty minutes of his monologue, or until he started talking of his recognition of Communist China, the foreign journalists present were politely restive and bored as he concentrated on his ideas of his supreme Presidential and Constitutional powers over France—ideas that, because of their extreme candor, were of considerable interest to the French listeners, at least. What he was saying was, in reality, directed at specifically one Frenchman, who was not even present. This single Frenchman was M. Gaston Defferre, Socialist mayor of Marseille and sole announced candidate so far for the Presidential elections to be held at the end of next year, probably against the unbeatable de Gaulle, who will then be seventy-five. In all that de Gaulle said for Defferre's information on how republican France has to be handled, "rarely," commented *Le Monde* the next day in a stern, scandalized editorial, "has the theory of absolute power been revealed more complacently, clearly, or rigorously." The paper continued, "It is a good thing to vituperate against the impotence of government by parliament and to recall its miseries, but it is no less necessary to denounce the dangers of reactionary excess. If one admits that everything in a country may depend upon one man only, a more or less totalitarian dictatorship is already present in germ."

On this past Saturday, Defferre opened his Presidential campaign by stumping in Bordeaux, a Gaullist stronghold. There, according to reports, he seemed both successful and unusual as a candidate. (He had already stated, with a sportsmanship rare in French political circles, that to be defeated by de Gaulle would be "no dishonor.") In his afternoon speeches, he intelligently chose to talk to college students from the Institut des Sciences Politiques and to workers from the Socialist labor union and the Catholic labor union, workers from the Communist-led C.G.T. union having refused even

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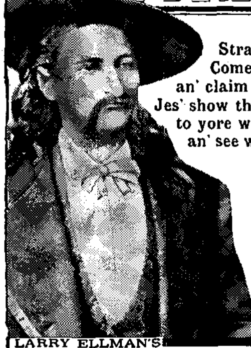

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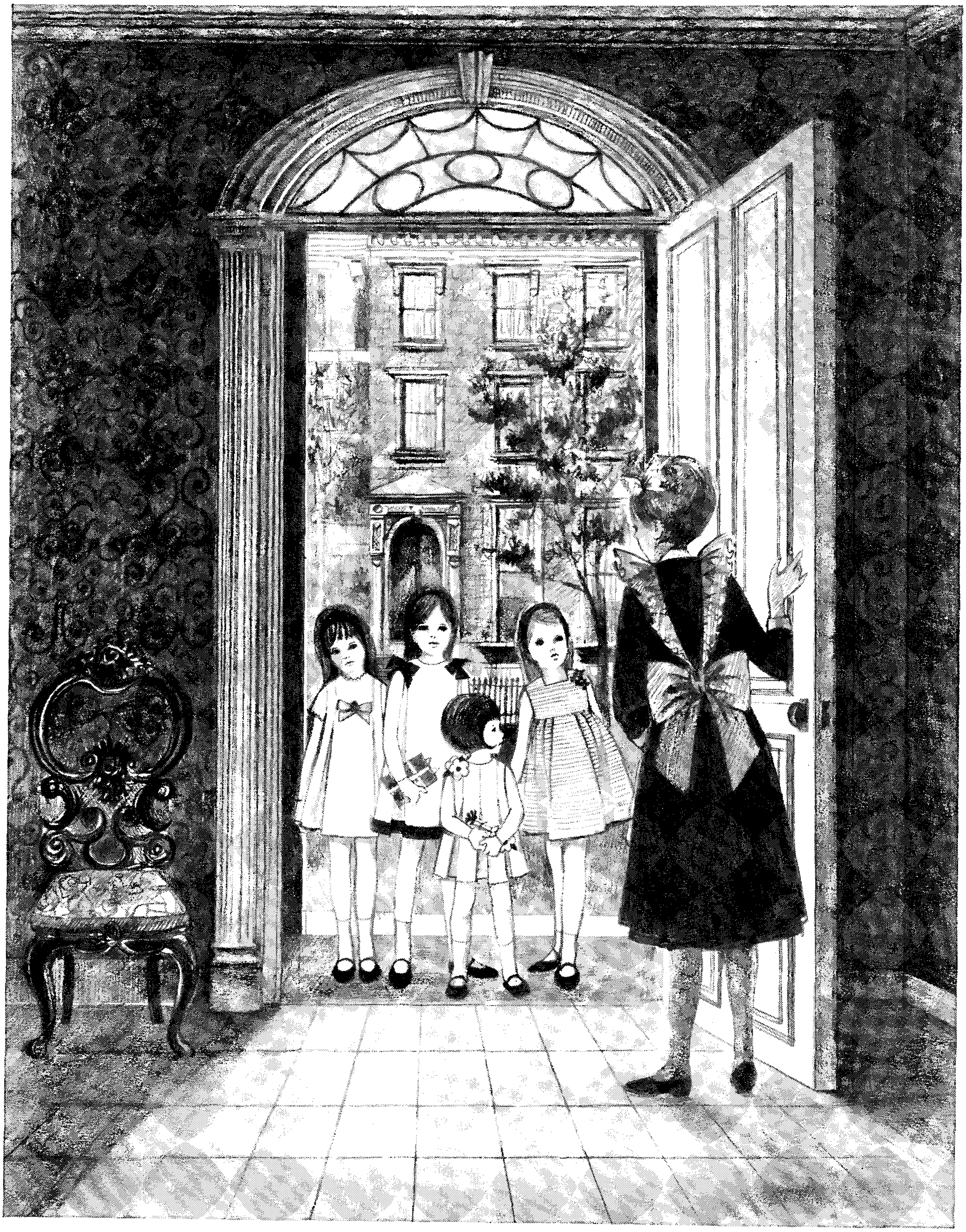

"Oh dear, no, you must have the wrong house. Miss Jennifer Kirk lives next door."

But even though they have the wrong house, they most certainly are wearing the right thing. A Florence Eiseman dress (and in white, which is the "in" color for parties this spring). These are from a collection of imported Swiss broadcloths, piques and tucked batistes, 3 to 12 sizes at Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin & Co. and Dayton's Velvet Coach.

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to come listen to him. That night, he collected an audience of nearly four thousand average citizens in a Bordeaux suburb, to whom he courageously declared that, as of that evening, they were no longer faced with the prospect of "de Gaulle or nothing." He rejected de Gaulle's notion that the Presidency should furnish the control and also the source of all power, which Defferre said sounded like "an absolute monarchy," as if French history had not already shown what that led to. His keynote policy was against "false French grandeur," and he further declared that he was against the French *force de frappe*, preferring a common nuclear policy for a powerful, economically and politically united Europe, including Britain and Scandinavia, which would be of a Socialist character and would favor the common interests of all countries rather than the special interests of a couple of powerful states. As for his far-off electoral struggle against de Gaulle, Defferre optimistically referred to that ancient combat between David and Goliath.

Thus, the end of 1965 will furnish France with the first direct popular election of a President since that of Louis Napoleon in 1848, who for good measure was elected Emperor four years later. (De Gaulle, though he does not talk about it, was elected by "*les notables*," something like our electoral college.) Defferre is modelling his campaign on that of Senator John Kennedy in 1959-60 and, in imitation of Kennedy, has started nearly two years before the election date, in a country where campaigns for senators and deputies—about all the French are accustomed to elect—rarely last more than a fortnight. Again in contrast to usual French political practice, Defferre has actually got his Socialist Party (of which he is, after all, the Parliamentary whip) to agree that he, as the candidate, will set the campaign policy, and he has already turned thumbs down on the diehard Socialists' fatuous hopes of a return to the fatal system of government run by Parliament. Like most anti-Gaullists, he was flatly opposed in 1962 to de Gaulle's Presidential innovations. Now, like most of the more modern-minded middle-aged French, who have had to learn their modernism quickly, he believes the Presidential system is here to stay in France. If he were to win, Defferre says, he would not even change the number of the republic; it would continue with the title that President de Gaulle gave it—*la Cinquième République Française*.

As a final political comment, note

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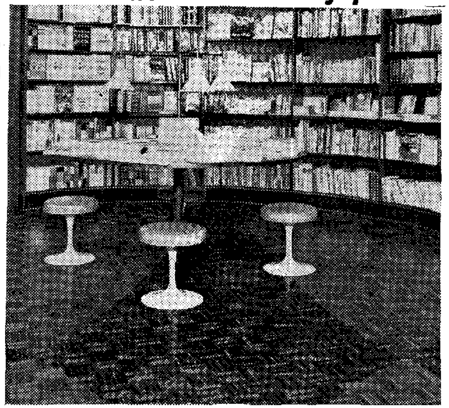

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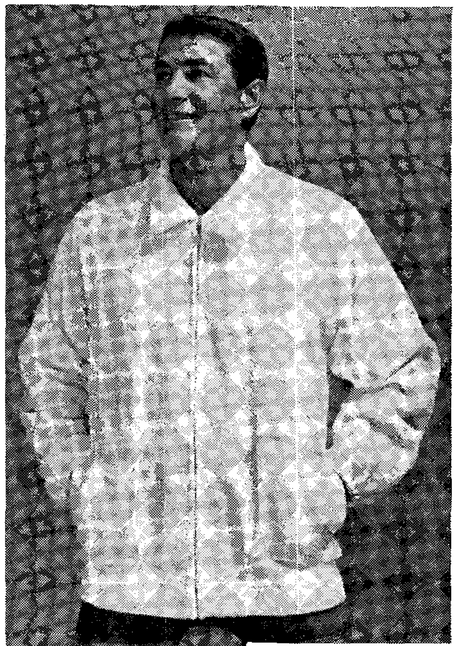
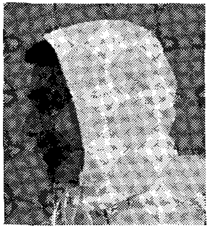
must be taken of the astonishing and astonished Paris reaction to last week's highly favorable cover stories in *Time*, especially, and in *Newsweek* on France today, with de Gaulle's face as big as life on *Newsweek's* cover and disguised only as a Watteau musician on *Time's*. After the recent editorial and diplomatic bickering between Washington and Paris, this return—if only for one delightful week—to compliments from the United States, as of yore, instead of complaints, was received here like unhoped-for good news. Paris papers actually devoted articles to the new attitude, *France Soir* adding photographs of the two magazine covers. On last Saturday's one-o'clock TV news roundup, there stood the French state's TV representative in New York, beaming and showing in one hand *Time*, in the other *Newsweek*, like a pair of long-desired twins.

MADELEINE RENAUD and her husband, Jean-Louis Barrault, of the Théâtre de France, will be playing in French in a limited New York engagement as of February 25th, among other offerings performing Beaumarchais's great old French Revolutionary classic "Le Mariage de Figaro," and Eugène Ionesco's modern fantasy "Le Piéton de l'Air" ("Pedestrian in the Air"). We in Paris wish she had been willing to risk giving you Samuel Beckett's latest play, "Oh les Beaux Jours," again, even though it has already appeared Off Broadway. By her acting she has turned it into a masterpiece here—the wonder and marvel of the theatre midseason. There she sits on the stage, up to her waist in a sandy hillock close to the footlights, bravely (at her age) bare-armed and in deep décolletage, attired in a corseting bodice and a string of pearls, with a revolver near her on the sand dune, and also her well-filled handbag, containing her last possessions in life except her optimism. Behind her, invisible but for the bald top of his head, is her coarse old husband, who occasionally grunts at her or passes over to her an obscene postcard saved from their youth, at which she indulgently smiles. A strange surviving elderly pair, the last human beings left on earth, he named Willie and she Winnie, they are waiting together for the end of the world, due in a few seconds. Before it arrives, throughout two acts of monologue she joyfully recounts their life together as it passes through her memory in a flash—not that they did much. "One can't ever

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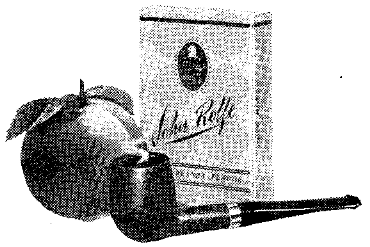

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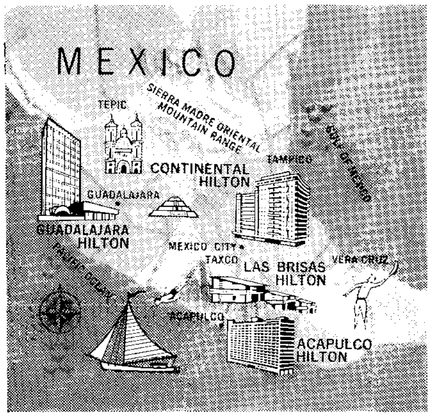
Mexico City/Acapulco/Guadalajara

by Peter Griffith

Mexico is so vast and so varied that deciding what to see sometimes seems an insuperable task. Happily, the Mexico City-Acapulco-Guadalajara triangle gives you the essence of the many Mexicos: natural spectacle and architectural splendor, excitement and relaxation. Travel between the three is simple—and in each there's a magnificent hotel waiting to pamper you with all the comforts of Hilton (in Acapulco there are two). You'll enjoy full airconditioning, exciting local décor, superb Mexican and international cuisine, friendly Hilton service.



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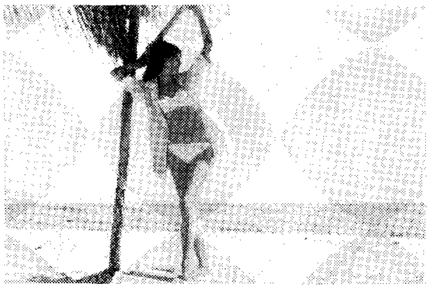

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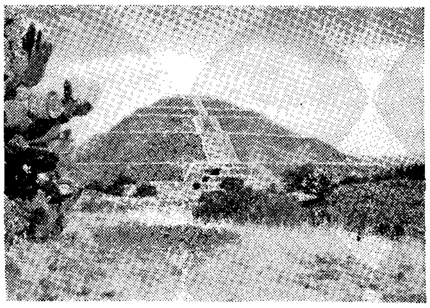

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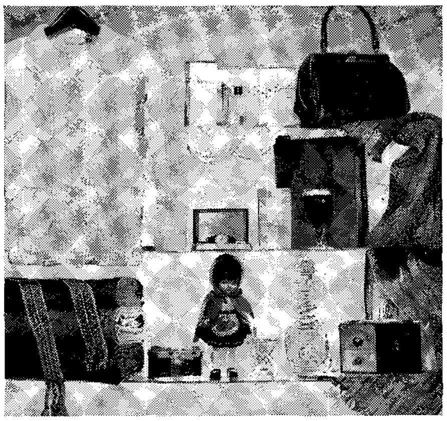

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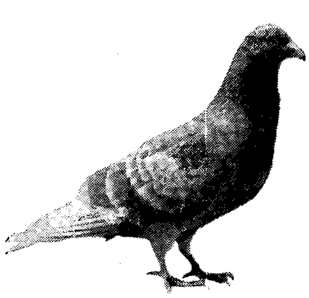
do much," she modestly admits with laughter, "and there is little anybody can say." But she says it—expressing her gratitude for having had life itself, "for its fine days, *oh les beaux jours!*" and for its abundant bounties, such as the power of joy and the power to be damned by hopes, "which I find so marvellous," she trills. From time to time, she puts on a fancy little white hat and her horn-rimmed spectacles, as if to watch for the arrival of eternity, and once she puts up her green parasol, which mysteriously bursts into real flames. And so she prattles on in Beckett's mixture of glittering comic revelations and sable-black humor—the bright, creative female principle of existence, joyous because permanent.

Even when young, at the Comédie-Française, Mme. Renaud was not a pretty actress, yet was constantly forced by her talent into the great roles in which physical female beauty is fate's dramatic determinant for either tragedy or triumph. (Sarah Bernhardt had the same problem and, as substitute for her face, cultivated her famous tintinnabulating voice.) With no beauteous facial mask to hide behind in vanity and laziness while playing her roles, Mme. Renaud, with unflinching intelligence, seems to have early perfected herself in a personally invented science of acting—its exact calculations, certainties, and art.

"PARLEZ-VOUS FRANGLAIS?" is the title of an entertaining, if repetitious, book that is causing a lot of chatter here. Its author is M. René Etiemble, professor of comparative literature at the Sorbonne, until now best known for his studies of the poet Rimbaud but lately launched against the corruption of the French language by its postwar inclusion of Americanisms, which produces a bastard transatlantic tongue that he calls Franglais. "Language is the blood of a nation," he solemnly declares. "Since the Liberation, our blood has been much diluted. The vocabulary of the young generation that will be twenty years old in 1972 is already one-fourth composed of American words. At twenty, these young people will not be able to read Molière, let alone Marcel Proust." His book cites hundreds of Franglais words or phrases used in every walk of French life today, beginning with his opening chapter about *les babys* and the *coin de teens*, or teen-agers' corner, from which it moves easily to bar drinkers' requests for "*un baby Scotch sur les rocks*." *Le sport*, which the French took up late compared to the British and the Yan-



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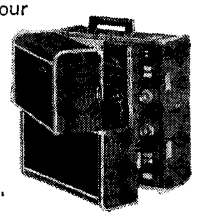

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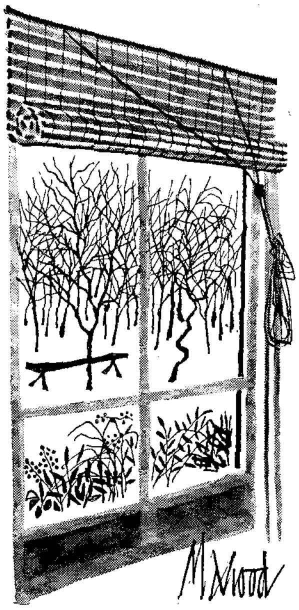
quis, as Etiemble calls us, is rife with Franglais, such as "*les trottings*" at the race track, "*un crack*," for a topflight jockey, "*un catcheur*," "*le karting*," and "*les supportères*" of the home Rugby team. There is also the old Franglais phrase "*faire du footing*," which means merely to take a walk (on your foots, naturally). Big business in Paris now features a weekly *réunion de briefing* in office buildings *de grand standing*. A millionaire executive's yacht is called that but is pronounced to rhyme with "watch." Hollywood camera terms are used even by teen-age movie fans here, such as "*un travelling*," and so on. In the intermission between films in the Champs-Elysées movie houses, the girl ushers now sell a nut candy they loudly offer as "*noots*," which always breaks up us Yanquis present. What most enrages Etiemble, probably a refined, slow-eating gourmet, is the old *bistros* modernized under neon signs as "*le snack*," "*le quick*," even "*le queek*" or "*le self*," which means a cafeteria, and even "*le self des selfs*," on the Boulevard des Capucines, which means nothing on earth. As a philologist, he seems not to note that French language and cooking lack the word and the celerity for our snack-bar fare, which young Paris office workers immediately developed an appetite for at Le Drugstore, on the Champs. Etiemble concludes dispiritedly that the future of the French language is English. Alas, we Anglo-Saxons don't export it; it is the French who import it. This is an aspect of the Franglais problem that the Professor neglects to mention.

M. CLAUDE TCHOU, who is apparently Chinese and French and is the publisher of a fine series of de-luxe



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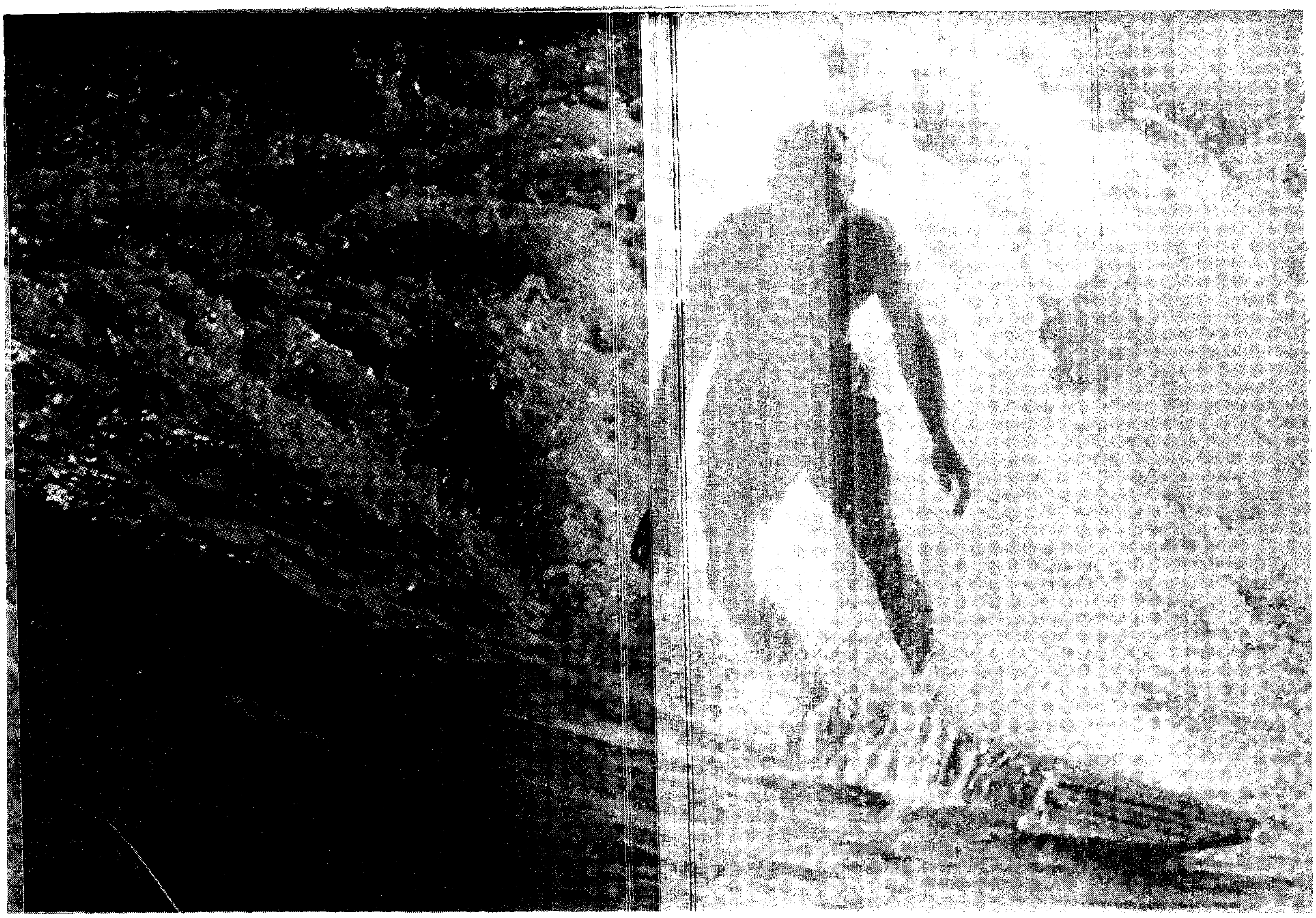

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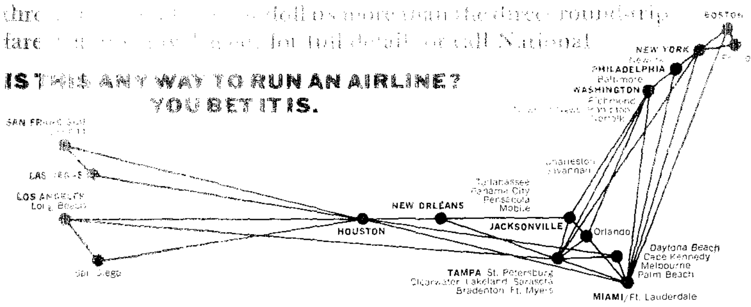

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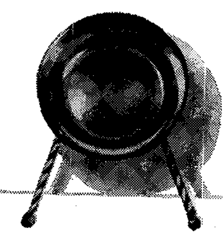
volumes under the imprimatur of the Cercle du Livre Précieux, is now bringing out the first complete Kafka in French, including a hundred pages not previously known here, in an eight-volume limited, numbered edition that will contain two hundred and eighteen line drawings by the satiric political artist of *L'Express*, Louis Mitelberg, who draws as Tim. An opening selection of these illustrations was recently on exhibition here, along with Volume I, already in print. The books are bound in appropriately melancholy black leather. However, Volume I, containing the novel to which Kafka gave a title equivalent to "The One Who Disappeared," and which his friend and compiler, Max Brod, ambiguously retitled "Amerika," has eighteen drawings that set the proper, more complex atmosphere. Tim's drawing, appreciated here for its linear ferocity, its tenderness, and its passion for the absurd, has in these illustrations a floating quality of fantasy that lifts the scenes and characters he portrays to that exalted altitude of troubled imagination and rarefied humor where Kafka, in his loneliness, found his cerebral habitation. A dramatic nimbus seems to surround the drawing of the newly arrived immigrant in New York, already grasping his umbrella as protection against coming fate. From the most famous photograph of Kafka—the one with the bowler hat cocked with courage to one side—the artist has made a portrait that looks as if the Czech had sat for it, and that serves as Volume I's stimulating frontispiece.

AN exhibition of sixty-eight new Picasso pictures, from 1962 and 1963, has just opened at the Leiris Gallery, under the aegis of M. Daniel Kahnweiler, his early art merchant, who knew him just before his Cubism began, in 1908. There are still traces of it half a century later in what the painter has painted in his early eighties. For the past ten years, perhaps, he has been painting in a consistently convulsive manner, with traces of everything consequential indicated, if not expressed. What astonishes in these new pictures is their aesthetic energy, which the viewer can see with his eyes just as surely as he can hear with his ears, at a concert, the musical energy blaring forth from Verdi's trumpet scoring—a thrilling creative vigor being part of the sights offered by the Spaniard just as it is part of the brassy sounds supplied by the Italian. Picasso's special repetitive theme this time, of which he shows thirteen versions, is that of the painter and his



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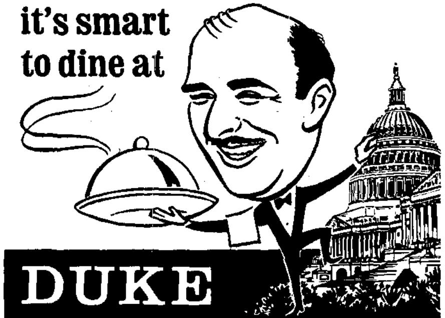

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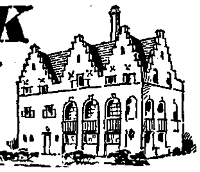

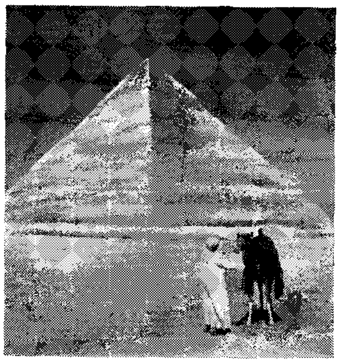

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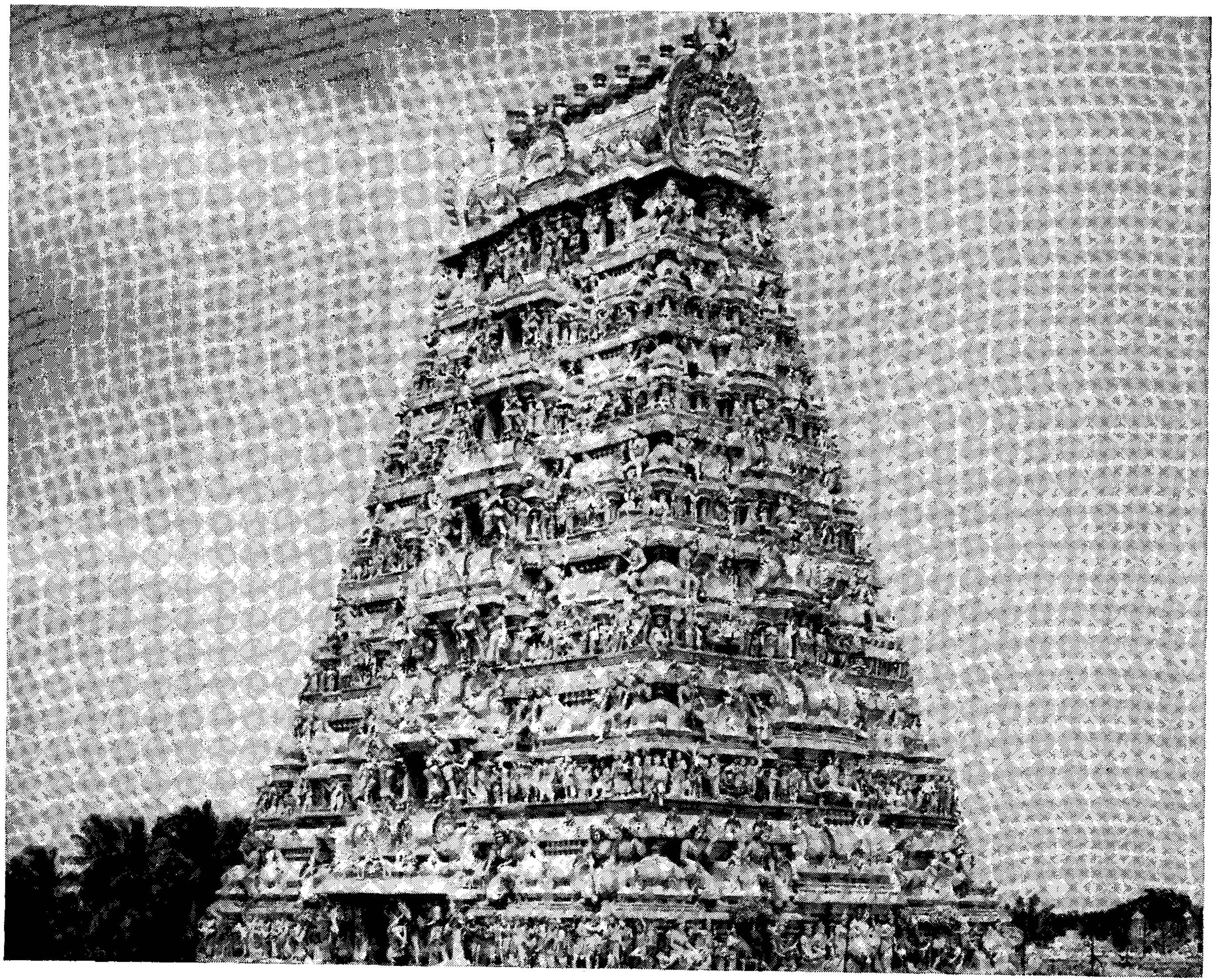

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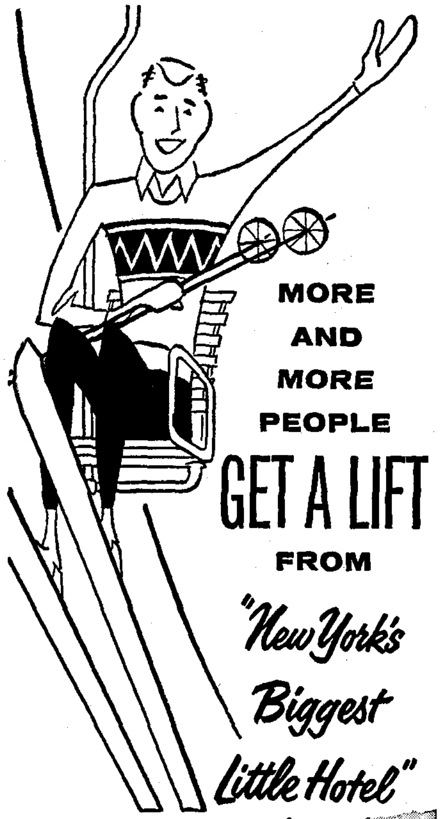

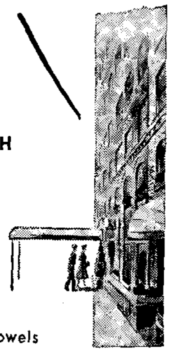

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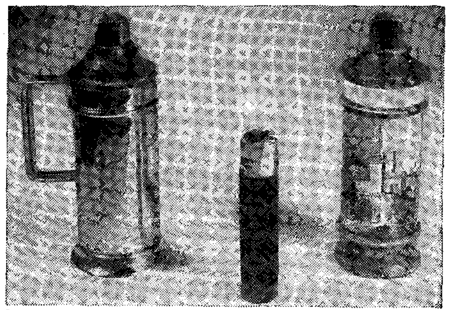

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model. Some Paris critics have fallen to ruminating about monotony in this 1964 Picasso exhibition. The truth probably is that Picasso is an old re-creative virtuoso, and his critics are now only wearied, practiced onlookers where he is concerned. —GENÊT

•

WINTER

Ah, God, it's winter
come upon us. The raw
winds blow; the bureau of spiritual taxation
dispatches its agents, its nagging tax men,
to poke, seize, freeze,
to set about the interrogation.
Listen, the prisoner's impatient
and will confess to what wrongdoing
the agency desires, suing
in return to be let alone.
Call off the questioning. I'm cold,
old, and sick of wool,
the hair shirt of the season, the dingy
days. Those of us who have stingy
landlords must play gladiators
smiting radiators.

Nakedly the city
huddles. I can see
from Central Park West, between
leafless trees and spasms of coughing,
the five o'clock lights in the buildings
on Fifth Avenue. The air is gray
with the presence of ghosts; they hover,
blind in the wind, mutter—
sibyls, beldames,
bodiless and murmuring—"Guard against rheums,
agues, catarrhs, depression of the spirits . . ."
That is, don't make them sad. A breath
casts feathers on the air.
What good are spells? The weather's
cruel. The sands of time
stream no more relentlessly
than my eyes do. I'm
beleaguered in my clothes. Winter's here.

—HAROLD BRODKEY

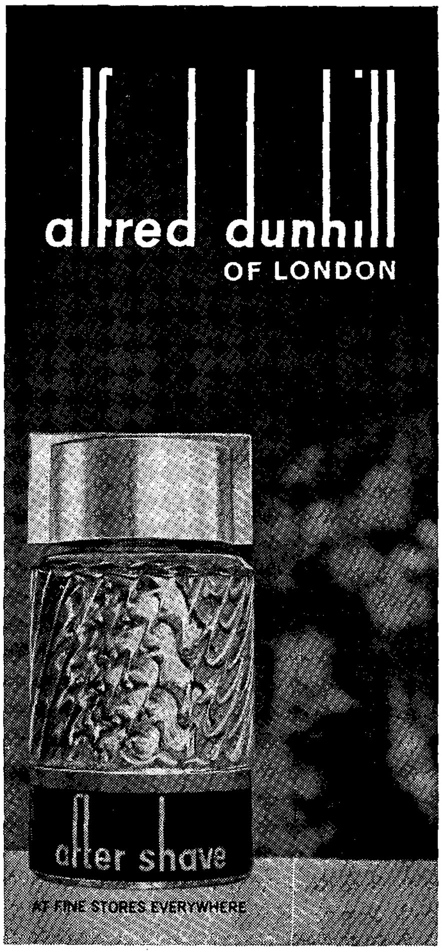
•

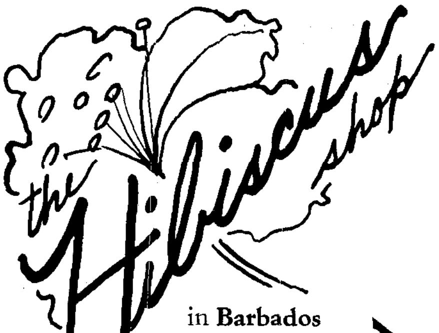
A program to improve the speech of Negro students in the 11th and 12th grades was announced yesterday by Superintendent of Schools Herman R. Goldberg.

Goldberg said the program is being started in the high schools because of psychological problems which would be raised if it were used with young children.

Young children might consider criticism of speech habits as casting dispersions upon their parents, he explained.—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

And people who cast dispersions shouldn't live in glassrooms, eh, Goldberg?





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A multi-million-dollar roster on which you'll not only find the names that made West Virginia famous in gift shops the country over but the names of such companies as Owens-Illinois, Pittsburgh Plate and Libbey-Owens-Ford, as well. And a roster that contributes a goodly portion of the four billion dollars reported annually to the Internal Revenue by two million Supermarketeers.

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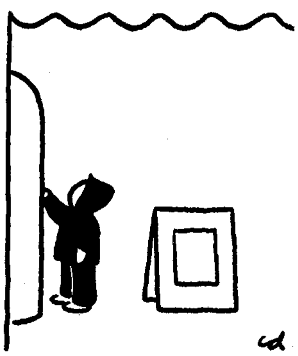
THE CURRENT CINEMA

A+

"'Seven Days in May' is an almost perfect thriller"—such was the opinion I was about to set down when my conscience intervened; the wary cravenness of that "almost" struck me as patently unjust, for, in fact, there wasn't a single moment of this high-flown melodrama that I didn't enjoy, or a single aspect of it that I would have liked to see changed, and gratitude alone should suffice to make one generously incautious. With a sense, therefore, of having provided no handy trapdoor of qualification through which to escape, let me paint myself into the tight corner of total praise: "Seven Days in May" is a perfect specimen of its kind, and I salute everyone who helped bring it about, starting, in roughly chronological order, with the authors of the best-selling novel on which it's based, Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II; the author of the screenplay, Rod Serling; the producer, Edward Lewis; the director, John Frankenheimer; the art director, Cary Odell; the composer of the portentously percussive musical score, Jerry Goldsmith (I haven't been so scared by drums since "Trader Horn"); and the large, diverse, and yet wonderfully close-knit cast, which includes Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, Edmond O'Brien, Martin Balsam, and Ava Gardner. Glory to them all! Moreover, since anyone who cares about movies finds himself constantly bemoaning the vulgar nullity of Hollywood, it's only fair to note that "Seven Days in May" is a hundred-per-cent-Hollywood product; may glory rain upon the appropriate figures there, and may the nineteen zillion dollars that this picture is sure to take in at the box office tempt them toward excellence again.

On the assumption that I'm one of the tiny handful of living Americans who haven't read the Knebel-Bailey best-seller, I won't dwell on the plot of the picture, which, like that of any good thriller, is far easier to admire than to describe, mounting in ever more dangerous spirals of intrigue to a climax that had me not only on the edge of my chair but ready to leave the country if things didn't reach a fortunate conclusion. How they did, I leave it to you to discover; meanwhile, I give away no important secrets when I mention that the setting is Washington, the time a few years hence, and the crucial action a right-wing conspiracy on the part of high Pentagon brass to kidnap the President of the United States and take over the federal government. That such a conspiracy might occur and then come within a hairbreadth of success is apt to appear, at first glance, preposterous, and it is the art of thrillers to make sure that, at second glance, we see not the hokum within but a surface of unimpeachable plausibility. Here, for example, in the model opening scene of "Seven Days in May," is the veritable White House, serenely familiar above its sweep of lawn, and here are two opposing lines of pickets, marching back and forth in front of the high White House fence as we have often watched them do in newsreels. Suddenly, the pickets are rioting, and the camera itself is caught up in the melee, rocking madly this way and that, while police sirens are heard screaming up Constitution Avenue; we cut to the President's office, where the President is being given a medical checkup, and from that moment on we are helpless not to believe what Mr. Frankenheimer and his ingenious colleagues wish us to believe. I walked out of the theatre more than half convinced that the President of the United States is a troubled, virtuous man named Jordan Lyman, whose resemblance to Fredric March is the merest coincidence.



"Seven Days in May" is marvellous and not to be taken seriously, while "The Fire Within," the latest picture by the French director Louis Malle, is marvellous and to be taken very seriously indeed. M. Malle has tried his hand at a variety of films, from "The Lovers" to "Zazie dans le Métro;" "The Fire Within" is certainly his best. Adapted by Malle from a terse, despairing novel by Drieu la Rochelle, it is a grim and yet beautiful account of a day or so in the life of a thirty-year-old Parisian—a charming, handsome weakling, hospitalized for alcoholism, who scrawls the date of his death on a mirror in his bedroom and

Fiedler conducts the Boston Pops in Milhaud's "A Frenchman in New York"

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spends the little time before that rendezvous sleeping with a woman who cannot help him, waiting for a message from a wife who cannot help him, lunching with a friend who cannot help him, attending a fashionable dinner party with still other friends who cannot help him, and returning at last to his suffocating clinic in Versailles. Nobody can help him to live and—what is truly terrible—nobody can help him to die. Only the automatic hidden in his room and waiting to be thrust once against his heart can do that.

The tragic weakling is played by Maurice Ronet, and it is an unforgettable performance. Like a character out of late Fitzgerald (the hero reads Fitzgerald in his last hours as a condemned man might read a breviary), the boyish, tentative charmer he used to be remains concealed and on occasion displays himself inside the fumbling young-old man he has become. Ronet's extraordinary eyes measure for him, and us, the extinction of his promise, the failure of his lazy, absurd daydreams. He has loved and been loved by so many people and has been such a legendary, adorable scapegrace, and all that he is left with is the knowledge that he has never really touched, or been touched by, anyone. Between them, Malle and Ronet have composed a work as small and vast, as affecting, and, I think, as permanent as Fitzgerald's "Babylon Revisited." Having given the director and star the lion's share of the praise, I ought to give at least a lamb's share to Léna Skerla and Alexandra Stewart, as two of the women the hero tried to love; to Bernard Noel, as one of his friends; and to the director of photography, Ghislain Cloquet, who has uncannily contrived to make Paris precious to us even as the death cell of a suicide.

"SUNDAY IN NEW YORK" is a not very palatable comedy about how hard it is these days for a girl who preserves her virtue to land a husband. This is to stand on its head a terribly trite theatrical subject: fifty years ago, innumerable not very palatable tragedies were being written about how hard it was for a girl who *lost* her virtue to land a husband. Though I grant that any stick will serve to beat a dog, especially a dead one, and that any subject can be made to serve as the basis for comedy, I can't help feeling that few people except theologians and historians of the unicorn are preoccupied with virginity; most of us find it a fairly tasteless matter to crack jokes about, much less hang a sniggering two-hour comedy on. Nor-

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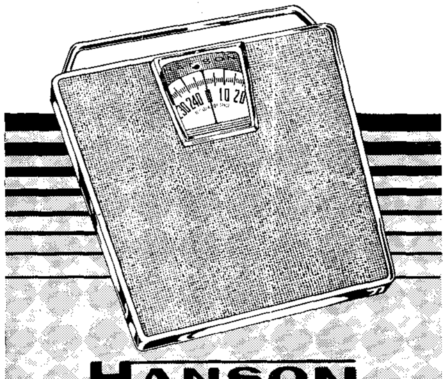

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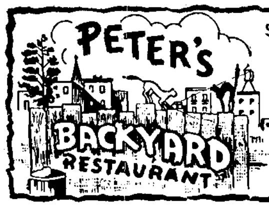

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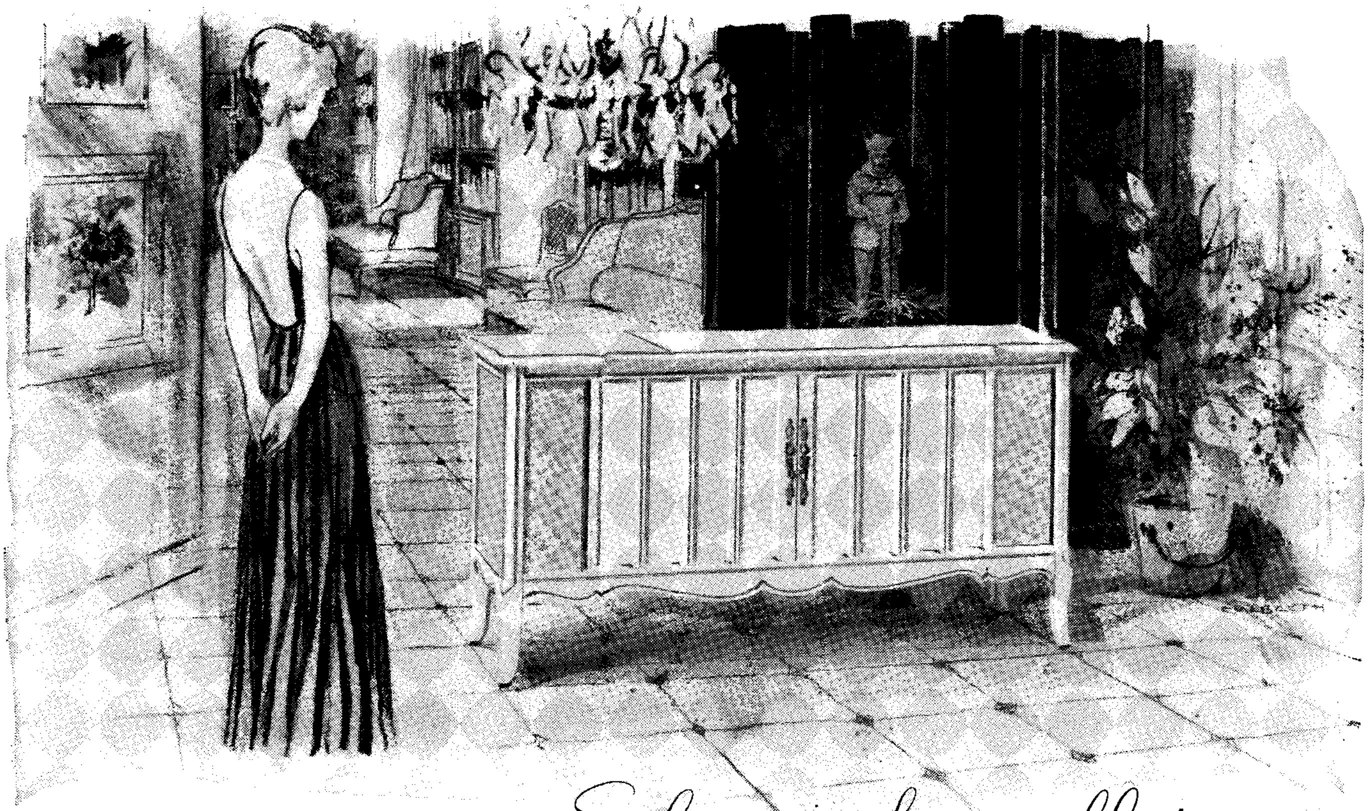

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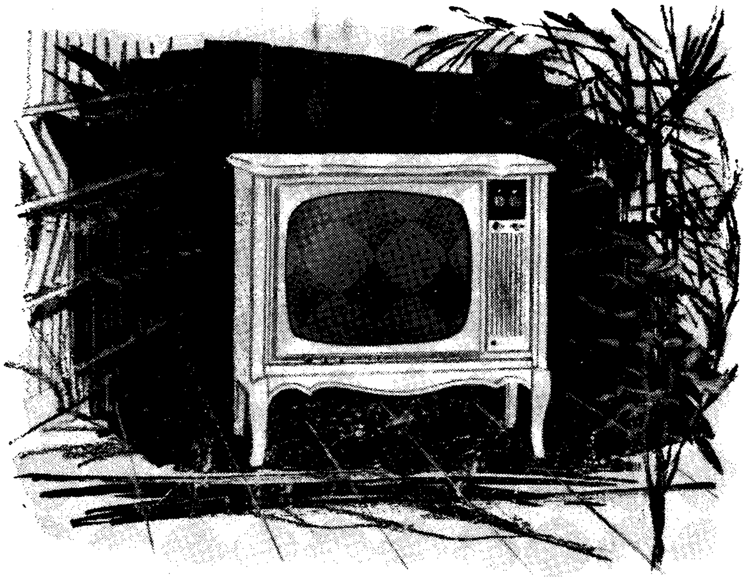

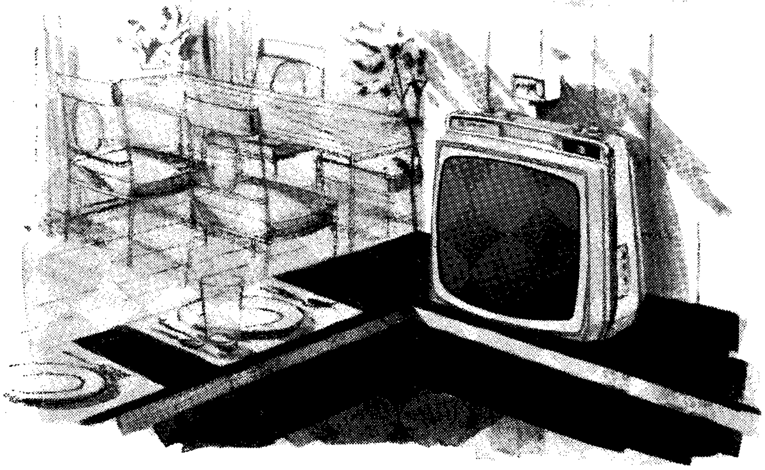

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man Krasna, who wrote the screenplay of "Sunday in New York" from his play of the same name, is a skillful carpenter of farce, and I suspect that he could turn out quite an attractive piece of comic joinery that had no sex in it whatever. Anyhow, I challenge him to try. In the present sorry work, the leading players are Jane Fonda, Rod Taylor, Cliff Robertson, and Robert Culp. They all happen to have more teeth than they know what to do with, so the director, Peter Tewksbury, has encouraged them to smile, smile, smile; for this reason, among others, the picture might well have been called "Cheese." —BRENDAN GILL

•

THE MYSTERIOUS (AND ETHICAL) EAST

[*Letter received by a resident of Tokyo*]

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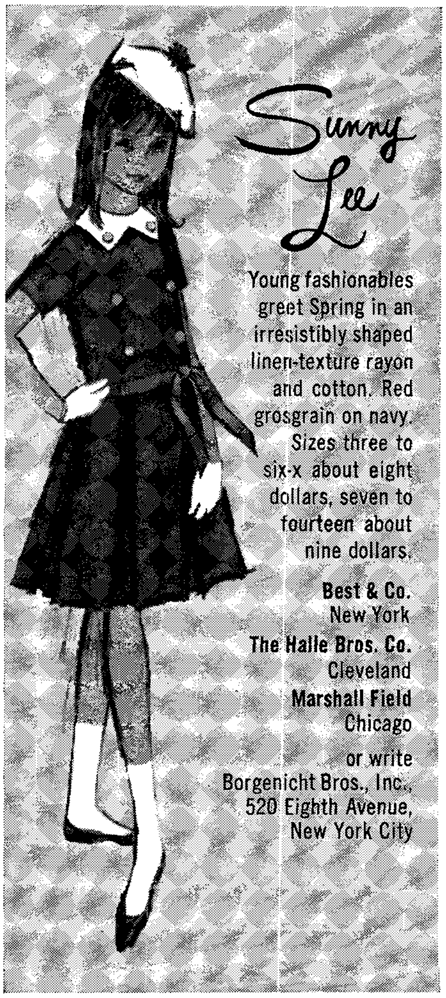

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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ON Monday night of last week, in Philharmonic Hall, the St. Olaf Choir, an organization that bears the same relation to St. Olaf College, in Northfield, Minnesota, that football teams do to most colleges—namely, that of a highly disciplined outfit whose members have worked hard for a place in its ranks—made one of its rare New York appearances. It is an *a-cappella* choir, and, having heard it before, I expected something very special. I was not disappointed. The program consisted of various religious works, by composers ranging from Orlando di Lasso to Anton Bruckner and the choir's current conductor, Dr. Olaf C. Christiansen. Dr. Christiansen is a maestro of small gestures, as choral conductors go, and the slightest movement on his part brought an immediate response from his seventy singers, who were dressed solemnly in purple smocks with white cuffs and collars. A huge audience proved very appreciative of the choir's work, and rightly so. I myself was especially appreciative of it in regard to one particular point: The choir offered one of those comparatively infrequent opportunities to hear music performed in true pitch and with almost immaculate intonation.

True pitch, based on the untempered scale, is nearly always liked, if seldom identified, by the average concertgoer. It gives a special glitter to the music in which it is used—a sort of heavenly purity of intonation, in contrast to the blurring often heard in our concert halls. It appears in the work of very well-trained *a-cappella* groups, like this one. It also appears intermittently in string-quartet playing, and in the playing of some symphony orchestras when they are presided over by extremely scrupulous conductors, like Toscanini and Pablo Casals. It involves, of course, clear distinctions between sharps and corresponding flats, and since these distinctions are not made on the piano keyboard, it is never found in piano music, or in music connected with the organ or harpsichord. The reason for all this is highly technical, but perhaps I can explain a part of it. The intervals of the piano keyboard, as every

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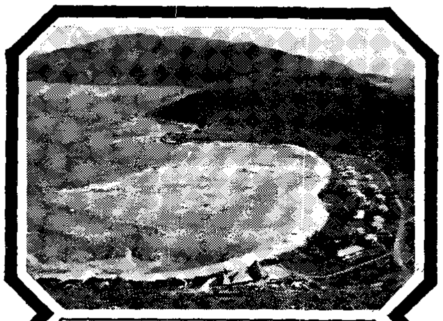
piano tuner knows, are, on purpose, slightly out of tune. The keyboard represents a mathematical compromise with pure intonation, and this compromise, known as equal temperament, is of great value, because it permits the pianist to range through a large number of keys and play in each of them with reasonably accurate intonation. To the sensitive ear, however, its slight departures from pure, or "just," temperament are quite perceptible, and they suffuse piano music—and other keyboard music—with a sort of intonational smog, which everybody gets used to, accepting it until the lucid daylight of just temperament, in a performance like the one I am considering, suddenly lifts the veil and makes one realize what one has been missing. In keyboard instruments, equal temperament, because of its practicality in chromatic music, has been in almost universal use since the time of Bach. Before Bach, however (that is, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries), other types of tuning were used, including the so-called mean-tone temperament, which allowed a keyboard player to perform in a limited number of keys with perfect pitch. The mean-tone temperament still has its advocates, among them a musicologist named John W. Link, Jr., who has written a treatise on it, obtainable from the Tuners Supply Company, Winter Hill, Boston 45.

One reason I am going into all this is that, with the current rage for baroque music, it is important that baroque keyboard instruments be tuned in the baroque manner, and they seldom are. To play an early-baroque composition on a conventionally tuned piano, organ, or harpsichord is to distort its intonation. Of course, in the highly chromatic and widely modulating music that started with Liszt and Wagner, both just and mean-tone temperament became useless, and there has since been a general tendency to act as though all music were written in equal temperament. Still, even in playing Wagner, unless an orchestra is in the very midst of a transition from one key to another, its members tend to revert, instinctively, to pure intonation. There is a prevalent belief that wind instruments, aside from the trombone, cannot adjust to pure intonation, but this belief is mistaken. Any good horn or oboe player can, and does, alter his pitch slightly by the set of his lips, and one actually hears a good deal more pure intonation than might be expected. Twelve-tone, or serial, music, however, is outside the pale. It can never be played in tune, since all its intervals are based on the twelve equal halftones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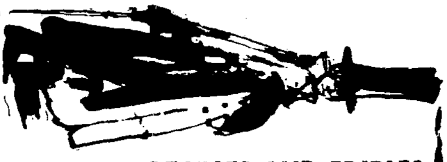
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of the piano keyboard. Perhaps that is one of the reasons it has never appealed to musicians or audiences of discrimination. An F sharp and a G flat are not the same thing.

HAVING turned these matters over in my mind, I went on that same evening to Carnegie Hall to hear the Cleveland Orchestra, under George Szell, perform Dvořák's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, Opus 53, with the young violinist Josef Suk as soloist, and here, too, found things just about immaculate where intonation was concerned. Mr. Suk—a great-grandson of Dvořák himself—has a superbly schooled left hand, capable of brilliant technical feats, and he is also a stylist of distinction. He has a rapid vibrato, and the other night his tone seemed rather small, but that may have been because this particular concerto tends to hide the violin in a mass of orchestral accompaniment. I should like to hear Mr. Suk again, under more favorable circumstances. He is certainly one of the most interesting of the violinists who have visited us from Europe in recent years. Mr. Szell and his orchestra did wonders, as might be expected.

LATER in the week, I visited Newell Jenkins' Clarion Concert, at Town Hall, and found Elisabeth Söderström's singing of Handel's great dramatic *scena* "Armida Abbandonata" tasteful and technically deft, if a little lacking in passion. The other works performed dated from the early eighteenth century to the present, and I should advise Mr. Jenkins to look into the business of mean-tone temperament. I left this program early to go to Philharmonic Hall and hear the Dessoff Choirs, under Paul Boepple, perform some twentieth-century music. There was a lengthy composition by Aaron Copland, and one by Virgil Thomson, but the only thing I heard that was to my taste was Poulenc's motet "Hodie Christus Natus Est," a delightfully joyful little religious item. All these were sung by the Dessoff Choirs *a cappella*, but, unfortunately, not with the purity of intonation I had heard from the St. Olaf group.

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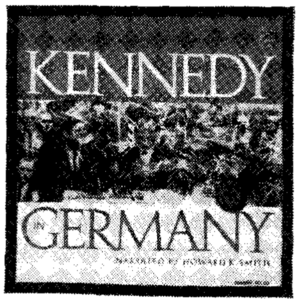

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IT would be impossible to calculate the influence of the piano on all the music of the nineteenth century, and of a few decades before and after it. Aside from the organ, it was the only important instrument capable of giving a total performance, unaccompanied, of nearly every musical concept this rich period could imagine, and it was a far more expressive instrument than the organ. Its subtle gradations of power, and its ability to move instantaneously between them, made it the ideal instrument of the Romantic era. Nearly every great composer played it; nearly every great symphony or concerto in the present-day repertoire was written by a pianist. Indeed, at the beginning of the symphonic epoch, "pianist" and "composer" were nearly synonymous. Virtually all pianists composed, and this was the case well into the middle of the century, when their compositions were not invariably deathless masterpieces. At the time of Mozart and Beethoven, the sharp distinction between the composer and the performing artist that prevails today did not exist. Both Mozart and Beethoven played their own music in public, both were closely identified with the traditions of its performance, and both were accustomed to improvise compositions on the spur of the moment, to the delight of contemporary audiences. It was then, and for at least a generation afterward, unusual for a pianist to play music by anybody but himself. It was not, in fact, until about 1860 that the piano recital as we know it became popular and the piano virtuoso began embarking on "interpretations" of established classics. And even then the virtuoso was expected to improve on the work of the composer by making changes in the score—a practice that continued in some quite respectable quarters right down to the First World War. Sticking to the notes on the printed page was, at the time of Liszt and Chopin, regarded as evidence of a lack of creative imagination in the performer. And composers expected and even welcomed the interpolations and reinforcements a gifted virtuoso might bestow on their work. All this was part of the tradition of the Romantic era, and for pianists (as well as symphonists) it was the greatest era in the history of music.

In "The Great Pianists from Mozart to the Present" (Simon & Schuster), Harold C. Schonberg, music critic of the *Times*, presents a lively and amusing account of the personalities, methods, technical peculiarities, and musical genealogies of those who contributed to the art of piano playing, from Mozart and Clementi to Artur Rubinstein and Vladimir Horowitz. Many of them are great figures no longer thought of primarily as pianists, like Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Saint-Saëns, Debussy, Ravel, Poulenc, and Prokofieff. Among them are idealistic and scrupulous artists like Clara Schumann, Sigismond Thalberg, and Carl Tausig, stupendous showmen like Franz Liszt and Ignaz Jan Paderewski, and great pedagogues like Carl Czerny, Carl Reinecke, and Theodor Leschetitzky—not to mention Liszt again. (Liszt was the all-time superman: fiery virtuoso, composer of considerable eminence, lady-killer, and part-time priest. Women swooned at his concerts; he did, too, and had to be lugged off the stage. One woman carried the butt of a cigar he had smoked, holding it in her bosom to the end of her life. And he was a teacher of hundreds of pupils.) And also among Mr. Schonberg's specimens are miniaturists like John Field, Chopin, and Debussy; refined thunderers like Eugen d'Albert and the second of his six wives, Teresa Carreño; crude thunderers like Anton Rubinstein; fakers like Leopold de Meyer and the unforgettable feather-fingered clown Vladimir de Pachmann, who once remarked, "Liszt? Ah, yes, he play very well, very well. But me, I play like a god;" intellectuals like Busoni and Godowsky; eccentrics of great ability, such as Percy Grainger; the whole panoply of yesterday's émigré Russians and Poles—Hofmann, Rachmaninoff, Rosenthal, Gabrilowitsch, Lhévinne—and, finally, the modern pianists (Mr. Schonberg's term), led by Artur Schnabel. All these and hundreds more are given biographical sketches, and there are anecdotes that any reader will find revealing or hilarious, or both.

But Mr. Schonberg's book is more important than a mere record of pianistic personality. It is obviously the result of years of research. In piecing together the evidence of just how a great pianist of a hundred years ago sounded in performance, Mr. Schonberg has explored every promising cranny and marshalled his facts like a district attorney before forming his judgments. How did a pianist's professional friends and rivals regard his playing? What did the most dependable critics of the time have to say about it? What were the contemporary possibilities of the instrument itself (the piano has changed constantly and greatly since it was invented by Bartolommeo Cristofori, in 1709)? What internal evidence as to habits of fingering and pedalling, the stretch of his hands, the probable fluency of his technique, and so on can be gleaned from a pianist's published compositions? Only when Mr. Schonberg gets to the more recent strata of his subject—say, from 1880 on—is there any evidence in phonographic record-

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Not too far away, you might find a little old Irish lady, who thinks a body should never go out without an inch of cable-knit wool between him and the wind, to knit you a great polar bear of a sweater for about $14.00. In the States, if you could find a little old lady with enough patience to knit you such a sweater, it would cost you at least $45.00. Not to be outdone, there's a little old man at T. Barry & Sons, Dublin, who thinks a body should never put his feet to earth without their being covered by handmade shoes, which he will earnestly make to your measure for $29.50.

Do remember though, that there is more to Ireland than Blarney and Bargains. As Irish author John D. Sheridan has said, "To see us at our happiest and best, meet us when the day's work is done and we are sitting on the bridge at the end of town. This is when the talk is tinged with poetry. It is at this, at the quietest moment of the day —and not only when we are changing your cheques or selling you petrol— that we would like you to join us and to judge us."

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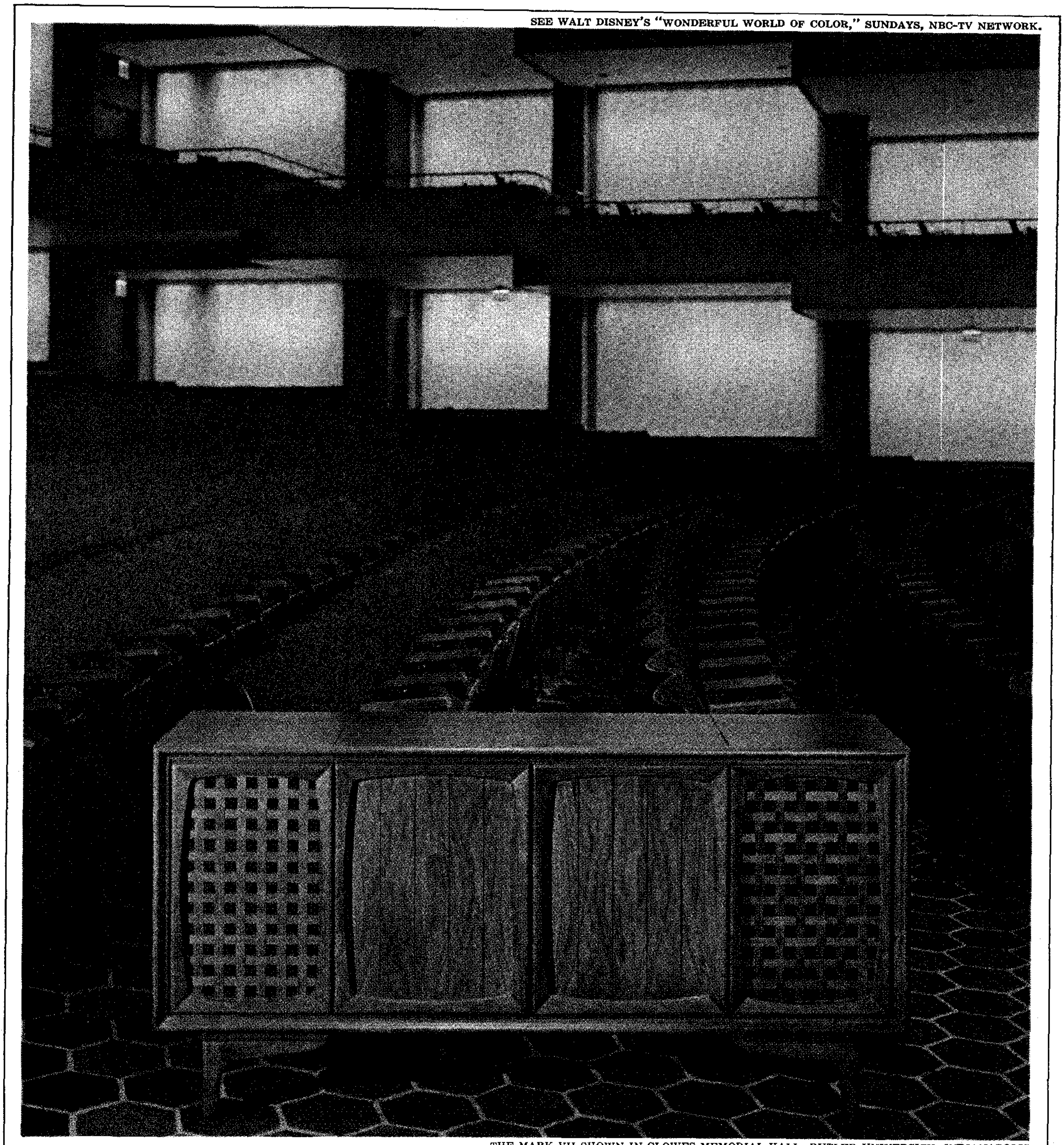

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ings, and only from the early nineteen-hundreds on is this evidence in any way helpful, let alone conclusive. Nevertheless, Mr. Schonberg has managed, by patient analysis of impressions from every source, to give a convincing picture of how the great men of pianistic history played their instrument.

His conclusions may provide some surprises for many a reader. In considering how Beethoven played his own music, he quotes liberally from Beethoven's first biographer, Anton Schindler, who can certainly be accepted as a trained observer. Schindler's observations on Beethoven's "interpretation" of his own two sonatas Opus 14 show that the great composer used rubato (changes of tempo) freely, "varying the tempo according as the feelings changed." Mr. Schonberg's wry comment is that "there is only one thing wrong with playing these sonatas that way in the year 1963. The pianist who tried it would be laughed off the stage as an incompetent, a stylistic idiot who knew nothing about the Beethoven style, and as a bungler who was incapable of adhering to a basic tempo." The traditions of rubato were elaborate in Beethoven's time. They were extensively written about by his pupil Carl Czerny, and they continued to be a part of every pianist's emotional equipment throughout the Romantic era. (Mr. Schonberg begins the era in 1830, though others may well prefer to start it back in the eighteenth century. E. T. A. Hoffmann, the writer of fantastic tales, who was very much alive in Mozart's time, considered "Don Giovanni" a hair-raising, passionate Romantic opera. And, of course, that fuzzy word Romanticism goes back still farther, to Jean Jacques Rousseau.) Whenever the habit of infusing emotional values into music by means of rubato may have started, it was certainly part and parcel of piano playing (and symphonic conducting, for that matter) up to fifty years ago. Here and there, unquestionably, the device has been abused and exaggerated. But only in our own era of scholarly and perhaps somewhat puritanical piano playing has "fidelity to the notes" been regarded as the highest aim of the performing virtuoso. The men who wrote the notes obviously didn't think of them as rigidly defined symbols of sound and rhythm. Moreover, the current age of notational fidelity has not been particularly productive of fine piano music—which probably points to a complicated moral having to do with the basic aesthetics of music.

Mr. Schonberg is inclined to treat Romanticism with a certain ambiva-

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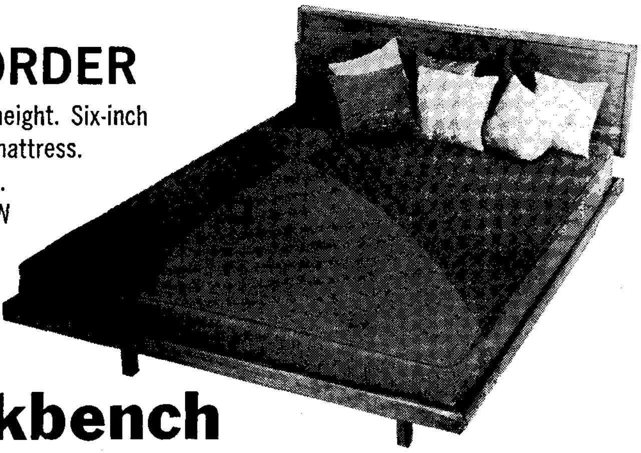

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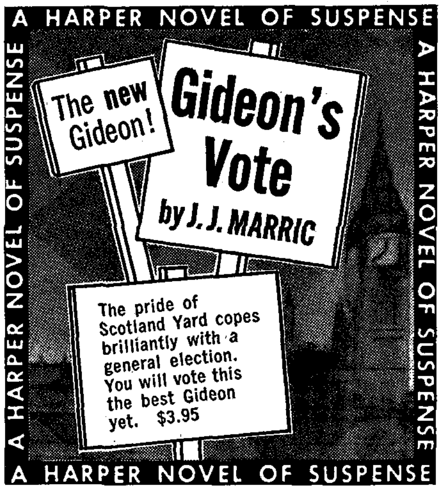

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lence of feeling. It has, in some circles, become a dirty word, and he is aware of this attitude. So in dealing with the greatest pianists of today—figures like Horowitz, Rubinstein, Gina Bachauer, Backhaus, Serkin, and Richter—he is apt to describe them as "throwbacks" or "Romantic rather than modern" pianists. One gathers that he means that these figures represent the grand tradition of piano playing, and that he considers that nowadays it may be a bit sinful to reflect this tradition. Well, we live in a confused era, and the point can be argued. But it is a giveaway of Mr. Schonberg's feelings that his largest enthusiasms are aroused by, and his largest amounts of space are devoted to, that old devil the unabashedly Romantic pianist—a type of artist who is sure enough of his taste to play Beethoven with at least a smidgen of the imagination and freedom with which Beethoven played Beethoven.

Mr. Schonberg remarks that while modern musicology has performed wonders in extending our knowledge of the music of the Renaissance and baroque eras, little attention has been paid by scholars to the music of the nineteenth century. Today we know a great deal more about how Bach and Monteverdi sounded to their contemporaries than we do about how Beethoven, Chopin, and Liszt sounded to theirs. Mr. Schonberg's book is not only an entertaining one, it is a provocative one, which may encourage some rethinking about the traditions of the Romantic period.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

OH! TO BE IN ENGLAND, by H. E. Bates (Farrar, Straus). Pop Larkin, the world's most affluent and amiable junk dealer, and Ma, his overblown, good-natured mistress, decide it is time to have their six children and their one grandchild christened. Mr. Bates is perhaps a little too generous with details of luscious scenery, luscious food, and luscious female flesh, but on the whole his book makes a pleasant enough fairy tale. The scene is rural England—all sunshine and flowers.

AT WAR AS CHILDREN, by Kit Reed (Farrar, Straus). A fluent, if somewhat mannered, novel in which an ingrown girl of twenty-seven, the product of a Navy family and an effective Catholic education, summons up her brief past (a Florida childhood during the Second World War, a boarding school in Washington, col-

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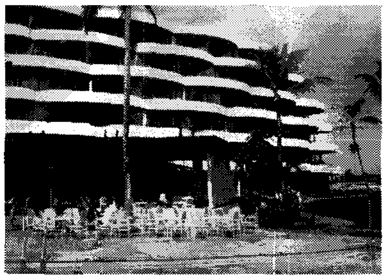

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Some of this book first ran in The New Yorker.

lege in Connecticut, a couple of jobs, and a handful of parties and week-ends with a few old friends) and concludes—for no reason vouchsafed to us—that "memory is a reminder" that all the people one has known "are present, in God, and even though we can't hope to see them again in any of the old settings, we can and will see them in God, because they exist as surely as God exists, and we have only to find our way to Him."

GENERAL

THE AMERICAN IRISH, by William V. Shannon (Macmillan). Mr. Shannon's entertaining book celebrates a happy progress from famine to fortune in a hundred-odd years. He shows us the nineteenth-century Irish as trail blazers for other immigrants and as political interpreters for those who had to learn English. He also emphasizes the variety in the character of the American Irish (puritanism is as typical as boisterousness) and the diversity in their occupational specialty, politics (Senator McCarthy was of Irish descent, and so is Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, of the Communist Party). The only generalization that seems safe about America's sons of Erin is that they have all gone native.

PAPER TIGER, by Stanley Woodward (Atheneum). The autobiography of a newspaperman—now retired, at sixty-nine, to rural Connecticut and bird watching—who has been a general reporter (Worcester *Evening Gazette*), a sportswriter (Boston *Herald*), a sports editor (New York *Herald Tribune*, New York *Compass*, Miami *News*, Newark *Star Ledger*, and, for a second time, the *Herald Tribune*), and a war correspondent (*Herald Tribune*), as well as a wartime merchant mariner, a part-time farmer, and a full-time *bon vivant*. Mr. Woodward is a forthright memoirist. He freely expresses his contempt for the management of the *Herald Tribune* (Mrs. Ogden Reid, Whitelaw Reid, Ogden Reid, Jr.) between the death of Ogden Reid and its purchase by John Hay Whitney, for a generous assortment of colleagues, and for Saratoga, basketball, the New York *Times*, and the South, and he has some stern words for the Newspaper Guild of New York: "For a long time, the Guild exerted a beneficent influence on the newspaper business. It got the salaries of useful people up to the point where they should have been many years

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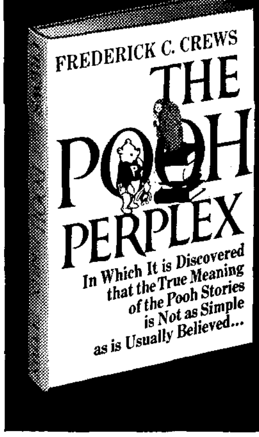
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Anyone who has ever tried to operate on a family budget may think of a budget as a bag holding the year's income, but for many people, perhaps most people, a budget is anything but easy to carry or cope with. There just never seem to be as many dollars as there are places where those dollars are needed.

And yet a surprising number of people of less than luxurious means manage – miraculously, it seems – to set aside money to invest. According to the New York Stock Exchange, in 1962 the average shareholder had an annual household income of $8,600. That hardly makes him rich as Croesus. But it does prove that it's not necessary to be wealthy to own common stock. An estimated 17 million Americans own stock now, and many more – including you, perhaps – could probably do so with a little planning.

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before. I hesitate to say that the Guild has become a menace, but I believe it will cooperate with the craft unions to wreck the newspaper business in New York." He is also, however, a very entertaining memoirist, with no more than a minimal tendency to thumb over past sporting events, and with a maximal zest for recalling funny stories and high old times.

HEROES AND HERETICS, by Barrows Dunham (Knopf). An evenhanded account of the millennial conflict of two human needs—for unity and for dissent. Mr. Dunham's interpretation of the Gospels is unorthodox—he thinks that Jesus intended to raise a Jewish rebellion against the Roman occupation—but he clearly conveys Christian intellectual opinions, orthodox and heretical. It is possible, though, that nuances of spiritual feeling escape his down-to-earth approach. His style is witty.

THE ART OF EGYPT, by Irmgard Woldering, translated from the German by Ann E. Keep (Crown). This is one of those rare volumes in which great scholarship is combined with complete ease of expression. The book starts in the prehistoric eras, from which only flint implements and other relics remain to us; ranges through thousands of years of bone carvings and pottery to the rise, beginning around 3000 B.C., of Egyptian culture as we know it; and then moves on through all the developments and refinements of that culture, ending with its decline and disruption under the impact of the Roman Empire. This is quite obviously an enormous area to cover, but the author does it with such skill as to make the task seem simple, and the sixty-three color plates and the numerous black-and-white diagrams, maps, and detail sketches illuminate the text in admirable fashion.

•

Goldwater is secretly appealing to the egg-head vote. His backers have put out a bumper sticker that reads, "Allons avec l'earu d'or"—which any Harvard grad will tell you means "Let's Go with Goldwater."—*Miami Herald.*

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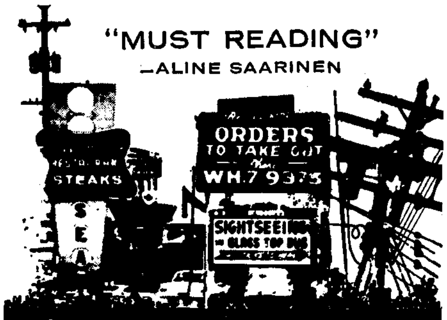

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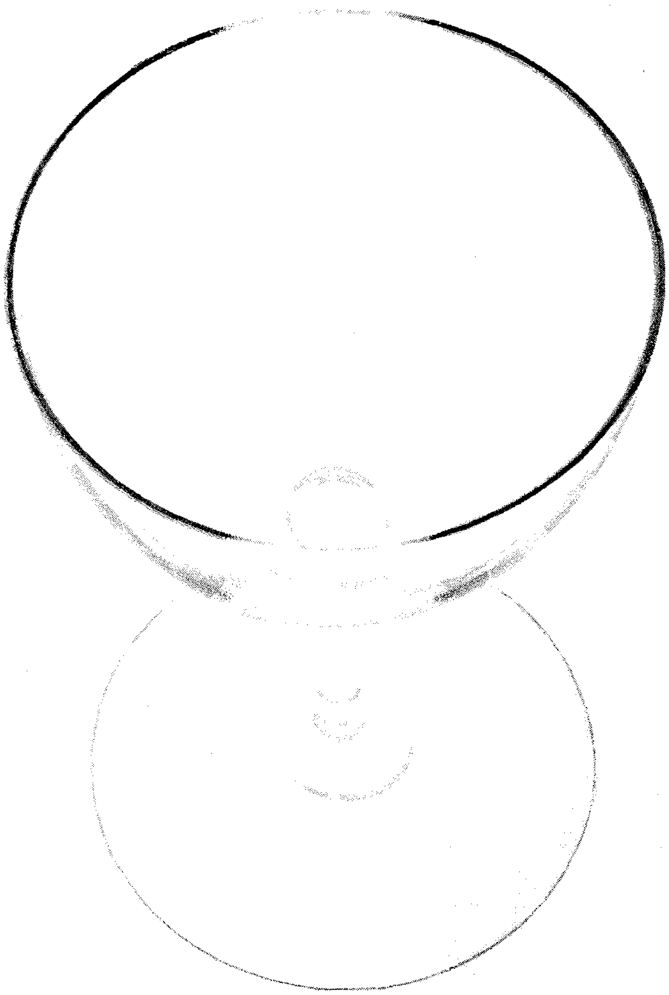

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